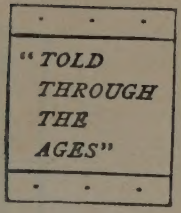

STORIES FROM DON QUIXOTE

TOLD THROUGH THE AGES

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Legendary Stories of Wales

Fr. *Don Quixote de La Mancha*

STORIES FROM DON QUIXOTE

RETOLD BY

H. L. HAVELL B.A.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OXFORD

AUTHOR OF

"STORIES FROM GREEK HISTORY" "STORIES FROM GREEK TRAGEDY"

"STORIES FROM THE ÆNEID" "STORIES FROM THE ODYSSEY"

"STORIES FROM THE ILIAD" ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ERNEST MARRIOTT

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

HAMLET, *Act III, Sc.* 1

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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

TO MY FRIEND

W. A. SHEARER

AT WHOSE SUGGESTION

IT WAS WRITTEN

Preface

THERE is perhaps no book, among the world's great classics, which lends itself so readily to abridgement as "Don Quixote." In the First Part, down to the knight's return from the Sierra Morena, the narrative moves on swiftly and surely in one unclouded blaze of genius; but after this prodigious effort the author's invention begins to flag, and the remaining chapters are padded out with a mass of episodes which have little or no connection with the story. The admirable Second Part, though more carefully planned, and unencumbered by irrelevant matter, is certainly, on the whole, less brilliant and delightful than those wonderful thirty chapters which exhibit Cervantes in the heyday of his powers. Accordingly, it will be found that nearly half the present volume is occupied with the incidents which occurred before Don Quixote's second visit to the "enchanted castle." The digressions are omitted altogether, and the Second Part, which, with all its varied excellences, is too long for the patience of most readers, has been greatly curtailed.

In studying the Spanish text, I have constantly consulted the English translation and notes of Mr Henry

Edward Watts, the Spanish Commentary of Clemencin, the masterly German version by Braunfels, and the *Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana* of Covarrubias. I can only hope that I shall have succeeded in communicating to my readers some portion at least of the pleasure and instruction which I have derived from my long and intimate converse with the mighty Spaniard.

The materials for the brief biographical sketch given in the introduction are drawn from the "Life of Cervantes" by Mr Theodore Watts. For the critical views expressed, I myself am alone responsible.

My best thanks are due to Mr Fred. E. Bumby, B.A., Lecturer in Anglo-Saxon and Spanish at the University College, Nottingham, who has read through the proofs, and made several valuable suggestions.

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Introduction

I

THE great author of "Don Quixote" was born at Alcalá de Henares, a town lying twenty miles east of Madrid, and was baptised under the name of Miguel de Cervantes, Oct. 9, 1547. His father held the rank of Hidalgo, the ordinary title of the smaller Spanish gentry. He received a fair education, and must have become a tolerable Latin scholar, as his writings show a considerable knowledge of the Roman poets, and a really remarkable familiarity with the works of Virgil. From early years he was, as he informs us himself, a voracious reader, eagerly scanning every morsel of literature which came in his way, even to the printed scraps of paper picked up in the streets. Above all he obtained a profound acquaintance with the romantic poetry of Italy and Spain, and with those romances of chivalry which were destined to become the butt of his satirical genius.

In his twenty-first year Cervantes went to Italy in the train of the Papal Legate, who had come on a visit of condolence to the Spanish Court. Two years after we find him serving as a private in a regiment of Spanish Infantry; and the most remarkable fact in his military career was the part which he played in the great battle

of Lepanto, where he fought like a hero and received the wound which permanently crippled his left hand. After some years of service Cervantes obtained leave of absence and started for Spain; but on the voyage his ship was taken by Algerine corsairs, and he was carried as a captive to Algiers. During the five years of his captivity he made repeated attempts to escape, and by his serene patience and noble courage acquired an extraordinary ascendency among his fellow prisoners, and even among his brutal masters. He was ransomed in 1580, and returned, broken in health, and ruined in fortune, to Spain.

At that time there were but two avenues to success for a Spaniard—the army and the Church. The mind of Cervantes was essentially secular, and he had none of that suppleness of character which is necessary to the man who would use the livery of the cleric as a cloak for worldly ambition. Accordingly, after a further period of military service, which led to no improvement in his prospects, he was driven into that last resource of the destitute, the profession of literature. The publication of his *Galatea*, a pastoral romance, in 1584, gained him some distinction but little profit. And then, "having no money and no prospects," he "naturally, married."[1] Next year we find him settled in Madrid, resolved to conquer the world by his pen.

Cervantes obtained some reputation as a playwright, and his *Numancia* is ranked by competent judges among the noblest examples of dramatic poetry. But the immense fame and portentous fertility of Lope de Vega at that time allowed of no rivalry on the Spanish stage; and after four years of bitter struggle Cervantes found

[1] Leslie Stephen, "Life of Johnson."

himself compelled to adopt some other means of livelihood. By the interest of his friends he obtained the post of commissary, and removed with his family to Seville. His duty was to purchase stores for the fleets and armaments of the Indies, and for some years this office was combined with that of tax-collector.

We must pass rapidly over the dark story of Cervantes' life, and come to the publication of the one work which has made his name immortal. The first part of "Don Quixote" was published at Madrid in 1605, and at once made the author's name famous throughout Spain. The learned and polite affected to sneer at the book as an outrage on good manners and good taste; but the general heart of the nation was taken by storm, and "Don Quixote," from its first appearance, became the one great national book of Spain.

Of "empty praise," to use Pope's expression, Cervantes had now enough, and more than enough; but the "solid pudding" was as hard to come by as ever. Somehow or other he managed to live, but there is good reason for believing that even now, in the prime and glory of his genius, he was sometimes actually in want of bread. Still he wrote on, and much of his ripest and finest work is the fruit of his later years. The Second Part of "Don Quixote" was published in 1615, and obtained a success equal to that of the First Part. It was the child of his old age; and in the next year, on the twenty-third of April, he died.

Thus, in poverty, in sickness, in mean and uncongenial surroundings, passed the sixty-nine years of mortal existence which were allotted to Spain's noblest son. It is at once the brightest and the darkest chapter in all the

tragic annals of literary history; and those who fret and chafe in the belief that their little talents are neglected may surely learn patience and constancy when they reflect that this supreme master of comedy, who has filled the world with the sunshine of his mirth, and enriched us with the choice fruits of his wisdom, lived all his days in an unequal struggle against adverse destiny, in want of the means of common decency and comfort, and in that want of generous recognition among his intellectual peers, which is the sorest privation to a man of sensibility and genius.

II

The immediate purpose of Cervantes in writing "Don Quixote" was to bring into contempt the romances of chivalry, which then enjoyed an immense popularity among all classes in Spain. Some account of these monstrous fictions will be found in different parts of the present volume;[1] and there is ample evidence to prove that the evil against which Cervantes was contending was real and great, contributing in no small measure to the depravation of the national character. The saying of a famous statesman, "give me the making of a people's songs, and let who will make their laws," conveys an important truth, which may be extended to every form of popular literature. Millions of readers derive their standard of conduct and character from poems and plays, and above all from novels; and it is essential to the moral health of a nation that the tone of such books should be pure, manly, and wholesome. The

[1] See especially pp. 3-4.

morals of those swaggering heroes against whom Cervantes directed his attack were generally extremely loose; and, what was a hardly lesser evil, the perusal of such books had corrupted the popular imagination, and destroyed all relish for what was truly grand and heroic in history and literature.

How completely Cervantes succeeded in his purpose is sufficiently proved by the fact that from the date of the publication of "Don Quixote" not a single new edition of any book of chivalry appeared in Spain. If this had been all that Cervantes accomplished, the feat would have been without a parallel in the history of literature. But this is in fact the least part of his achievement, and we have now to consider briefly those qualities of his work which make it an everlasting possession for all mankind. First, then, he has created two types of character which gather into one compass the whole sum of human nature,—the natural man, as represented by Sancho, and the spiritual man, as embodied in Don Quixote. Secondly, he has given us a gallery of pictures, illustrating the whole contemporary life of Spain. Thirdly, he has fixed once for all the character of prose fiction, the most important literary creation of modern times. And, fourthly, he has given matter for innocent laughter and gaiety to all ages and all nations.

There could be no greater error in criticism than to suppose that Cervantes is a mere jester, with his tongue continually in his cheek. A gigantic jest, extended over two thick volumes, would be an outrage on good taste and good feeling. Loud laughter soon palls, and excessive mirth always brings its own retribution, like the morning fumes of a midnight debauch. He who would reach the

deeper springs of thought and feeling needs some more potent divining-rod than the fool's bauble.

There comes a time in the life of every great nation when the various currents of thought and sentiment, which have hitherto been kept separate, or have only approached occasionally, are united into one channel. Henceforth the simpler forms of literature,—pure epic, pure comedy, or pure tragedy,—are no longer an adequate medium for the complex colours, and the subtle blending of light and shadow, which belong to such an epoch of the national mind. The primitive homespun texture of the popular faith and popular character has become interwoven with a thousand threads of infinite subtlety and variety, and a new instrument is required to give expression to these shifting moods and conflicting humours. This instrument is found in the development of a new species of comedy, in which laughter and tears, humour and pathos, grave banter and philosophic depth, are blended into one mysterious essence. Only minds of the largest grasp and the deepest insight can handle this wonderful weapon with perfect mastery and unerring touch.

We may go further, and say that once only in all the ages have the different elements of comedy been blended into full and faultless harmony, and that this miracle was performed by Cervantes. In Aristophanes we have a great example of soaring imagination combined with satiric force; but in him the two aspects of his theme are held apart by the technical barrier which divides the dialogue from the chorus. In Shakespeare the streams of tragedy and comedy run side by side,—but they seldom mingle their waters together. If we turn to the masters of pure satire, we shall find the contrast still

greater. A Juvenal hacks and mangles his victims, and in his moral indignation there is something of a fanatic howl. A Swift tramples on human nature with the malignancy of a fiend. A Byron, at war with himself and with the world, fills our ears with mirthless laughter. But in Cervantes there is the healing faith, the deep charity and large humanity, which raise satire into a saving and creating power. Here is neither the blighting sneer of Swift, nor the Puckish mockery of Heine, but the bland, compassionate smile of one who has read human nature as a whole, and knows it in all its littleness, and in all its greatness. Something of the same quality may be found in our own Chaucer, who in his broad tolerance and exquisite urbanity is next of kin to the great Spanish master.

Stories from Don Quixote

Don Quixote resolves to turn Knight-Errant

I

THE scene is laid in a village of La Mancha, a high and arid district of Central Spain; and the time is towards the close of the sixteenth century. On the outskirts of the village there stood at the time mentioned a house of modest size, adjoining a little farm, the property of a retired gentleman, whose real name was Quisada or Quijada,[1] but who is now known to all mankind by the immortal title of Don Quixote. How he came to alter his name we shall see presently.

On a hot summer afternoon this worthy gentleman was sitting in a small upper room, which served him as a study, absorbed in the contents of a huge folio volume, which lay open on the table before him. Other volumes, of like bulky proportions, were piled up on chairs or strewn on the floor around him. The reader was a man of some fifty years of age, tall and spare of figure, and with high, stern features of the severest Spanish type. In his eyes,

[1] Quijada means jaw, so that Don Quijada is equivalent to "Sir Lantern Jaws."

when from time to time he paused in his reading and gazed absently before him, there was a look of wild abstraction, as of one who lives in a world of dreams and shadows. One hand, with bony, nervous fingers, rested on the open page; with the other he grasped his sword, which lay sheathed on his lap.

No sound disturbs the sultry stillness of the chamber, save only the droning of an imprisoned bee, and the rustling of paper when the eager student turns a leaf. Deeper and deeper grows his absorption: his eyes seem to devour the lines, and he clutches his hair with both hands, as if he would tear it out by the roots. At last, overpowered by a frenzied impulse, he leaps from his seat, and plucking his sword from the scabbard, begins cutting and thrusting at some invisible object, shouting in a voice of thunder: "Unhand the maiden, foul caitiff! Give place, I say, and let the princess go! What, wilt thou face me, vile robber? Have at thee, then, and take the wages of thy villainy." As he uttered the last words he aimed a tremendous thrust at his visionary opponent, and narrowly escaped transfixing the comely person of a young lady, who at this very moment entered the room, with signs of haste and alarm. Behind her, in the dimly-lighted passage, appeared the portly figure of an elderly dame, who was proclaimed, by the bunch of keys which hung at her girdle, to be the gentleman's housekeeper.

"Dear uncle, what ails thee?" said the young lady, gazing with pity and wonder at the poor distracted man, who stood arrested in his last attitude, with rolling eyes, and hair in wild disorder, while great beads of sweat poured down his face. But he, whose mind was still soaring in the regions of high romance, at once converted his niece

into a rescued princess, saved from violence by his prowess; and, lowering his blade, and dropping gracefully on one knee, he raised her hand to his lips, and said: "Fear nothing, gentle lady! There lies thine enemy in his gore;" and he pointed to a table which had been overset in one of his wild rushes, carrying with it an inkstand, the contents of which were now trickling in a black stream across the uncarpeted boards.

His niece was accustomed to the strange fits of her eccentric relative, and, humouring his fancy, she answered: "Thou hast done well, and I thank thee. But sit down now, and rest awhile after thy toils; and I will bring thee something to drink." With that she led him to a couch, and left the room, taking the housekeeper with her. In a few moments she returned, bearing a great pitcher of cold water.

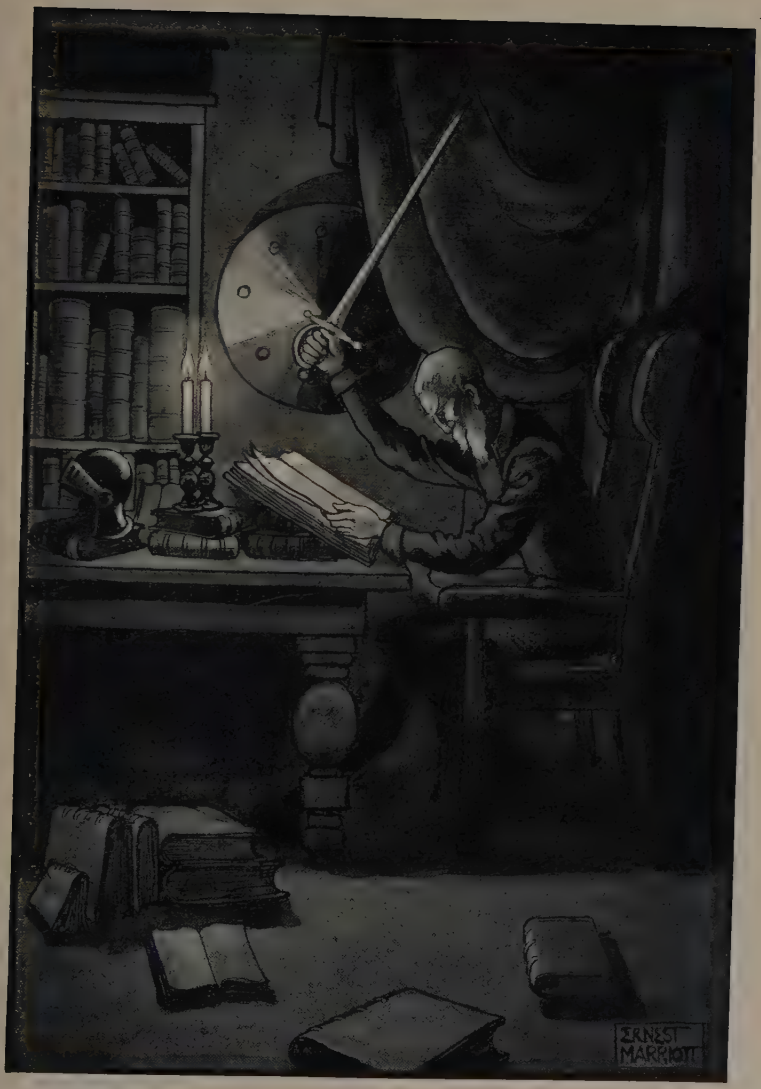
"'Tis a most rare elixir," said he, after taking a deep draught, "prepared by the great enchanter Alquife, and of a magic potency." Then, being exhausted by his violent exertions of body and mind, he stretched himself on the couch, and soon sank into a quiet sleep.

II

The extraordinary scene which has just been described was only one among many which had occurred during several months, down to the time when our story begins; and we must now go back a little, and give some account of our hero's habits and studies, which ended by bringing him to so desperate a state. At that time by far the most popular form of light literature was the Romances of

Chivalry,—huge interminable fictions, filled with the most extravagant visions that ever visited the slumbers of a mad poet. Merely to unravel the story of one of these gigantic romances is a task which would tax the strongest brain. They dealt with the adventures of Knights-Errant, who wandered about the earth redressing grievances and succouring the oppressed. Those who venture into these vast jungles of romance are occasionally rewarded by passages of great sweetness, nobility, and charm; but the modern reader soon grows weary of enchanted forests, haunted by giants, dragons, and other impossible monsters, of deserts where despairing lovers roam haggard and forlorn, of dwarfs, goblins, wizards, and all the wild and grotesque creations of the mediæval fancy.

But in the times of which we are writing the passion for Books of Chivalry rose to such a height that it became a serious public evil. In Spain it reached its climax; and our humble gentleman of La Mancha is only an extreme example of the effect which such studies produced on the national mind. Being bitten by the craze for chivalrous fiction, he gradually forsook all the healthy pursuits of a country life, and gave himself up entirely to reading such books as Amadis of Gaul, Palmerin of England, and Belianis of Greece; and his infatuation reached such a point that he sold several acres of good arable land to provide himself with funds for the purchase of those ponderous folios with which we saw him surrounded when he was first introduced to our notice. From dawn till eve he pored over his darling books, and sometimes passed whole nights in the same pursuit, until at last, having crammed his brain with this perilous stuff, he began to imagine that these wild inventions were sober



"He began to imagine that these wild inventions were sober reality"

reality. From this delusion there was but one step to the belief that he himself was a principal actor in the adventures of which he read ; and when the fit was on him, he would take his sword, and engage in single combat with the creatures of his brain, stamping his feet, and alarming the household with his cries.

At first his frenzy was intermittent, and each attack was followed by a lucid interval ; but finally he lost his wits altogether, and came to the insane resolution of turning knight-errant, and going out into the world as the redresser of wrongs and the champion of the innocent. His intention once formed, he at once took steps to carry it into effect. From a dark corner of the house he brought out an old suit of armour, which had been lying neglected for generations, and was now covered with mould and eaten with rust. He cleaned the pieces, and repaired them as well as he could ; and observing that the helmet was a simple morion, wanting a protection for the face, he made a vizor of pasteboard to supply the defect. Then, wishing to prove the strength of his vizor, he drew his sword, and with one stroke destroyed what had cost him the labour of a week. He was considerably shocked by the ease with which he had demolished his handiwork ; but having made a second vizor, and strengthened it with bars of iron, he did not choose to try any further experiments, but accepted the helmet, thus fortified, as the finest headpiece in the world.

Then he paid a visit to his hack, and though the poor beast was a mere living skeleton, broken-winded, and with his feet full of sandcracks, to his master's eyes he seemed a nobler steed than Bucephalus, or Bavieca, the famous charger of the Cid. It was evident that such a noble

steed, who was to carry a warrior so famous, must have a name by which all the world might know him; and accordingly, after deliberating for four days, and passing in review a multitude of titles, he determined to call the beast Rozinante, signifying by that name that he had been a *hack before*,[1] and that he was now before all hacks.

Having settled this weighty question, he next began to consider what name he should assume himself, being by no means satisfied with that which he had received from his father. Eight days were passed in debating a matter so important to himself and to posterity, and at the end of that time he resolved to call himself Don Quixote.[2] But, remembering that Amadis, not contented with his simple name, had taken the additional title of Amadis of Gaul,[3] he determined, in imitation of that illustrious hero, his model and teacher in all things, to style himself Don Quixote de La Mancha, and thereby confer immortal honour on the land of his birth.

Nothing now remained but to choose a lady to be the mistress of his affections, and the load-star of his life; for, as he wisely reflected, a knight-errant without a lady-love was like a tree without fruit, or a body without a soul. "If," he said to himself, "I should encounter some giant, as commonly happens to knights-errant, and cut him in twain, or otherwise vanquish him and make him my prisoner, will it not be well to have some lady to whom I may send him as a gift, so that he may enter the presence of my sweet mistress, and bow the knee before her, saying, in a humble and submissive voice: '*Lady, I am*

[1] *Hack before* is a literal translation of Rozin-ante.

[2] Quixote, or Quijote, means "taslet," the armour which protects the thigh.

[3] Wales.

the giant Caraculiambro, vanquished in single combat by the knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose praise no tongue can tell, and I have been commanded by him to present myself to your grace, that you may dispose of me as your Highness pleases.'"

Our good knight was highly pleased with his own eloquence, and still more so when he had made choice of his lady. In a neighbouring village there was a young girl, employed on a farm, with whom he had at one time been in love, though he had never brought himself to declare his passion. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and her he resolved to constitute the queen of his heart, having conferred on her the sounding title of Dulcinea del Toboso, or "The Sweet Lady of Toboso," the village where she was born.

How Don Quixote was dubbed Knight

I

"THE world is waiting for me," murmured our enthusiast, leaping from his bed at the first peep of dawn, and arming himself from head to foot. Then treading softly, so as not to alarm the household, he went to the stable, saddled Rozinante, and leading him out through a back gate of the yard, mounted, and rode forth into the plain, hugely delighted to find himself fairly started on his great enterprise.

But hardly had he reached the open country when the terrible thought occurred to him, that he had not been dubbed a knight, and by the laws of chivalry was not entitled to engage in combat with anyone who bore that rank, and further, even if he were already a knight, he was obliged as a novice to wear plain armour, without device of any kind. So much was he perturbed by these reflections that he was within an ace of giving up his whole design, and would have done so, but for a happy inspiration, which saved mankind from so dire a calamity. Many of the heroes of his books of chivalry had got themselves dubbed knight by the first person whom they met, and remembering this, he resolved to follow their

example. And as to his armour, he would rub and polish it until it was whiter than ermine.

His scruples thus removed, he continued his journey, leaving his good steed to choose what direction he pleased, as was the fashion with knights-errant when they set out on their adventures. Thus pacing along, and dreaming of mighty deeds, he gave vent to his feelings in the following rhapsody: "What a theme for the eloquence of some great master of style—the feats of high emprise wrought by the valiant arm of Don Quixote de la Mancha! Happy the pen which shall describe them, happy the age which shall read the wondrous tale! And thou, brave steed, shalt have thy part in the honour which is done to thy master, when poet and sculptor and painter shall vie with one another in raising an eternal monument to his fame."

Then recalling his part as an afflicted lover, he began to mourn his hard lot in soft and plaintive tones: "O lady Dulcinea, queen of this captive heart! Why hast thou withdrawn from me the light of thy countenance, and banished thy faithful servant from thy presence? Shorten, I implore thee, the term of my penance, and leave me not to wither in solitude and despair."

Lost in these sublime and melancholy thoughts he rode slowly on from hour to hour, until the sun became so hot that it was enough to melt his brains, if he had possessed any. All that day he continued his journey without meeting with any adventure, which vexed him sorely, for he was eager to encounter some foeman worthy of his steel. Evening came on, and both he and his hack were ready to drop with hunger and fatigue, when, looking about him in search of some castle—or some

hovel—where he might find shelter and refreshment, he saw, not far from the roadside, a small inn, and, setting spurs to Rozinante, rode up to the door at a hobbling canter, just as night was falling.

The inn was of the poorest and meanest description, frequented by muleteers and other rude wayfarers; but to his perverted fancy it seemed a turreted castle, with battlements of silver, drawbridge, and moat, and all that belonged to a feudal fortress. Before the door were standing two women, vagabonds of the lowest class, who were travelling in the company of certain mule-drivers; but for him they were instantly transformed into a pair of high-born maidens taking the air before the castle gate.

To complete his illusion, just at this moment a swineherd, who was collecting his drove from a neighbouring stubble field, sounded a few notes on his horn. This Don Quixote took for a signal which had been given by some dwarf from the ramparts, to inform the inmates of the castle of his approach; and so, with huge satisfaction, he lifted his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his haggard and dusty features, thus addressed the women, who were eyeing him with looks of no small alarm, and evidently preparing to retreat: "Fly not, gracious ladies, neither wrong me by dreaming that ye have aught to fear from me, for the order of chivalry which I profess suffers not that I should do harm to any, least of all to maidens of lofty lineage, such as I perceive you to be."

Hearing themselves accosted by that extraordinary figure in language to which they were so little used, the women could not restrain their mirth, but laughed so long and loud that Don Quixote began to be vexed, and said.

in a tone of grave rebuke, "Beauty and discourtesy are ill-matched together, and unseemly is the laugh which folly breeds in a vacant mind. Take not my words amiss, for I mean no offence, but am ready to serve you with heart and hand."

At this dignified reproof the damsels only laughed louder than before, and there is no saying what might have come of it if the innkeeper, who appeared at this moment, had not undertaken the office of peacemaker, for which he was well fitted, being a fat, good-humoured fellow, who loved a quiet life. At first, when he saw that fantastic warrior on his spectral steed, he was much inclined to join the girls in their noisy merriment. But finding some ground for alarm in so many engines of war, he contrived to swallow his laughter, and going up to Don Quixote, said to him civilly enough: "If your honour is in search of quarters for the night, you will find in this inn all that you require, excepting a bed, which is not to be had here."

Finding the governor of the fortress—that is to say, the landlord of the inn—so obsequious, Don Quixote replied cheerfully: "Sir Castellan, you will not find me hard to please, for

> 'Arms are all my rich array,
> My repose to fight alway.'"

"If that be your case, then," answered the innkeeper, humouring his strange guest, "'tis plain that

> 'Your couch is the field, your pillow a shield,
> Your slumber a vigil from dusk until day';

and therefore you may dismount, in the full assurance of

finding under my humble roof divers good reasons for keeping awake for a twelvemonth, should such be your desire."

As he said this, he went and held the stirrup for Don Quixote, who was so weak from his long fast that it cost him much pain and effort to dismount. "I commend to thy especial care this my good steed," said he, as soon as he had found his feet: "he is the rarest piece of horse-flesh that ever lived by bread."

The innkeeper bestowed but one glance on poor Rozinante, and finding little to admire in him, he thrust him hastily into the stable, and came back to attend to the wants of his guest. Meanwhile Don Quixote submitted to be disarmed by the young women, who had now made their peace. Having removed his body armour, they tried to relieve him of his helmet, which was attached to his neck by green ribbons. Being unable to loose the knots, they proposed to cut the ribbons, but as he would not allow them to do this, he was obliged to keep his helmet on all that night, which made him the strangest and most diverting object that could be imagined.

While the ladies were thus employed, our brave adventurer entertained them with a strain of high-flown gallantry, seasoned with scraps from the old ballads and romances which he had read. Not understanding a word of what he said, they simply asked him, when they had finished, if he wanted anything to eat. "A slight refection would not be illtimed," answered Don Quixote, and learning that there was nothing to be had but a "little trout," he bade them bring it with all speed. "Many little trouts," he added jestingly, "will serve my turn as well as one big one. Only let it be brought at once, for I begin to be

conscious of a wondrous void within the compass of my sword-belt."

The "little trout" proved to be neither more nor less than a dish of stockfish, Poor John, or in plain English, salted cod, and that of the rankest. An odour the reverse of savoury heralded its approach, and Don Quixote sat down at the table, which had been set, for coolness, before the door, and applied himself to his lenten fare. But being much incommoded by his helmet, he could not find the way to his mouth, and remained staring in dismay at the reeking mess, and the filthy black bread which accompanied it, until one of the damsels, perceiving his distress, came to his relief, and fed him with small morsels, which she deftly conveyed to their proper destination through the opening of his helmet. To give him drink was a harder matter, but this problem was solved with great ingenuity by the landlord, who brought a hollow cane, and placing one end in his mouth, poured the wine in at the other.

And so in solemn silence, broken now and then by the stifled laughter of the onlookers, the strange meal proceeded; and when it was nearly at an end, a clownish fellow passed by, blowing on a rustic pipe. But for Don Quixote, who had transformed the inn into a castle, the fat publican into a powerful governor, and the vagabond damsels into high-born ladies, it was an easy matter to find in those rude notes a strain of rare music, provided for his delectation while he sat at table; and he concluded his repast in a state of high satisfaction with his first day's adventures.

II

But one uncomfortable thought chilled the heat of his enthusiasm—he had not yet been dubbed a knight, and was therefore still unqualified to engage in any chivalrous adventure. Accordingly, as soon as he had finished his scanty and sordid meal, he took the landlord aside, and shutting himself up with him in the stable and falling on his knees before him, said: "I will never rise from this posture, valiant knight, until thou hast granted me of thy courtesy the favour which I desire, and which shall redound to thine honour and to the benefit of the human race."

Dumbfoundered at the strange attitude, and still stranger language of his guest, the landlord stared at him, not knowing what to do or say. He begged him to rise, but Don Quixote steadily refused, so that at last he was obliged to give the promise required.

"I expected no less from your High Mightiness," answered Don Quixote. "And now hear what I desire: to-morrow at dawn you shall dub me knight, and to that end I will this night keep the vigil of arms in the chapel of your castle, so that I may be ready to receive the order of chivalry in the morning, and forthwith set out on the path of toil and glory which awaits those who follow the perilous profession of knight-errantry."

By this time the landlord began to perceive that Don Quixote was not right in his wits, and being somewhat of a wag he resolved to make matter for mirth by humouring his whim; and so he replied that such ambition was most laudable, and just what he would have looked for in a gentleman of his gallant presence. He

had himself, he said, been a cavalier of fortune in his youth—which in a certain sense was true, for he had been a notorious thief and rogue, known to every magistrate in Spain—and now, in his declining years, he was living in the retirement of his castle, where his chief pleasure was to entertain wandering knights; which, being interpreted, meant that he was a rascally landlord, and grew fat by cheating the unfortunate travellers who stayed at his inn.

Then he went on to say that, with regard to the vigil of arms, it could be held in the courtyard of the castle, as the chapel had been pulled down to make place for a new one. "And to-morrow," he concluded, "you shall be dubbed a knight—a full knight, and a perfect knight, so that none shall be more so in all the world."

Having thanked the landlord for his kindness, and promised to obey him, as his adoptive father, in all things, Don Quixote at once prepared to perform the vigil of arms. Collecting his armour, he laid the several pieces in a horse-trough, which stood in the centre of the inn-yard, and then, taking his shield on his arm, and grasping his lance, he began to pace up and down with high-bred dignity before the trough.

The landlord had lost no time in informing those who were staying at the inn of the mad freaks of his guest, and a little crowd was gathered to watch his proceedings from a distance, which they were the better able to do as the moon was shining with unusual brightness. Sometimes they saw him stalking to and fro, with serene composure, and sometimes he would pause in his march, and stand for a good while leaning on his lance, and scanning his armour with a fixed and earnest gaze.

While this was going on, one of the mule-drivers took it into his head to water his team, and approaching the horse-trough prepared to remove Don Quixote's armour, which was in his way. Perceiving his intention, Don Quixote cried to him in a loud voice, saying: "O thou, whoever thou art, audacious knight, who drawest near to touch the armour of the bravest champion that ever girt on sword, look what thou doest, and touch it not, if thou wouldst not pay for thy rashness with thy life!"

The valiant defiance was thrown away on the muleteer, whose thick head needed other arguments, and taking the armour by the straps, he flung it a good way from him. Which when Don Quixote saw, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as may be supposed) on his lady Dulcinea, he exclaimed: "Shine on me, light of my life, now, when the first insult is offered to my devoted heart! Let not thy countenance and favour desert me in this, my first adventure."

As he put up this pious appeal he let go his shield, and lifting his lance in both hands, brought it down with such force on the muleteer's head that he fell senseless to the ground; and if the blow had been followed by another, he would have needed no physician to cure him. Having done this, Don Quixote collected his armour, and began pacing up and down again, with the same tranquillity as before.

Presently another muleteer, knowing nothing of what had happened, came up to the trough with the same intention as the first, and was about to lay hands on the armour, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word, or asking favour of anyone, once more lifted his lance,

and dealt the fellow two smart strokes, which made two cross gashes on his crown.

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised in the house, and the whole troop of muleteers now came running to avenge their comrades. Seeing himself threatened by a general assault, Don Quixote drew his sword, and thrusting his arm into his shield cried: "Queen of Beauty, who givest power and might to this feeble heart, now let thine eyes be turned upon thy slave, who stands on the threshold of so great a peril."

His words were answered by the muleteers with a shower of stones, which he kept off as well as he could with his shield. At the noise of the fray the innkeeper came puffing up, and called upon the muleteers to desist. "The man is mad," said he, "as I told you before, and the law cannot touch him, though he should kill you all."

"Ha! art thou there, base and recreant knight?" shouted Don Quixote in a voice of thunder. "Is this thy hospitality to knights-errant? 'Tis well for thee that I have not yet received the order of knighthood, or I would have paid thee home for this outrage. As to you, base and sordid pack, I care not for you a straw. Come one, come all, and take the wages of your folly and presumption."

His tones were so threatening, and his aspect was so formidable, that he struck terror into the hearts of his assailants, who drew back, and left off throwing stones; and, after some further parley, he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and returned with unruffled dignity to his vigil of arms.

The landlord was now thoroughly tired of his guest's

wild antics, and, resolving to make an end of the business, lest worse should come of it, he went up to Don Quixote, and asked pardon for the violence of that low-born rabble, who had acted, he said, without his knowledge, and had been properly chastised for their temerity. He added that the ceremony of conferring knighthood might be performed in any place, and that two hours sufficed for the vigil of arms, so that Don Quixote had fulfilled this part of his duty twice over, as he had now been watching for double that time.

All this was firmly believed by Don Quixote, and he requested that he might be made a knight without further delay; for if, he said, he were attacked again, after receiving the order of chivalry, he was determined not to leave a soul alive in the castle, excepting those to whom he might show mercy at the governor's desire.

The landlord, whose anxiety was increased by this alarming threat, went and fetched a book in which he kept his accounts, and came back, attended by a boy who carried a stump of candle, and by the two damsels aforesaid. Then, bidding Don Quixote to kneel before him, he began to murmur words from his book, in the tone of one who was saying his prayers, and in the midst of his reading he raised his hand and gave Don Quixote a smart blow on the neck, and then taking the sword laid it gently on his shoulder, muttering all the time between his teeth with the same air of devotion. Then he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with equal liveliness and discretion—and she had much need of the latter quality to prevent an explosion of laughter—; however, the specimen which the new knight had just given of his prowess kept their merriment in check.

When his spurs had been buckled on by the other damsel the ceremony was completed, and after some further compliments Don Quixote saddled Rozinante and rode forth, a new-made knight, ready to astonish the world with feats of arms and chivalry. The inn-keeper, who was glad to see the last of him, let him go without making any charge for what he had consumed

The Adventures of Don Quixote after leaving the Inn

I

ON leaving the inn Don Quixote turned his horse's steps homewards, being resolved to obtain a supply of money, and, above all, to provide himself with a squire before seeking more distant scenes of adventure. The good Rozinante, as if conscious of his new dignity, trotted bravely forwards, and by daybreak they reached the outskirts of a small wood. Pacing gaily along the soft and dewy turf, with his heart full of pride and hope, suddenly Don Quixote heard faint cries of distress issuing from the thicket. "Blessed be heaven!" he murmured to himself, "which thus gives me early occasion to fulfil the duties which I have taken on myself." And entering the wood he came upon a scene which filled him with noble wrath. A lad about fifteen years old, stripped to the waist, was bound to a tree, and he it was who was uttering those pitiful cries—and not without reason, for a stout fellow, who seemed by his appearance to be a farmer, was belabouring him vigorously with a leathern belt, and crying at every stroke: "Tongue still, and eyes alert!" A mare stood tethered to a neighbouring tree, and a long lance, which the farmer carried when he rode abroad, leaned against the trunk.

Taking in these details at a glance, Don Quixote thrust his horse between the boor and his victim, crying, "What means this wanton cruelty, discourteous knight? Mount your horse, and take your lance, and I will teach you how to behave to the weak and helpless."

When he saw that armed figure towering with brandished lance above him, the clown thought his last hour was come, and answered in quaking tones; "Sir Knight, this boy is my servant, who has charge of a flock of sheep belonging to me, and he is so idle and careless that every day one of them is lost, and when I chastise him he says that I do it out of meanness, to avoid paying him the wages which I owe him—and in this, as I am a true man, he lies."

"*Lies*, sayest thou, base churl?"[1] said Don Quixote. "By yonder sun, and by all the powers above us, I am minded to drive this lance through thy body! Unbind him and pay him forthwith, or I will make an end of thee and annihilate thee on the spot!"

The farmer did as he was bidden, and Don Quixote asked the boy how much his master owed him. "Nine months' wages at seven reals a month," answered he. "That makes sixty-three reals," said Don Quixote. "Pay him at once unless you choose to die for it." The farmer protested that it was not so much, for he had to deduct the price of three pairs of shoes which he had given the boy, and one real for blood-letting. "He has paid for both with his skin," replied Don Quixote. "Come, pay him, and make no more words about it." "I have not the money by me," said the man; "but if Andrés will

[1] Don Quixote feels his dignity insulted by the use of a coarse word in his presence.

come home with me I will pay him to the last real." "I go home with him!" cried the boy in evident terror: "Heaven forbid! as soon as he finds himself alone with me, he will flay me like Saint Bartholomew." "You need not fear that," said Don Quixote; "he shall give me his knightly word that he will pay you what he owes, and do you no harm." "But, sir, you are mistaken," said Andrés earnestly. "This man is not a knight, but the rich farmer Haldudo, who lives at Quintanar." "He may still be a knight," answered Don Quixote, "for every man is the son of his own works." "Very true," said the farmer, with a grin. "Come with me, brother Andrés, and I swear by all the orders of chivalry that I will pay you to the last real, with compound interest."

"You may dispense with the interest," said Don Quixote, "but see that you pay him, or woe betide you! I shall find you out, though you creep like a lizard into a crack in the wall, as sure as I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs, and the defender of the oppressed." With that he set spurs to Rozinante, leaving the boy and his master together. As soon as he was well out of hearing, the farmer turned to Andrés, and said with a meaning smile: "Come here, my son, that I may pay you your wages, as that redresser of wrongs ordered me to do." Saying this, he seized him by the arm, bound him to the tree again, and almost beat the life out of his body. When he was quite tired out, he unbound him, and said: "Now, go and find your valiant champion, and tell him how I have paid my debt to you."

II

Meanwhile, Don Quixote pursued his way, in a state of high satisfaction with this auspicious prelude to his knight-errantry. "Happy art thou," he murmured to himself, "above all women on earth, Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair, since it has fallen to thy lot to have as thy subject and slave so valiant and renowned a knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha, who to-day, as all the world knows, has received the order of chivalry, and to-day has torn the scourge from a ruffian's hand, and saved a tender infant from outrage."

Presently he came to a cross-road, and after hesitating a moment, he resolved to imitate his favourite heroes, and leave the direction to his steed, who immediately took the nearest way to his stable. After advancing about two leagues, our knight came in view of a great troop of people, who, as it afterwards turned out, were merchants of Toledo, on their way to Murcia to buy silk. There were six of them jogging comfortably along under their umbrellas, with four servants on horse-back, and three mule-drivers walking and leading their beasts.

Here was a new opportunity, as Don Quixote thought, of displaying his knightly valour, so he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his shield, and stood waiting for the arrival of those knights-errant,—for such he judged them to be; and when they were come within hearing, he raised his voice, and cried with an air of proud defiance: "Halt, every mother's son of you, and confess that in all the world there is no damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!"

Hearing the strange words, and seeing the extravagant figure of him who uttered them, the merchants drew up, and one of them, who was of a waggish disposition, answered for the whole company, and said: "Sir Knight, we do not know the good lady of whom you speak; let us see her, and if she is of such beauty as you describe, we will most gladly make the confession which you require."

"If you were to see her," replied Don Quixote, "you must needs be convinced that what I say is true, and that would be a poor triumph for me. No, on the faith of my word alone, you must believe it, confess it, assert it, swear to it, and maintain it! If not, I defy you to battle, ye sons of lawlessness and arrogance! Here I stand ready to receive you, whether ye come singly, as the rule of knighthood demands, or all together, as is the custom with churls like you."

"Sir Knight," answered the merchant, "I entreat you in the name of all this noble company, that you constrain us not to lay perjury to our souls by swearing to a thing which we have neither seen nor heard. Show us, at least, some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, that our scruples may be satisfied. For, so strongly are we disposed in favour of the fair dame, that even if the picture should exhibit her squinting with one eye, and dropping brimstone and vermilion from the other, for all that we will vow and profess that she is as lovely as you say.

"There drops not from her," shouted Don Quixote, aflame with fury, "there drops not, I say, that which thou namest, but only sweet perfumes and pearly dew. Neither is she cross-eyed nor hunch-backed, but straight

and slender as a peak of Guadarrama. But ye shall pay for the monstrous blasphemy which ye have spoken against the angelic beauty of my lady and queen."

With these words he levelled his lance, and hurled himself upon the speaker with such vigour and frenzy, that if Rozinante had not chanced to stumble and fall in mid career, the rash merchant would have paid dear for his jest. Down went Rozinante, and his master rolled over and over for some distance across the plain. Being brought up at last by a projecting rock, he made frantic efforts to rise, but was kept down by the weight of his armour, and lay plunging and kicking on his back, but ceased not for a moment to hurl threats and defiances at his laughing foes. "Fly not, ye cowards, ye dastards! Wait awhile! 'Tis not by my fault, but by the fault of my horse that I lie prostrate here."

One of the mule-drivers, who was somewhat hot-tempered, was so provoked by the haughty language of the poor fallen knight, that he resolved to give him the answer on his ribs, and running up he snatched the lance from Don Quixote's hands, broke it in pieces, and taking one of them began to beat him with such goodwill that in spite of the armour he bruised him like wheat in a mill-hopper. And he found the exercise so much to his liking that he continued it until he had shivered every fragment of the broken lance into splinters. Nevertheless, he could not stop the mouth of our valiant knight, who during all that tempest of blows went on defying heaven and earth, and shouting menaces against those bandits, as he now supposed them to be.

At length the mule-driver grew weary, and the whole party rode off, leaving the battered champion on the

ground. When they were gone he made another attempt to rise. But if he failed when he was sound and whole, how much less could he do it now that he was almost hammered to pieces! Notwithstanding, his heart was light and gay, for in his own fancy he was a hero of romance, lying covered with wounds on honour's field.

III

Two days had now passed since Don Quixote left his home, and his niece and his housekeeper were growing very anxious about him. More than once they had heard him declare his intention to turn knight-errant, and they began to fear that he had carried out his mad design. On the evening of the second day, a few hours after he had been so roughly handled by the muleteer, they called in the village priest, Pero Perez, and the barber, Master Nicholas, who were intimate friends of Don Quixote, and laid the case before them. The housekeeper grew eloquent in her denunciation of the Books of Chivalry, which, as she said, had ruined the finest brain in all La Mancha; and the niece followed suit, describing her uncle's wild behaviour when he was excited by his romantic studies.[1]

"I take blame to myself," she said, when she had finished her story, "for not telling you before of my poor uncle's infatuation. If you had been informed in time, you might have saved him from the consequences of his folly, by burning those abominable books which have caused all the mischief."

[1] Chapter I.

At this moment they heard a loud voice calling outside the street door: "Open to Sir Baldwin and the Lord Marquis of Mantua,[1] who is brought to your gates grievously wounded." They made haste to unbar the door, and when it was opened they saw a strange sight: mounted on an ass, whose head was held by a labouring man of the village, sat Don Quixote, huddled together in a most uncavalier-like posture, his armour all battered, and his face begrimed with dirt. Hard by stood Rozinante, a woeful object, crooking his knees and drooping his head; and tied in a bundle on his back were the splintered fragments of Don Quixote's lance.

When they saw who it was, they gathered round him with eager questions and cries of welcome; but he checked them with a gesture, and said: "Control yourselves, all of you! I am grievously hurt, through the fault of my horse; carry me to my bed, and if it be possible let some one go and fetch Urganda the wise woman, that she may examine and heal my wounds."

"Alack-a-day!" cried the housekeeper, lifting up her hands. "Did I not tell you, gentlemen, that I knew on which foot my master halted? Come, dear sir, and we will cure you, without the help of Urgada or anyone else." And with many maledictions against the books of chivalry, which had done the kind gentleman so ill a turn, she assisted him to dismount, and amongst them they carried him to his room, took off his armour, and laid him on his bed. Then they enquired where he was hurt, and Don Quixote explained that he was bruised from head to foot, having been thrown from his horse

[1] The names are taken from old Spanish ballads.

in an encounter with ten giants, the most outrageous and ferocious in the world.

"Aha!" said the priest, "so there are giants in the game! By the rood, I will burn them to-morrow before nightfall." And having seen his friend settled in comfort, he went down to question the man who had brought him home. The honest fellow described how he had found Don Quixote by the road-side, half beaten to death, and reciting scraps of old ballads and romances; how he had set him, not without much difficulty, on his ass, and carried him to the village, and how the poor distracted gentleman had raved without ceasing all the way of knights and their loves, of governors, and castles, and captive princesses. This account confirmed the priest in the resolution which he carried into effect the next day.

The Burning of the Books of Chivalry

ON the following morning, while Don Quixote was still sleeping, the priest arrived with his friend the barber, and asked the niece for the key of the room where the books were kept. She gave them with a hearty goodwill, and they entered the room, followed by the housekeeper, and found there more than a hundred huge folio volumes, handsomely bound, and others of smaller size. No sooner had the housekeeper set eyes on the fatal books than she left the room in haste, and came back presently with a little pot of holy water. "Take it, your reverence," she said, handing the vessel to the priest, "and sprinkle the chamber, lest some enchanter, of the many contained in these books, should be here, and should lay his spells upon us, in revenge for that which we are about to do to him and his fellows."

The housekeeper's simplicity made the priest laugh, and he told the barber to give him the books, one by one, that he might examine their contents, and see if there were any which did not deserve the extreme penalty of fire.

"They are all guilty," said the niece; "let us throw them all out of the window, and burn them together in a great heap in the courtyard, or carry them into the paddock, and set fire to them there, that the smoke may not come into the house." The housekeeper agreed, being as impatient as her mistress for the massacre of those innocents; but the priest demurred, preferring at least to

read the titles before passing sentence. So he took the volume which the barber held out to him, and glancing at the gilded letters on the back, said: "There is something mysterious in this! The very first book which you have taken up is the notorious "Amadis of Gaul," which, as I have heard, was the first story of chivalry printed in Spain, and served as a model to all those which followed. Being, then, the founder and leader of that pestilent sect, he can plead no excuse to save him from the stake."[1]

"Except," interposed the barber, whose name was Nicholas, "that he is the best of his kind, and on that ground may deserve to be pardoned." "That is true," answered the priest with judicial gravity. "Let the prisoner stand down, and await further judgment. But what have we here?" he continued, taking up another weighty tome, and eyeing it severely. "'The Feats of Esplandian'—a most unworthy son of Amadis! Take him, mistress housekeeper, and fling him into the yard; there let him lie at the bottom of the heap."

The housekeeper complied with much satisfaction, and poor Esplandian was sent flying through the window, and fell with a great thump on the stones below.

"Let the trial proceed," said the priest. "Who is the next offender?" "All these," replied the barber, pointing to eight portly folios standing in a row, "are of the family of Amadis." "Away with them!" cried the priest. "Into the yard they shall go! And this fellow," added he, touching with his foot a fat volume, with the title "Amadis of Greece," "shall lead the dance, for a quibbling, ranting, fustian rogue as he is." The house-

[1] The whole chapter is closely modelled on the official proceedings of the Inquisition.

keeper took these eight giant children of Amadis in her arms, and heaving them with a great effort on to the window sill, pitched them all together into the yard.

One by one all the books of chivalry were passed in review, and with very few exceptions condemned to the flames. Among those which were spared was "Palmerin of England," a romance of the sixteenth century, on which the priest pronounced this high eulogy: "This Palm of England is a thing unique in its kind, and deserves to be treasured in a golden casket, like that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and set apart to hold the works of the poet Homer."

At last the priest grew weary of scrutinising each separate volume, and directed the housekeeper to throw all the folios that remained into the yard. The good dame needed no second bidding, but went to work with such vigour that the last of these heretics, as the priest had called them, soon lay sprawling on the top of the pile.

After these grand offenders had been thus disposed of, the barber pointed to a row of smaller volumes, containing poems, ballads, and pastoral romances, and asked what was to be done with them. "These may be spared," answered the priest. "They belong to a different order from those arch-leaders of schism and false doctrine, being books of light entertainment, and innocent of all offence." "But consider, sir," said the niece, "whether there be no danger in these books also. What if my uncle, after being cured of the disease of knight-errantry, should be infected by the desire of becoming a shepherd, and go roaming about the fields and woods, singing and playing the lute, or, what would be still worse, should

turn poet himself, which is said to be a disease beyond all cure."

"The young lady is right," observed the priest, "and we shall do well to remove this new stumbling-block from our friend's path." Accordingly the poems and pastorals were subjected to the same scrutiny as the books of chivalry; and some were pronounced guilty, and delivered over to the secular arm, represented by the housekeeper, but not a few were spared. Among the latter was the "Galatea," a pastoral romance by Cervantes himself, written in the manner of Sidney's "Arcadia."

Don Quixote and Sancho

I

TWO days after the burning of the books Don Quixote rose from his bed, and went straight to the room where he had been accustomed to study. When he came to the place where the door had been, he saw before him, much to his astonishment, nothing but a blank wall. "What is the meaning of this?" he enquired of the housekeeper, who was just coming up the stairs. "Where is my room, and where is the door?" The housekeeper, who had been well prompted by the priest in the part she was to play, answered readily that the room had disappeared with all its contents, having been carried off by the Devil. "It was not the Devil," said Don Quixote's niece, who arrived at the same moment, and remembered her instructions better. "It was an enchanter, who came mounted on a dragon one night while you were on your travels, and went into the room. What he did there I can't say, but after a few minutes he flew away through the roof, leaving the house full of smoke. When we took courage to go and see what had happened, we found that both books and room had vanished. What it all means I can't say; but I remember very well that the naughty old man, just as he was going, said, in a loud voice, that he had a private grudge against the owner of the books, and had therefore

done the mischief which would afterwards appear. He said also that his name was Muñaton the Wise."

"Friston, he must have said," answered Don Quixote, who had listened to the preposterous story with perfect gravity. "He is a mighty magician, and a great enemy of mine, who is bitterly incensed against me, because he knows that I am one day to fight a duel with a knight whom he favours, and overthrow him; and because he cannot prevent it, he plays me these scurvy tricks out of pure malice."

"Dear uncle," said the young lady, alarmed to see that his thoughts were still running in the old channel, "why should you engage in these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home than to go running about the world crying for the moon? Do remember that many go for wool and come back shorn."

"Shorn?" retorted Don Quixote, hotly. "Your wits have gone astray, child, if you talk to me of shearing. Before they touch a single hair of mine I will pluck out all their beards by the roots!"

Perceiving him to be hot with anger, his niece wisely forbore to push the argument further, and left him to meditate on the ill-natured pranks of the enchanter Friston. The real truth of the matter was that during the time of his illness the priest had caused the door of the chamber to be walled up, and directed the two women of Don Quixote's household to give the explanation, which he received with such perfect good faith.

II

For two weeks Don Quixote remained peacefully at home, and many were the pleasant discussions which

passed between him and his old friends, the priest and barber, on his favourite theme—the pressing need of reviving the profession of knight-errantry, and his own peculiar fitness for rendering this great service to the world. All this time he was secretly negotiating with a certain peasant, a neighbour of his, whose name was Sancho Panza, an honest, poor man, not much better furnished with wits than the knight himself. This simple fellow lent a ready ear to his grand tales of glory and conquest, and at last consented to follow him as his squire, being especially tempted by certain mysterious hints which Don Quixote let fall concerning an "Isle," of which his new master promised to make him governor at the first opportunity.

This matter being arranged Don Quixote patched up his armour, obtained a new lance, and having provided himself with a sum of money, gave notice to his squire of the day on which he proposed to start. Sancho, who was short and fat, and little used to travelling on foot, asked leave to bring his ass, remarking that it was a very good one. This proposal gave the knight pause, for, try as he would, he could remember no authority for a squire on a long-eared charger; but finally he gave the required permission, resolving to furnish him with a worthier steed as soon as possible, by taking the horse of the first discourteous knight whom he met.

When all was ready they set off together one night, without taking leave of their families, and rode steadily on, so that by daybreak they were beyond the reach of pursuit. Sancho Panza sat his ass like a patriarch, carrying with him his saddle-bags and leather bottle; and all his thoughts were of the Isle which his master

had promised him. Don Quixote was lost in loftier meditations until he was roused from his reverie by the voice of his squire, who said: "I hope your Grace has not forgotten the Isle which I was to have, for I shall know well how to govern it, however big it may be." "As to that," replied Don Quixote, "thou needest have no fear; I shall only be complying with an ancient and honourable custom of knights-errant, and, indeed, I purpose to improve on their practice, for, instead of waiting, as they often did, until thou art worn out in my service, I shall seek the first occasion to bestow on thee this gift; and it may be that before a week has passed thou wilt be crowned king of that Isle."

"Well," said Sancho, "if this miracle should come to pass, my goodwife Joan will be a queen and my sons young princes."

"Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote.

"I do," rejoined Sancho. "My Joan a queen! Nay, if it rained crowns, I don't believe that one would ever settle on my dame's head. Believe me, your honour, she's not worth three farthings as a queen; she might manage as a countess, though that would be hard enough."

"Think not so meanly of thyself, Sancho," said Don Quixote, gravely. "Marquis is the very least title which I intend for thee, if thou wilt be content with that."

"That I will, and heaven bless your honour," said Sancho, heartily. "I will take what you give, and be thankful, knowing that you will not make the burden too heavy for my back."

The Battle of the Windmills

CHATTING thus they reached the top of a rising ground, and saw before them thirty or forty windmills in the plain below; and as soon as Don Quixote set eyes on them he said to his squire: "Friend Sancho, we are in luck to-day! See, there stands a troop of monstrous giants, thirty or more, and with them I will forthwith do battle, and slay them every one. With their spoils we will lay the foundation of our fortune, as is the victor's right; moreover, it is doing heaven good service to sweep this generation of vipers from off the face of the earth."

"What giants do you mean?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with the long arms, which in such creatures are sometimes two leagues in length."

"What is your honour thinking of?" cried Sancho. "These are not giants, but windmills, and their arms, as you call them, are the sails, which, being driven by the wind, set the millstones going."

"'Tis plain," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast still much to learn in our school of adventures. I tell thee they are giants, and if thou art afraid, keep out of the way, and pass the time in prayer, while I am engaged with them in fierce and unequal battle."

Saying this, he set spurs to Rozinante, and turning a deaf ear to the cries of Sancho, who kept repeating that

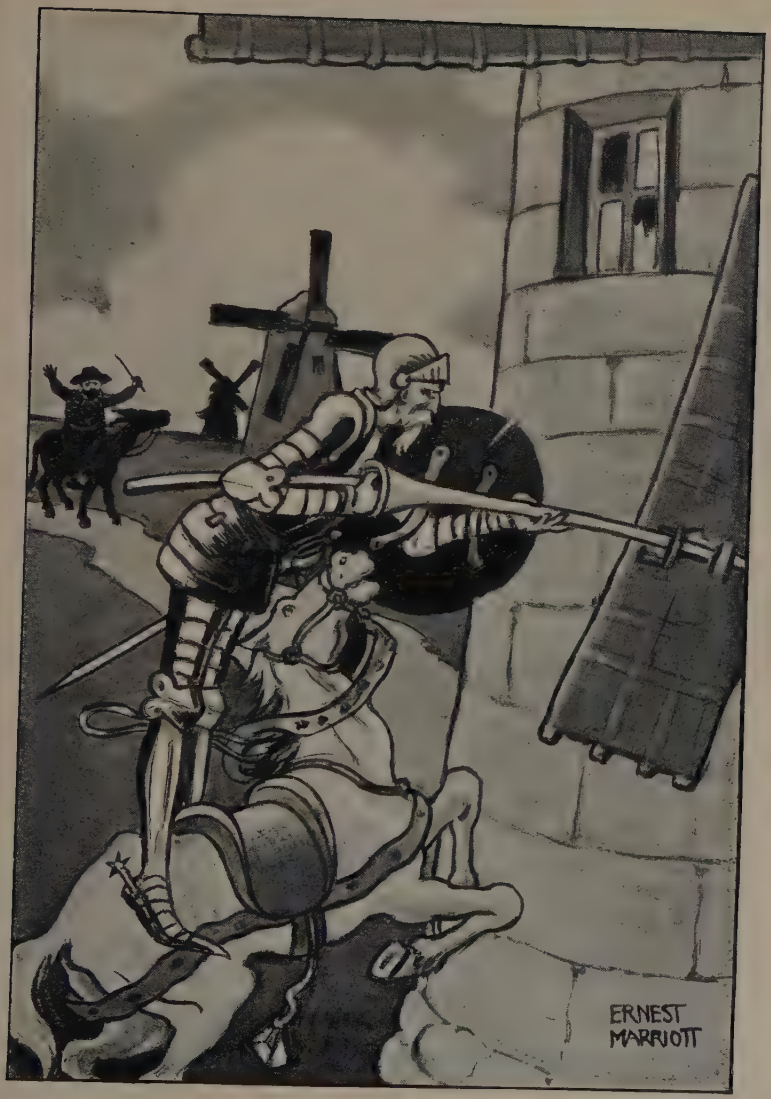
the supposed giants were nothing but windmills, he thundered across the plain, shouting at the top of his voice: "Fly not, ye cowardly loons, for it is only a single knight who is coming to attack you!"

Just at this moment there came a puff of wind, which set the sails in motion; seeing which, Don Quixote cried: "Ay, swing your arms! If ye had more of them than Briareos himself, I would make you pay for it." Then, with a heartfelt appeal to his lady Dulcinea, he charged full gallop at the nearest mill, and pierced the descending sail with his lance. The weapon was shivered to pieces, and horse and rider, caught by the sweep of the sail, were sent rolling with great violence across the plain.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried Sancho, who had followed as fast as his ass could trot, and found his master lying very still by the side of his steed. "Did I not warn your honour that these things were windmills, and not giants at all? Surely none could fail to see it, unless he had such another whirligig in his own pate!"

"Be silent, good Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "and know that the things of war, beyond all others, are subject to continual mutation. Moreover, in the present case I think, nay, I am sure, that an alien power has been at work, even that wicked enchanter Friston, who carried off my books; he it is who has changed those giants into windmills, to rob me of the honour of their defeat. But in the end all his evil devices shall be baffled by my good sword."

"Heaven grant that it may be so!" said Sancho, assisting him to rise; and the knight then remounted Rozinante, whose shoulders were almost splayed by his fall, and turned his face towards the Puerto Lapice, a



" He charged full gallop at the nearest mill "

rugged mountain pass, through which ran the main road from Madrid to Andalusia; for such a place, he thought, could not fail to afford rich and varied matter for adventures.

After they had advanced some time in silence, Don Quixote said: "My heart is heavy at the loss of my good lance; but I intend to replace it by tearing off a bough from the first convenient oak or ash tree, following in this the example of Diego Perez de Vargas, an illustrious Spanish knight, who, with the bough or trunk of an oak tree brayed and hammered so many Moors that he got the name of Vargas the Smasher, which is still held by his descendants. It is my purpose to arm myself with such another beam, and therewith to do such deeds that thou wilt deem thyself fortunate to have witnessed them."

"In faith, I believe every word your honour says," replied Sancho. "But couldn't you hold yourself somewhat straighter in the saddle? You are sitting all askew. I suppose it is from the pain of your fall."

"'Tis very true," aswered Don Quixote; "but the law of knighthood forbids me to complain, even though I were ripped open in the middle."

"Then there is no more to be said," rejoined Sancho, "though I would much rather hear your honour cry out when you are hurt, than see you suffer in silence. For myself, I must needs complain of the smallest scratch, unless that law of which you speak is binding on squires as well as knights."

This frank confession made Don Quixote laugh, and he gave Sancho free leave to complain whenever he liked, in season or out of season, saying that he had never read anything to the contrary in the code of chivalry.

Sancho now reminded his master that it was time for dinner, and Don Quixote bade him eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he would taste nothing at present. Thereupon Sancho reduced his pace to a walk, and taking from his saddle-bags what he had brought with him, rode slowly behind, eating as he went; and from time to time he lifted his bottle, and opening his mouth wide let a thin stream of wine trickle down his throat,[1] with such enjoyment that there was not a wine-taster in Malaga but would have envied him. And as he rode thus, taking draught after draught, it seemed to him that knight-errantry was the finest sport in the world.

They spent that night in a small wood, and from one of the trees Don Quixote tore a withered bough, and fastened to it the lance-head which he had taken from the broken shaft. Then, like a true lover and faithful knight, he kept vigil all through the hours of darkness, thinking of his lady Dulcinea; while Sancho, whose potations had been neither weak nor scanty, snored steadily all night long, and never stirred, even when the rays of the sun began to beat on his face, and the whole wood was ringing with the morning song of birds.

From this happy state he was roused by the voice of his master; and the first thing he did was to stretch out his hand for his bottle, which he was concerned to find a good deal reduced in girth[2]; for he saw no prospect of replenishing it in that wild and desolate region. Don Quixote again refused to share his squire's repast, and breakfasted, as he had dined, on the sweet thoughts of his love.

[1] A method of drinking still practised in Spain.

[2] The bottle was of leather.

Don Quixote's Duel with the Valiant Biscayan

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of the Pass of Lapice. "Here, brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in adventures. And remember, thou must not draw thy sword in my defence, even though thou seest me in mortal peril, unless those who attack me are people of the vulgar sort; but if they are of knightly rank, thou art forbidden by the laws of chivalry to cross blades with them, until thou art dubbed a knight."

"Doubt not, sir," replied Sancho, "that I shall obey you in this to the letter, and the more so that I am by nature a man of peace, and a sworn enemy of brawls and quarrels. But when it comes to the defence of my own person I mean to lay on stoutly, without stopping to ask whether it is knight or clown who assails me."

"Of course," said Don Quixote, "thou mayest do that; but in the matter of aiding me against knights thou must set bounds to thy natural impetuosity."

"Be assured that I will do so," answered the squire. "Yes, I will keep this precept as holy as the Sabbath."

While they were talking thus they saw coming along the road a pair of Benedictine monks, each mounted on a mule as tall as a dromedary. They wore half-masks,

with goggles, to protect their eyes from the dust, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, attended by four or five outriders, and two muleteers on foot. The occupant of the coach was a Biscayan lady, on the way to Seville to meet her husband, who was about to embark for the Indies, where he held an important office. The friars were strangers to the lady, though they happened to be travelling the same way. Mounted on their huge, unwieldy beasts, and disguised by those hideous masks, they presented an appearance sufficiently frightful; and Don Quixote, as soon as he saw them, cried out to Sancho: "Unless I am greatly deceived, here is a most rare and notable adventure! The two black shapes which thou seest there are without doubt enchanters, who have got some princess into their power, and are carrying her off in yonder coach. It shall be my task to rescue the lady."

"Mind what you are doing, sir," said Sancho in alarm, "or you will come off worse than you did with the windmills. These men are holy friars, and the people in the coach are ordinary travellers. Surely it is the evil one who puts such whims into your head."

"I have told thee already," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art a mere novice in adventures. That which I say is the truth, as thou shalt see." With these words he rode forward, and drawing up in the middle of the road, cried to the friars in a loud voice: "Stand, ye sons of Satan, and deliver up the exalted princesses whom ye are carrying away by force in that coach! If ye refuse, ye shall die on the spot, as a just punishment for your villainy."

The friars halted, not less astonished at Don Quixote's

appearance than at his words; and one of them replied: "Sir Knight, we are not sons of Satan, but two friars of the order of St Benedict; and we know nothing of captured princesses, whether there be any in that coach or not."

"Think not to cozen me with fair speeches," answered Don Quixote; "I know you, ye lying hounds"; and without another word he lowered his lance, and rushed at the nearest friar with such fury that if the priest had not saved himself by dropping from his mule he would have been killed, or at least badly wounded.

The second cleric, seeing his companion thus handled, dug his heels into his mountain of a mule, and scoured across the plain fleet as the wind. The other still lay where he had fallen, and Sancho, seeing his plight, came up and began to ease him of his garments. While he was thus engaged, two men, who were the friars' servants, approached and asked him why he was stripping their master. He answered that he was only taking the lawful spoils of the victory which his master Don Quixote had gained. The serving-men, who did not understand his talk about spoils and victories, and were in no mood for jesting, seized upon Sancho, flung him to the ground, and after tearing out his beard by handfuls bestowed on him so many hearty kicks that they left him without sense or breath in his body; and the friar was thus left at liberty to remount his mule, which he did with all expedition, trembling all over, and as white as a sheet; and finding himself in the saddle, he spurred after his companion, who was standing and looking on a good distance off. Then, without staying to see the play out, they continued their journey together,

crossing themselves with more devotion than if the Evil One had been behind them.

While this was happening, Don Quixote had been standing at the door of the coach, and talking to the poor terrified lady. "Fair and gracious dame," he said, "you may now deal with your lovely person as seems best to you, for the pride of your oppressors is laid low, overthrown by my mighty arm. And that you may not be in pain to learn the name of your liberator, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight-errant, held in bondage by the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. And the only payment which I shall ask for this service is that you go without delay to Toboso and tell the mistress of my heart that you owe to me your liberty."

Among the riders who accompanied the coach was a certain squire, a native of the Biscayan Provinces; and when he heard the demand of Don Quixote, which, if complied with, would have carried the travellers far out of their way, he rode up, and seizing hold of the knight's lance, said to him in a mixture of his own barbarous dialect and broken Spanish: "March, Master Errant, and a murrain on thee! Let the coach pass, or as sure as I be a Biscayan, I'll run thee through."

"If you were a knight and gentleman, which you are not," replied Don Quixote with great calmness, "I would have chastised your folly and audacity, poor caitiff."

"Not a gentleman?" shouted the Biscayan in a rage: "Drop thy lance, and take thy sword, and I'll cram that lie down thy throat."

"Well bragged, Sir Biscayan!" retorted Don Quixote, and letting fall his lance he drew his sword, and made at the Biscayan, resolved to make a ghost of him. The

Biscayan snatched a cushion from the coach, and holding it before him as a shield prepared to defend himself; and so they began hewing at each other as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the party tried in vain to separate them, for the Biscayan swore that if anyone hindered him he would put them all to death, and his mistress as well. The lady in the coach, who was equally alarmed and bewildered at the strange scene, made a signal to the driver to draw out of the way a little, and this being done she sat looking on from a distance at the hot encounter.

And first the Biscayan aimed a weighty blow, which fell like a thunderbolt on Don Quixote's shoulder, and but for his armour would have cloven him to the waist. When the knight felt the force of that prodigious stroke he cried in a loud voice, and said: "Queen of my soul, Dulcinea, thou rose of loveliness, succour this thy knight, who to win thy kindness is braving so dire a peril!"

Saying thus, he covered himself well with his shield, and gripping firmly his sword-hilt, fell upon the Biscayan, being determined to decide the combat by a single blow. His antagonist awaited the onset with equal intrepidity, having indeed no choice in the matter; for the animal which he was riding, being a hired mule of poor quality, was now completely blown, and unable to move a step. And so the valiant Biscayan sat clutching his cushion, and holding his sword on high, while all the spectators stood breathless, and the lady with her handmaids in the coach uttered a thousand prayers and vows to all the images and religious houses in Spain, that they and their champion might find aid and countenance in this awful strait.

For a moment these two redoubtable champions con-

fronted each other, swinging their falchions, and seeming to menace heaven and earth and the nether abyss—so fierce and resolute was their bearing; then the fiery Biscayan aimed a stroke at Don Quixote, which fell with such force and fury that, if his blade had gone straight to the mark, that single blow would have sufficed to end the combat and cut short the career of our famous knight. But Fortune, who was keeping him for greater things, caused the weapon to swerve, so that it alighted on his left shoulder, carrying with it on the way a good part of the helmet and half an ear, and tearing off the armour from the whole of that side.

What tongue can tell of the sublime rage which swelled in Don Quixote's heart when he heard the crash of his falling armour and felt his manly beauty thus marred? We must content ourselves with describing how he stood up in his stirrups, and grasping his sword in both hands, brought it down with such impetuosity that it shore through the cushion, and fell like an avalanche on the head of the Biscayan, who began to spout blood from nose and mouth and ears, and only saved himself from falling by throwing his arms round the mule's neck. Startled into motion by that dreadful shock, the mule bolted across the plain, and then began kicking and plunging until she brought her rider to the ground.

Seeing his enemy thus prostrate, Don Quixote, who had been watching his career with great composure, sprang from his horse, and running nimbly up to him, stood over him with brandished sword, crying, "Yield thee, or I will cut off thy head!" The Biscayan was in no condition to answer a word, and Don Quixote was so blinded with fury that he would certainly have carried out

his threat, if the ladies, who had hitherto been sitting as terrified spectators of the duel, had not hurried up at this moment, and begged him in moving terms to spare the life of their squire.

"I am well pleased, fair ladies," replied Don Quixote, loftily, "to grant your request, on this sole condition, that the gentleman gives me his word to go forthwith to Toboso, and present himself on my behalf before the peerless Lady Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as seems best in her eyes."

The poor frightened ladies gave the promise required, without troubling to ask who Dulcinea was; and with this assurance Don Quixote remained satisfied.

Discourse, grave and gay, between Don Quixote and his Squire

SANCHO soon recovered from the effects of the rough handling which he had received from the friars' serving-men, and had watched with keen interest the progress of the combat between his master and the Biscayan. His mind was full of the high preferment which Don Quixote had promised him; and seeing the knight preparing to remount, he went to hold his stirrup, and, falling on his knees, looked beseechingly into his master's face. "What wouldst thou, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote, pausing, with one hand on the saddle. "A boon, dear sir, a boon!" said Sancho, seizing his other hand, and kissing it. "Make me the governor of that isle which you have gained in this fierce struggle; for, however big it may be, I feel myself man enough to rule it as well and as wisely as any governor of any isle whatsoever."

"Take notice, brother Sancho," answered Don Quixote gravely, "that this adventure which thou hast witnessed was but a chance encounter by the roadside, which brings no pay but a cracked crown or the loss of an ear. Only be patient, and we shall soon meet with adventures which will lead to governorships and better things besides."

The simple squire was loud in his thanks, and having helped his generous master into the saddle, he mounted

his ass, and followed him as well as he could. But Don Quixote rode at such a pace that Sancho was soon left far behind, and was obliged to call to him to moderate his speed. Don Quixote drew rein, and presently the squire came panting up, and said with an anxious look: "It seems to me, sir, that it would be well for us to seek sanctuary in some church. That fellow whom you drubbed so soundly will certainly report the matter to the Holy Brotherhood,[1] and if they catch us we may cool our heels in gaol for many a long day."

"Talk not so foolishly," answered Don Quixote in high disdain. "Didst thou ever hear or read of a knight-errant being brought to trial for all the homicides that he had ever committed?"

"Of homiciles I know nought," replied Sancho, "for in all my life I never tried one. All I know is that the Holy Brotherhood has charge to arrest those who break the peace on the king's highway."

"Pooh!" said Don Quixote. "Never mind the Holy Brotherhood. Thou needst not fear them—or the Chaldeans[2] either—so long as thou hast me to defend thee. But say now, as thou art a true man, hast thou ever seen a knight more valiant than me on the face of this earth? Hast thou read in history of another who has, or ever had, more mettle in the attack, more wind to hold out, more skill to strike, or more dexterity to defeat his foe?"

"To tell the truth," answered Sancho, "I never read any history at all, for I can neither write nor read; but this I will affirm, and stake my life on it, that I never

[1] A body of police, whose duty it was to capture and punish highwaymen.
[2] An allusion to Jeremiah xxxii. 4.

served a bolder master than your honour in all my days, and pray heaven that we may not pay for your daring where I said.[1] For the present, all I ask of you is that you will let me bind up your ear, which is bleeding sorely. I have some lint and a little white ointment in my saddle-bags."

"All that would be superfluous," remarked Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one drop of which would heal me at once."

"Phials? balsams?" said Sancho, wondering. "Of what does your honour speak?"

"A most wondrous balsam it is," answered Don Quixote, "and I carry the recipe for making it in my head. He who has it may defy death and wounds. I will presently make some and give it into thy charge, and this is how thou must use it: when, in the course of some battle, thou seest me cut clean through the waist (a thing which often happens), thou must lift up gently that portion of my body which has fallen to the ground, taking care to do it before the blood is congealed, and set it with great nicety on the other half which remains in the saddle. See that the two halves coincide exactly, and then give me only two sips of the balsam which I have named, and in an instant I shall be whole and sound as an apple."

"Well," said Sancho, "I want no isles to govern if your honour is in possession of a secret like this. All I ask, in return for my faithful service, is that you will give me the recipe for that sovereign fluid. A single ounce of it will fetch, I should think, two reals, or more, and it

[1] In gaol.

will give me the means of passing the rest of my life in ease and honour. But what is the cost of making it?"

"For less than three reals you can make half a gallon," replied Don Quixote.

"Mercy on us!" cried Sancho. "Do, sir, make haste and show me how it is made."

"Not so fast, friend," said his master. "By and by thou shalt learn this and much greater secrets; for the present, my wound requires thy care, for it pains me more than is agreeable."

Sancho produced his lint and ointment, and Don Quixote now observed for the first time that his helmet was broken, whereupon he was almost beside himself with anger, and, laying his hand on his sword, he cast up his eyes to heaven, and said: "By yonder heaven, and by the blessed light of day, I swear that until I have got full vengeance from the villain who hath served me thus I will lead the life which the Marquis of Mantua swore to lead until he had revenged the murder of his nephew, Baldwin—that is to say, I will not eat bread at table, nor lie in a bed, nor——" When he had got thus far the good knight's memory failed him, but he supplied the blank by gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes.

"Consider, sir," said Sancho, who was somewhat alarmed at this new outbreak, "if the gentleman has carried out your command, and presented himself before your lady at Toboso, he will have done all that you required of him, and deserves no further punishment unless he offends again."

"Thou hast spoken well and to the point," answered Don Quixote, "and the oath shall be cancelled, as far as it relates to taking fresh vengeance on that man; never-

theless, I take it again in a new form, and vow to live as I said, until I have gained another helmet as good as this was from some knight or other. And herein I have high precedent and example in him who won the helmet of Mambrino."

"Think what you are doing, sir," cried Sancho, "in taking such oaths, to the prejudice of your health and the burdening of your conscience. Supposing many days should pass before you meet a man with such a helmet as you describe, what are you going to do? How long will you persist in sleeping in your clothes, lying out of doors at night, and all the other fooleries contained in the oath of that old, crack-brained marquis, whom your honour admires so much? In this part of the country we shall meet none but carters and mule-drivers, who wear no helmets, and have perhaps never heard of such a thing in all the days of their life."

"There thou art mistaken," answered Don Quixote, "for before we have been two hours on these cross-roads we shall see more armed men than ever fought under the banners of the Sultan in far Cathay. Then I shall have not only isles, but whole kingdoms, to bestow on thee, and thou shalt be rich and great beyond thy wildest dreams. But now search thy saddle-bags and see if thou hast anything to eat, and we will presently look for some castle where we can pass the night, and make that balsam for my ear, which is very sore and painful."

"Here is all I have got," said Sancho, diving into his bags, and bringing out an onion, a piece of cheese, and some scraps of bread. "But this is very poor fare for such a knight as your honour."

"There thou art wrong again," answered Don Quixote.

"It is not for those who live under the law of knight-errantry to pamper their bodies; they hold it an honour to live without food for weeks together, and when they eat at all, it is of the first thing that comes to hand. Their spirit is of a finer essence, nourished on beautiful thoughts and grand designs. They cannot, indeed, dispense altogether with mere earthly nourishment, being compounded, like other men, of body and mind; but as most of their life is passed in forests and deserts, their diet consists chiefly of such country messes[1] as those which thou offerest me here."

"If that be so," rejoined Sancho, "in future I will furnish my bags with all sorts of dried fruits for your knightly stomach, and keep that which is of more savour and substance for myself, who profess no such contempt for fleshly comforts."

"That is not necessary," said Don Quixote. "A knight may eat flesh, when he can get it, though for the most part he has to be content with the herbs of the field."

"I should like to know where to find these herbs," replied Sancho, "for we are likely to want them before we have done."

When they had finished their dry and scanty victuals, they went in search of the castle of which Don Quixote had spoken; but finding none, they were obliged to pass the night in a wooden shed belonging to some goat-herds, who received them kindly, and entertained them with such things as they had.

[1] "Herbs, and other country messes."—MILTON, "*L'Allegro.*"

Don Quixote and the Carriers

NEXT day our knight and his squire resumed their journey, and about noon they came to a pleasant meadow, well shaded by trees, and watered by a clear stream. Tempted by the inviting coolness, they resolved to rest here until the fierce noonday heat had passed, and leaving Rozinante and the ass to graze at large on the rich grass, they sat down to eat what they had brought with them in their wallets.

Now it chanced that a score or so of ponies belonging to certain Galician carriers, who had halted in the same spot to take their siesta, were feeding not far off; and Rozinante, who was of a social disposition, began to make friendly advances to one of the herd. But the brute was so uncivil as to receive him with his heels, a compliment which our valiant Bucephalus was not slow to return. The dispute was soon settled by the carriers, who ran to the rescue, armed with heavy cudgels, and assailed Rozinante with such a storm of blows that in a trice he lay senseless on the ground.

Seeing his charger thus maltreated, Don Quixote hastened to his aid, crying to Sancho, who followed panting behind: "These are no knights, but the very dregs of the people, and therefore thou mayest lawfully join me in avenging the outrage to Rozinante."

"And how are we," gasped Sancho, "who are but two,

or I should say but one and a half, to take vengeance on more than twenty men?"

"I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote, and without wasting more words he fell upon the carriers, sword in hand; and Sancho, inspired by his master's example, did the same. With the first stroke of his weapon Don Quixote cut open the leather jerkin of one of the carriers, and made an ugly gash in his shoulder; but the rest of the party, seeing themselves assaulted by two men, while they were twenty, surrounded the pair, and plied their cudgels with great energy and earnestness. One heavy blow laid Sancho in the dust, and with a second Don Quixote was stretched at his side. So there they lay, the knight, his steed, and his squire, brought to "sad overthrow and foul defeat" by the rude hands of clowns.

The carriers, having now spent their fury, began to be alarmed for themselves, so they loaded their ponies with all despatch, and went their way, leaving the three for dead.

II

For a long time that pleasant glade lay wrapped in the sultry stillness of a southern noon; then a voice was heard, speaking in faint and lamentable tones—it was the voice of Sancho Panza: "Oh! Master Don Quixote! Ah! Master Don Quixote!"

"What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble and quavering key.

"I wish," replied Sancho, "that your honour would give me a drink of that magic medicine of Fiery Blast,[1]

[1] Sancho's version of Fierabras.

if you chance to have it by you: maybe it will be of service for broken bones, as well as for wounds."

"If I had that, all would be well," said Don Quixote, with a groan; "but wait until I can move, and the first thing that I do will be to procure some of that balsam."

"And how long will it be," asked Sancho, "before we shall be able to stir from this spot?"

"That is a point hard to determine," answered the afflicted knight; "we have been sorely stricken, and the fault is all mine—I ought to have remembered that I, as a dubbed knight, was forbidden to draw my sword on that low-born rabble. Forgetting this, I have broken the rules of my Order, and therefore is this calamity fallen upon us. In future I will leave thee to deal with all assailants of the baser sort, reserving myself for such as are knights like myself; and what I can do against these thou hast seen by a thousand proofs."

Sancho found the proposed division of labour not much to his taste, and answered accordingly: "Dear sir, I am not a man of war, like you, but of a nature meek, pacific, and mild, as becomes a husband and father. Therefore, I beg your honour to take note that from this day forth I forgive whatsoever injuries are, have been, or shall be done to me, by any person of whatever condition, knight or clown, gentle or simple, without distinction of rank or station."

This frank statement of Sancho provoked Don Quixote to an outburst of indignation, though the battered state of his ribs made speaking a painful exertion. "How deep," he cried, "is thy delusion, and how little this poverty of spirit accords with thy ambition to be made governor of some isle or province in that empire

which I am destined to gain! How wilt thou control and keep in check the turbulence of thy subjects, newly brought under a foreign yoke, and seeking every occasion to regain their liberty? He who would maintain himself in a perilous seat of power must show another temper, prompt alike in offence and defence."

"Heaven preserve me from such a temper as your honour describes!" answered Sancho, "if it brings no better pay than a bushel of broken bones. But at present I am more disposed for bandages than for bandying words. Try, sir, if you can get up, and we will see if we can get Rozinante on his legs, though he doesn't deserve it after getting us into this pickle. Well, well, life is full of surprises; who would have thought that a respectable beast like Rozinante would have so misbehaved himself, or that the day after your honour's glorious victory over the Biscayan we should both be lying here, pounded and beaten to a jelly?"

"Thou must understand," said Don Quixote, "that these are the inconveniences which belong to our profession."

"Is that so?" answered Sancho; "then let me ask your honour how often we may expect such inconveniences; for if two came close together, without giving us time to recover, I think we should be in no need of a third."

"Those who walk," said Don Quixote, "on the lofty path which we have chosen, must needs be in danger of sudden falls. Was not Amadis, the paragon and mirror of knight-errantry, made prisoner by his enemy Arcalaus the enchanter, who bound him to a post, and gave him two hundred lashes with the reins of his horse? And was

he not afterwards flung into a noisome dungeon, and after that made to drink a draught of physic which almost made an end of him? This I tell thee to satisfy thy nice sense of honour, and lest thou shouldst suppose that we have been disgraced by the blows laid upon us."

"All that is very fine and noble," replied Sancho, "but it won't rub the marks from my shoulders, or take the pain out of my bones."

Here he was interrupted by his faithful ass Dapple, who came snuffing round to see what was the matter. With great pain and effort Sancho rose to his feet, but when he tried to stand upright he failed completely, and remained, doubled up like a hunch-back, groaning and sighing grievously, and cursing the day when he became squire to a knight-errant. Then he saddled and bridled the ass, and helped Rozinante to his feet; and after several attempts he contrived at last to hoist Don Quixote on to the ass's back, where the battered knight lay cross-wise, hanging down on either side, as Sancho said, like a sack of straw.

Leading his ass by the halter, he took the nearest way, so far as he could guess, to the high road; and Rozinante followed meekly, being tied to the ass's tail. After a painful march of two or three miles they came to the road; and on turning the first corner, Sancho cried with great delight: "I see an inn."—"A castle thou wouldst say," said Don Quixote from where he was hanging.—"I say an inn," answered Sancho testily.—"And I say a castle," protested the knight again; and still hotly disputing, they arrived at the door of the house.

The Great Battle with the Army of the East

WE must pass very rapidly over our hero's adventures at the inn, which Don Quixote, according to his wont, persisted in describing as a castle. His strange delusion led to a violent quarrel, in the course of which the knight was dreadfully mauled and beaten by a certain carrier, and the squire, as usual, came in for more than his share of the bruises. When peace was restored, Don Quixote set to work to prepare the magic balsam with which he expected to work such wonders. It was a compound of oil, rosemary, salt, and wine, well shaken together, and brought to the boil over the fire; and when the fearful mixture was ready, Don Quixote determined at once to try its virtues on himself, and swallowed a liberal dose, which acted as a powerful emetic and threw him into a copious sweat. After sleeping for three hours he felt so much refreshed that he resolved to take the road again without delay, lest he should miss some brilliant opportunity of displaying his prowess.

Encouraged by his master's example, Sancho had also swallowed a huge draught of that wonderful medicine, but with a very different result. For, being of a much coarser fibre than his master, he kept the stuff on his stomach so long that it brought on an awful fit of colic, and he lay writhing and groaning on his bed, racked with pain, and cursing the hour of his birth. When at last he obtained

relief, he was so much weakened by the action of the physic that he seemed about to give up the ghost. In this state he was found by his master, who sought to comfort him by explaining that the balsam only operated with benefit on knightly stomachs. Then leaving him he went to the stable, and with his own hands saddled Rozinante and the ass. All the people of the inn were gathered at the gate when he rode up, with aching bones, but light and joyful heart, to take leave of his host, whom he saluted with all knightly courtesy, and thanked in flowery language for his kind entertainment, offering in recompense to render him any service he might require. "All the service I ask," answered the man stolidly, "is that you should pay your bill." Don Quixote was much shocked and grieved by this grossness, and having reviled the landlord as a niggardly churl, he spurred Rozinante, and rode off before anyone could stop him.

Having gone some distance he drew rein, and looked back to see what Sancho was doing; and at the same moment he heard loud cries coming from the inn, as of someone in distress. Expecting some new adventure he rode back, and finding the gates locked, he halted by the wall of the courtyard. What was his wrath and amazement when he saw the corpulent person of his squire rising and falling in the air like a shuttlecock, and heard his voice filling the place with threats and entreaties! The fact was that the people of the inn, seeing that the master had escaped them, determined to take vengeance on his man, and half-a-dozen lusty fellows were now taking their pastime by tossing him in a blanket.

In vain Don Quixote thundered the most awful menaces from the other side of the wall; the sport went

merrily on, and when they were quite tired out they let their victim go, and Sancho clambered on to his ass, and rode sulkily off to join his master, forgetting, in his confusion, to take his saddle-bags with him. When he came up he found Don Quixote sitting in his saddle, and holding in his hand a tin oil-flask, which contained the rest of the precious balsam. "Take a draught of this," said the knight, "and thou wilt soon forget all thy pains and mischances." But Sancho made a very wry face, and being in the worst of humours, could hardly refrain from cursing the balsam and him who made it. "Do you want to make an end of me altogether?" he asked. "Keep the stuff for your own knightly stomach—I want no more of it."

After that they rode on for some time in silence, which was first broken by Don Quixote. "I am convinced," he said gravely, "that yonder inn (or castle) is enchanted, and that those who took their evil pastime with thee, Sancho, were phantoms, and beings of another world. For when I tried to climb the wall and come to thy aid I perceived myself to be, as it were, spell-bound in the saddle, and without doubt these malignant spirits had laid a charm on me, so that I was unable to move."

"This is all moonshine," answered Sancho, whose faith in his master had by this time dwindled almost to nothing; "they were no more phantoms than I am, but men of flesh and blood like me, and I heard all their names as they were tossing me. What I have now to say is this, that we had better go home and get in the harvest, for while we go hunting for fortunes we catch nothing but misfortunes, and I am tired of this wild-goose chase."

"Ah! Sancho," said Don Quixote, reproachfully, "be not so fainthearted, but keep thine eyes ever fixed on the

glorious day, now not far distant, when we shall both be crowned with triumph and victory."

"So your honour has always said," replied Sancho, doggedly; "but since you were dubbed a knight you have never gained any victory that I know of, except over the Biscayan, and that cost you half an ear and half a helmet; since then there has been nothing but cudgellings and poundings, with a blanketing thrown in for my special benefit."

"That was enchantment, as I said before," answered Don Quixote, "and to guard against this danger in the future I propose on the first occasion which offers to furnish myself with a magic sword, like that of Amadis, which was a powerful counter-charm against all sorcery or witchcraft whatsoever, and, moreover, had so keen an edge that no armour was proof against it."

"I expect the sword will serve me like the balsam," remarked Sancho, "and play me some scurvy trick, because I am not a dubbed knight."

Talking thus, as they jogged side by side along the road, presently they saw a dense cloud of dust moving towards them. "Halt!" cried Don Quixote, checking his horse. "Halt, Sancho, and behold how quickly fortune can requite us a thousandfold for all our trials. This is the hour appointed for me by fate, that in it I may do such deeds as shall be sounded by the trumpet of fame till the end of time. Seest thou yon cloud of dust? It is raised by the trampling feet of armed millions who are marching towards us across the plain."

"Then, I suppose," said Sancho, "that there are more armed millions coming the other way"; and he pointed in the opposite direction, from which a second cloud of dust was rising. "It is even as thou sayest," answered

Don Quixote, looking behind him. "Two mighty armies are rushing to the encounter, and that which thou seest in front of us is led by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the spacious realm of Taprobana, while the other marches under the banner of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Sleeveless Arm, so called because he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."

"What are they fighting about?" asked Sancho.

"Alifanfaron is a furious pagan," answered Don Quixote, "and desires to wed the daughter of Pentapolin, which that monarch will in nowise consent to, unless he renounces his false gods and becomes a Christian."

"'Tis very right of Pentapolin," quoth Sancho, "and I am for helping him all we can. But what shall we do with this ass during the affray? For it will hardly do for me to take the field mounted on ass-back."

"Never trouble thy head about him," said Don Quixote, "we shall presently take a whole drove of such coursers among the spoils of our victory that even Rozinante will be in danger of finding himself displaced."

By this time the two columns of dust had approached so near that they began to mingle, and shadowy shapes were seen looming through the darkened air. Beckoning Sancho to follow, Don Quixote led the way to the top of a low hillock, and taking his stand there he said: "We will remain here until the two hosts are fully engaged, and when the battle is at its hottest we will throw our swords into the scale and decide the issue. Now listen, and I will tell thee the names of the most famous knights on either side. He whom thou seest there in gilded armour, bearing on his shield the figure of a crowned lion lying humbly at a maiden's feet, is the valiant

Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge; and he with the three silver crowns on a field azure is the Grand Duke Micocolembo, of dreaded name. Yonder gigantic warrior on his right is the undaunted champion Brandabarbaran, lord of the three Arabias, whose armour is a serpent's skin, and his shield the gate of that temple which Samson overthrew when he took vengeance on the Philistines. Now turn thine eyes to the other side, and thou wilt see at the head of the opposing army the invincible Timonel of Carcajona, whose emblem is a cat *regardant* on a field *or*, with the legend *Miau*, signifying that the lady of his affections is the lovely Miaulina, daughter of the Duke of Marzipan."[1]

In such fashion the knight went on, inventing names and escutcheons for the captains of the two armies which his disordered fancy had conjured up, and which, as the reader may have guessed, were neither more nor less than two vast flocks of sheep, whose bleatings now filled all the air, mingled with the baying of dogs and the cries of the drovers. These sounds only acted as a spur to his imagination, and he proceeded to describe with epic magnificence the various nations composing the armies of the east and west. "From the lush meadows of Xanthus, and from Afric's scorching plains, they come, from the golden sands of Arabia and Thermodon's silver stream,—from where Pactolus pours his liquid treasures into the lap of Lydia,—from haughty and perfidious Carthage, from Persia, and from Parthia, and from Media. There is the wandering Arab, the cruel Scythian, the Æthiop with jewelled lip, and many a tribe besides, flocking in multitudes, unnumbered and unnamed. And against

[1] The Spanish is Alfeñiquen, from Alfeñique, a sort of lozenge, made of sugar and almonds (Covarrubias).

"He lowered his lance and charged down the hill" .. 64

them march the embattled hosts gathered from every land and province of Europe."

Sancho listened open-mouthed, and the knight was still in the full flood of his eloquence, when a sudden puff of wind blew the dust aside, and discovered to view the two flocks of ewes and rams, whose drivers had much ado to keep their charges separate. "Look, sir," said Sancho, when his master paused to take breath: "Beshrew my wits if I can see either soldier, or knight, or giant; but perhaps we are bewitched again, as we were at the inn."

"What?" answered Don Quixote. "Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the blare of the trumpets, and the rolling of the drums?"

"I hear nothing," said Sancho, "but a loud bleating of ewes and rams."

"It is thy terror," replied his master, "which hath confused thy senses, and deprived thee of the proper use of thine eyes and ears. Go hide thyself, poor coward, for my single arm is enough to give the victory to the side which I support." With that he spurred Rozinante, lowered his lance, and shot down the hill like a thunderbolt, shouting at the top of his voice: "Follow me, all ye knights that war under the banners of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin, and see me avenge his cause on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana!" And plunging into the midst of the flock he began thrusting and foining with his lance, crying at every stroke: "Down with the heathen dogs! Strike, slay, and spare not!"

The shepherds and owners of the flock cried out to him to leave the sheep alone, but finding that he paid no heed they unbound their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as big as a man's fist. Don Quixote

paid no regard to the stones, but darted hither and thither, shouting defiances to Alifanfaron: "Where art thou, proud Paynim? Come hither, and cross swords with me, that thou mayest receive the wages of thy crime."

Just then a pebble came flying, which struck him on the side, and buried two ribs in his body. Believing himself to be mortally wounded he seized the oil-flask containing his balsam and began to drink for dear life; but before he had finished another peppermint[1] arrived, and striking full on the flask, shattered it to pieces, crushed two of his fingers, and carried away three or four double teeth.

For a moment Don Quixote sat rocking to and fro, then rolled from his saddle, and tumbled headlong to the ground. The shepherds came running up, and seeing him to all appearance dead, they made haste to gather their flocks, and picking up the dead sheep, of which there were seven or more, they went their way without more ado.

All this time Sancho had been standing on the hill, watching his master's insane proceedings, tearing his beard, and cursing the day and the hour which had first brought them together. When the shepherds were gone he left his post, and went up to Don Quixote, who was still conscious, though in a woeful plight. "I told you how it would be, sir," he said reproachfully. "Why will you go on like this, taking sheep for armies, and drovers for knights and emperors?"

"It is all the work of that foul enchanter who pursues me with his malice," answered the knight. "He envied me the glory which I was to win in this battle, and turned my foes into sheep, out of pure spite and ill-

[1] *Almendra*, lit. "a (sugared) almond."

will. Mount thine ass, I pray thee, Sancho, and ride until thou hast sight of them, and thou wilt find that they have all resumed their former shape as knights and warriors, all proper men and tall. But stay, go not yet, for I have need of thee. Come close, and see how many teeth I have lost, for it seems to me that there is not one left in my mouth."

Sancho approached to do as he was bidden, but started back immediately with a cry of dismay. "What ails you now, master?" he enquired anxiously; "your face is as green as a fig-leaf." Such indeed was the fact; and Sancho ran to his ass to bring something from the saddle-bags for his relief. When he found that the wallets were gone he almost lost his wits, and vowed to himself that he would forthwith resign his squireship, with all its brilliant prospects. Then he sank into a state of sullen dejection, and stood with his elbows propped on the back of his ass, and leaning one cheek on his hand. In this melancholy attitude he was found by his master, who came creeping painfully along, leading the patient Rozinante, and holding his mouth with the other hand, to keep the rest of his teeth from falling out.

"Take heart, Sancho," said he, "after the storm comes a calm, and the tempest of disasters which has broken over us will be followed by the glad sunlight of prosperity. Be not so cast down by my mischances, since no part of them falls on thee."

"No part?" answered Sancho in high dudgeon. "Then perhaps he who was blanketed yesterday was not my father's son, and perhaps the saddle-bags which have been lost to-day are not mine! You had better look

out for some of those herbs which you told me of, for we have nothing else to eat."

"Herbs!" said Don Quixote with some irritation. "I tell thee, Sancho, that at this moment I would rather have a single crust and a pilchard's head than all the herbs of the field."

"Well, then," replied Sancho, "if that is so, we had better make haste and find an inn,—and pray heaven that we may find one where there are no blanket-tossings or blanket-tossers, or ghosts, or goblins, for if there are, I'll ne'er dip my fingers in this stew again."

"We will hope for the best," said Don Quixote, "and this time I will put myself under thy direction. But come hither for a moment, and feel with thy finger in my mouth—here in my upper jaw on the right hand side—for that is where the pain is, and I want to know how many teeth are gone."

Sancho did so, and asked him how many molars he had on that side before his encounter with the shepherds. Don Quixote replied that he had never before lost a tooth in his life, so that the number would be four or five, without counting the wisdom tooth. "Well," said Sancho, "they are gone, every one of them; and in your lower jaw there are only two and a half left."

The poor gentleman was much concerned when he heard what havoc had been wrought among his molars; for, as he observed, a tooth is worth more than a diamond, and a mouth without teeth is like a mill without grindstones. But he comforted himself by the reflection that such accidents were the common lot of all knights-errant; and bidding Sancho lead the way, he moved forward at a slow and mournful pace, nursing his wounded jaw.

The Helmet of Mambrino

NIGHT overtook the two wanderers as they were passing through a bleak and desolate region; and as they paced slowly along, discoursing on their late unhappy adventure, they came upon a procession of priests, clothed in white surplices, and carrying torches in their hands, who were conducting a dead body to its last resting-place in Segovia. Six mourners went with them, draped from head to foot in weeds of woe; and the whole company chanted a low and mournful strain as they followed the bier.

Don Quixote concluded that they were robbers and murderers, and challenged them to halt; and finding that they paid no attention to his summons, he at once assaulted the foremost priest, whose mule reared, and fell on him, breaking his leg. The knight then made a vigorous onslaught on the troop of timid and unarmed clerics, whom he beat and belaboured to his heart's content; and having put them all to rout, he returned to question the fallen man, who was lying crushed under the weight of his mule. Learning from the priest's answers what a mistake he had made, he took leave of him with a handsome apology, and rode off, attended by Sancho, who had found most congenial employment in plundering the panniers of a sumpter-mule, laden with all sorts of good things for the refreshment of the sleek ecclesiastics.

"What was it that thou wast saying to the priest?" asked Don Quixote of Sancho, "after we got him from under his mule, and laid him by the road-side?" "I told him," answered Sancho, "that he had had the honour of being overthrown by the most valiant champion in the world, The Knight of the Doleful Visage." "And why," asked Don Quixote, "didst thou give me that strange title?" "Well, sir," replied Sancho, "I happened to look round, as your honour was stooping over him, and by the light of a torch which was blazing on the ground beside you, I saw your honour's face, and as I am a true man it was the most dismal countenance that I ever set eyes on."

"It was a most happy inspiration," said his master gravely, "and I doubt not that it was due to the secret influence of that sage enchanter who is one day to give my deeds to the world in writing. For it was ever the custom among the famous knights of old to assume some such secondary title; and this which thou hast chosen is pat to the purpose. As soon as I have opportunity, I will get painted on my shield the most doleful visage art can depict."

"Nay, your honour," replied Sancho, "that would be painting the lily; no one who sees you thus haggard and chapfallen, with half your teeth knocked out, will want any picture to show him that yours is the most woeful visage that ever man wore. But it is time that we sought some safe retreat; for we have incurred the ban of the Church, and if we linger here we shall have to pay dear for it."

Don Quixote saw the prudence of his squire's advice, and leaving the high-road they struck across country, and

came presently to a secluded valley, carpeted with rich grass, and thickly wooded with chestnut-trees. Here they dismounted, and sat down to enjoy the stolen dainties which Sancho had brought with him. But having nothing to drink, they soon began to be tormented by an intolerable thirst; for they had been exposed all day to the burning sun, and the dishes of which they had partaken were highly seasoned. So they made haste to finish their supper, and went forward slowly, groping their way through the darkness, in the hope of finding some brook or spring.

They had not advanced many paces, when suddenly they heard a sound of rushing water, accompanied by a tremendous banging and thumping, and the creaking of chains. This fearful uproar, heard all at once in that lonely place, at the black hour of midnight, made Sancho sweat with terror, and even caused some qualms of dread in Don Quixote's manly bosom. But he soon recalled his wonted spirit, and believing himself to be on the brink of some unparalleled adventure, he bade farewell to Sancho, and was about to rush into the midst of those unknown perils, when he was arrested by the strange behaviour of Rozinante, who seemed to be deprived all at once of the proper use of his legs. The fact was that the cunning Sancho, who was resolved at all costs not to be parted from his master in so dire a strait, being ordered by Don Quixote to tighten his horse's girths, had taken the opportunity of tying Rozinante's fore-legs together, so that for all the knight's urging and spurring he could only move in little hops and jerks, like a wounded rabbit.

"What ails the brute?" said Don Quixote, fretting

and fuming at the delay. "Enchantment, your honour, more enchantment," said the rogue Sancho, chuckling to himself. "Thou art right," answered his master, with much solemnity. "We must wait until the dawn, when perhaps the spell will pass." And so there they remained for the rest of that night, Sancho clinging like a drowning man to Rozinante's saddle, and visited by new pangs of terror every time the hammering noises were renewed, and Don Quixote sitting like an equestrian statue, while his fancy roamed at large through visionary scenes of conquest and triumph.

At the first glimmer of dawn Sancho removed "the spell" from Rozinante's legs; and as the light grew stronger the whole wonder was revealed, in the shape of a fulling-mill, built over a waterfall, which turned the heavy wheel. It was the rattling of the wheel-chains, and the thud of six huge wooden mallets, which had created that appalling din, and kept them in suspense and terror all through the night.

The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much for Sancho, and he burst into an immoderate fit of laughing, saluting his master's ears with peal after peal, and repeating at intervals fragments of Don Quixote's high-flown eloquence. "Oho! Sir Knight, born to revive the age of gold, and tread the high and perilous path of chivalry——" But here he was cut short by two sound thwacks, delivered by Don Quixote with great energy on his shoulders. "Keep thy saucy tongue in order, thou irreverent knave!" cried the enraged knight, "and remember henceforth not to address me, or speak a word in my presence, without my leave. It is my indulgence which has bred in thee this unseemly licence." Having thus asserted his dignity

he turned his back and rode off, while Sancho followed in silence, wagging his head, and thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

II

It chanced that morning that a certain barber, who lived in a small country town in that district, was riding on his way to an outlying village, mounted on a piebald ass, and carrying with him the implements of his trade. His purpose was to visit two customers, one of whom was sick, and required bleeding,[1] while the other desired to be shaved. He was wearing a new hat, and as the day was showery, he had put his barber's basin on his head to keep the hat dry. It was a fine new basin, of polished brass, and when the sun broke through the clouds for a moment, it could be seen flashing half a league off.

Thus ambling comfortably along, at peace with himself and all mankind, suddenly the poor barber became aware of a wild figure, clad in rusty armour and mounted on a skeleton steed, who was rushing upon him in full career, with lance in rest, and shouting in a terrible voice: "Defend thyself, foul caitiff, or give up that helmet, which by right is mine!" Terrified by this fearful apparition, which seemed to have risen out of the ground, the wretched man had only just time to slip off his ass and thus save himself from being pierced through and through; and no sooner had his feet touched the earth than he dropped the basin, and fled like a roebuck across the plain.

His assailant, who of course was no other than Don Quixote himself, made no attempt to pursue him, but

[1] In those days barbers often performed the office of a surgeon.

stood eyeing the basin with great satisfaction. "The infidel has acted with prudence," he remarked to Sancho, "for like the beaver he has left his treasure behind him. Dismount, Sancho, and give me that precious helmet, the very helm of Mambrino which I was seeking."

"'Tis an excellent basin," said Sancho, handing it to his master, "and worth a florin, if it is worth a penny." Don Quixote put the thing on his head, and turned it round and round, looking for the vizor; but finding none, he said: "What a huge head the infidel must have had for whom this famous helmet was first made! But 'tis a pity that half of it is gone."

Hearing the basin called a helmet Sancho could not control his laughter, but warned by an angry look from his master he composed his features as well as he could, and explained that he was laughing to think of the enormous head which had once filled that capacious helmet-basin. "I have seen a hundred such helmets," he said, "hanging up at barbers' doors."

"It seems to me," answered Don Quixote, taking the basin from his head, and gazing at it thoughtfully, "that this enchanted helm must at one time have fallen into the hands of some "base mechanical person," who seeing it to be of purest gold, as it is, turned half of it into money, and changed the other half into its present shape, which, as thou sayest, is strangely like a barber's basin. However, the first smith whom we meet will be able to set that right, and make it into as fine a helmet as that which was forged by Vulcan for the god of battles. Meanwhile I will wear it as it is, for at any rate it will serve to keep off stones."

"Ay," said Sancho, "unless they are flung from a

sling, like that which carried off your honour's teeth, and spilled that blessed balsam which raised such a tumult in my stomach."

"I can soon repair that loss," replied his master, "for I know all the ingredients by heart."

"So do I," answered Sancho; "but let me die on the spot if ever I help to make it, or try it, again—and I am the less likely to want it, for I am resolved in future to be on my guard with all my five senses against the giving or taking of blows on any occasion whatsoever. As to blanketings, there is no guarding against them—but, let that fly stick to the wall; what I want to know is, whether I may take that ass, which seems to be better than mine?"

"The dapple-grey charger, thou wouldst say?" rejoined Don Quixote. "No, I cannot allow that; it is against the laws of chivalry to deprive a fallen enemy of his mount. But thou mayest take the trappings, if thy need of them is very great."

"It is, indeed," said Sancho, and proceeded at once to transfer the trappings of the barber's ass, which were very handsome, to his own mount. When the exchange was effected, the two adventurers took the road again, leaving the direction to Rozinante, as was the common practice of knights-errant.

Don Quixote and the Convicts

OUR knight was riding along in silence, thinking, like a devout lover, of his peerless Dulcinea, when, happening to raise his eyes, he saw coming towards him about a dozen men, who were strung together by their necks, like the beads of a rosary, on a long chain of iron, and all with manacles on their hands. With them came two men on horseback, who carried muskets, and two on foot, armed with javelins and swords.

"It is a chain of galley-slaves," remarked Sancho, "who are being taken by force to work out the sentence for their crimes."

"*By force,* sayest thou?" answered Don Quixote. "Then this is a case for the exercise of my profession, which is to lend aid to all those who are the victims of unlawful violence."

"There is no violence here," protested Sancho, "but the ordinary course of justice." But his words were lost on Don Quixote, who rode up to one of the warders, and requested, in very polite terms, to be allowed to question those unfortunates on the cause of their unhappy state. Permission being granted, he addressed the first man in the line, and asked what had brought him so low. "I was in love," began the fellow, grinning. "In love?" repeated Don Quixote, who at once began to scent a romance. "Ay," said the galley-slave, "in love with a

basket of fair white linen, but the law snatched it from my embrace, and rewarded my constancy with a hundred lashes and three years at the galleys."

Don Quixote passed on to the second convict, who wore a downcast and hang-dog expression, and would not answer a word, while his fellow-prisoners pointed at him with looks of derision, and cries of "Canary bird!" This was a cant-term among thieves for one who had confessed under torture, and the man in question, who had been guilty of this weakness, was an object of contempt and abuse to his companions in misery.

The next was an old man with a long white beard, reaching to his waist, who wrung his fettered hands, and wept without ceasing. But, despite his venerable appearance, he was an arch-rogue, guilty of the blackest crimes. After him came a smart fellow, about thirty years old, who would have been very handsome, but for a villainous cast in his eye. He was much more severely fettered than the others, for his feet were secured by a chain which wound upwards round his whole body, and on his neck he wore two iron rings, one of which was attached to the chain, while the other was connected with two iron bars descending to his waist, and ending in a pair of manacles in which his hands were confined by means of a heavy padlock. Seeing him trussed up in this dreadful manner, Don Quixote enquired who he was, and why he was treated with such rigour. "This is the notorious Ginés de Pasamonte," answered one of the officers, "the most desperate ruffian in all Spain, and such a slippery knave that for all those trinkets which he wears we fear he will escape us yet." "Yes," said the rascal, with undaunted effrontery; "I am that Ginés, the fame of whose deeds

will one day be heard wherever the Spanish tongue is spoken. With my own hand I have written my story—the story of a great genius, persecuted, as such men are ever persecuted, by an ungrateful world."

Altogether they were as fine a leash of gaol-birds as one could wish to see; but not so did they appear to the chivalrous fancy of Don Quixote, who, when he had finished his enquiries, addressed the whole company as follows:—"Dear brothers, it seems to me, from all that you have told me, that you are all more sinned against than sinning; and, however that may be, one thing is clear—you are going to the galleys by constraint, and not of your own freewill. Since, then, my vow compels me to succour all those who suffer constraint of any sort, I must request these gentlemen who are conducting you to your place of punishment to unlock that chain and set you free; and if they will not do it for courtesy, they shall do it for fear of this lance and this sword, which I bear as the symbols and the instruments of my high office."

"A rare jest, indeed!" said the commissary. "So we are to let go the king's prisoners, are we? And who gave you the right to make such a demand? Go your way, sir, and leave us to go ours; set that brass basin straight which you wear on your head, and don't go about looking for a cat with five feet."

"Cat yourself!" shouted Don Quixote, "and rat, and scoundrel to boot!" and without giving the officer time to stand on his defence, he ran at him with his lance and thrust him to the ground, severely wounded. The other guards, seeing their leader thus treated, took to their weapons, and our champion of innocence would have paid dear for his rashness if the galley-slaves, who had con-

trived to break their chain, had not come to his aid with a shower of stones. Sancho played his part in the rescue by seizing a bunch of keys which hung at the fallen commissary's belt, and unlocking Pasamonte's fetters; and that bold villain no sooner found himself at liberty than he seized the musket which had been dropped by the wounded officer, and by aiming it now at one of the warders, now at another, completed their discomfiture, so that they took to their heels, and left the convicts and their deliverers masters of the field.

The first use which Don Quixote's new friends made of their liberty was to strip the wounded police-officer to his skin, and after this act of retributive justice they gathered in a circle round their benefactor, to hear what he had to say. "Gentlemen," he began, "there is nothing more offensive to heaven than ingratitude for benefits received, and that this sin may not be laid to your charge, mark well what I require of you, in requital for the great boon which you have received at my hands. It is my wish, and my command, that you take up this chain, which I loosed from your necks, and go forthwith to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea; tell her that I, her knight—he of the Doleful Visage—send my humble greetings, relate to her the whole course of this famous adventure, which has made you free men, and when you have done this you may go where you please."

"Sir," said Pasamonte, answering for them all, "what you ask is of all impossibilities the most impossible. How can we, who have just escaped from the clutches of the law, go trooping along the roads in a body, loaded with this chain? What we have to do is to scatter and

hide ourselves singly in dens and holes of the earth, for the whole country will be raised against us. But to expect us to go junketing to Toboso is to look for stars at noonday, or to seek pears on an elm-tree."

"By heaven!" cried Don Quixote, in a fury, "I tell you, sir rascal, you shall do as I bid you, and go alone to Toboso, with that chain on your back and your tail between your legs."

Hearing himself thus threatened and insulted, Pasamonte made a signal to his companions, who retired to a distance, and assailed the knight with such a volley of stones that he was soon brought to the ground, and while he lay there Pasamonte took the basin from his head, and after beating him with it on the shoulders, dashed it on the road, so that it was almost broken to pieces. Then the whole troop fell upon him, stripped off a cloak which he wore over his armour, and would have taken his hose, but were hindered from doing so by his greaves; and having robbed Sancho of his coat, they divided the spoil among them, and made off in different directions, being much more anxious to avoid the Holy Brotherhood than to pay their respects to Dulcinea del Toboso.

So there lay the knight, once more the victim of his own vaulting ambition; and there lay the steed, overthrown by the same felon hands. Close by stood the ass, drooping his head pensively, and flapping his ears, as if he expected a renewal of the hailstorm which had lately rattled on his ribs; and behind him crouched Sancho, stripped to his shirt, and thinking with terror of the Holy Brotherhood, to whose vengeance they were exposed by their last feat of knight-errantry.

Don Quixote does Penance in the Sierra Morena

DON QUIXOTE was so dejected by the vile return which he had received from the released convicts that he suffered himself to be guided by Sancho, who urged the expediency of hiding themselves for a time in the mountain solitudes of the Sierra Morena, a wild and desolate region lying between La Mancha and Andalusia. They plunged, accordingly, into the wilderness, and after travelling all day, halted for the night in a rocky gorge, overshadowed by a grove of cork-trees.

Early next morning Don Quixote was roused from his slumbers by the voice of Sancho, who was crying in loud and lamentable tones: "O thou child of my heart, born in my own house, plaything of my children, delight of my wife, envy of my neighbours, relief of my burdens, and supporter of half my life!—for with the six and twenty maravedis which thou didst earn for me every day I paid the half of my expenses."

This tender apostrophe was addressed to the ass Dapple, who was nowhere to be seen, having been spirited away, as if by enchantment, while they slept.

Don Quixote comforted his squire as well as he could, and promised to supply the place of the lamented Dapple by giving him an order for three ass-colts out of five which he had left at home. Then he mounted Rozinante

and wandered forth at random in quest of adventures; and Sancho followed on foot, carrying his wallet, in which there were still some remnants of the provisions captured in their encounter with the priests.

They had not gone far when they saw lying on the ground a leathern valise, decayed and almost falling to pieces from long exposure to the weather. Stopping to examine its contents, they found in it a quantity of fine linen, a pocket-book full of writing, and a hundred gold crowns tied up in a handkerchief. Don Quixote took possession of the pocket-book, which he found to contain love-letters and copies of verses, addressed by a despairing lover to some fair and disdainful lady. The linen and money he delivered to his squire, who thought himself well repaid for all his sufferings and hardships by so splendid a prize.

Some distance further they met a goatherd, from whom they learnt that the owner of the property was a youth of good rank and fortune named Cardenio, who had lost his wits in consequence of an unhappy love affair, and now lived, like a wild beast, in these inhospitable regions, dependent on the shepherds for his daily bread. Hardly had the goatherd concluded his account when they saw a wild figure approaching, half naked, unkempt, and burnt black by the sun, who proved to be no other than the unhappy Cardenio himself. Happening, when they saw him, to be in a lucid interval (for his madness was intermittent), he responded kindly to their greetings, and, yielding to Don Quixote's persuasions, consented to tell his miserable story of a woman's weakness, and the treachery of a friend.

In the course of his narrative Cardenio made an allusion

to the romances of chivalry, and this led to a violent quarrel between him and Don Quixote. Sancho and the goatherd were drawn into the dispute, but the mad lover, who was now at the height of his frenzy, was more than a match for all three, and having beaten them soundly, he rushed off, and was seen no more that day.

II

The meeting with Cardenio suggested to Don Quixote a design, which was destined, as he told Sancho, to set the seal to his knight-errantries, and make his name illustrious throughout the world. Following the example of Amadis, who retired to a desert island to mourn the cruelty of his lady Oriana, our knight resolved to employ the time of his sojourn in the Sierra Morena as a period of penance and mortification for the coldness and disdain of the lovely Dulcinea.

"But why," argued Sancho, who found this new freak of his master's little to his taste, "why should your honour go to all this trouble for nothing? Amadis and all the other crazy knights whom you admire so much, had at least some method in their madness, having reason to believe that their ladies had treated them badly; but what proof have you that Dulcinea has wronged you in any way?"

"I have no proof at all," answered Don Quixote, "and therein lies the cream of the whole matter. Any man can go mad on compulsion—there is nothing fine in that; but to go mad without any reason at all is a rare flight of genius, worthy of a delicate and subtle spirit. To this height I intend to soar, and there will I remain suspended

until such time as thou returnest with an answer to a letter which I purpose to write to that sweet flower of Toboso. If her reply be such as I hope, then my penance comes to an end—if not, I shall go mad in good earnest, and thereby become insensible of pain; so that, in either case, all will be well."

They then fell to discussing the details of that great design, and while thus engaged, they came presently upon a pleasant green meadow, overshadowed by a grove of trees, and watered by a little stream, which descended from the side of a rugged cliff. It was a little oasis in the midst of that arid desert, bright with many coloured flowers, fragrant with the breath of aromatic herbs, and filled with the music of murmuring waters and whispering leaves. To Don Quixote it seemed to have been created on purpose to be the scene of his intended penance; and so without more ado he began to assume the part of a distracted lover, and cried in a loud voice: "Behold me, ye guardian powers, nymphs and naïads who haunt this sweet recess,[1] behold me, a love-lorn swain, come hither to swell with his tears the tiny waves of yon brook, and to rock the boughs of these mountain trees with everlasting sighs, torn from my bruised and tortured heart!" As he said this, he dismounted from Rozinante, removed his saddle and bridle, and after one slap on his withered haunches let him go, saying: "I, the enslaved, thus give thee thy liberty, brave steed, alike illustrious by thy deeds and unhappy in thy lot! Worthy art thou to receive this boon of freedom, for in valour thou art a Bucephalus, and a Pegasus in speed."

Rozinante received his master's eulogy with becoming

[1] Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 242

modesty, and was moving off in the direction of the brook, feeding as he went, when Sancho asked Don Quixote if it was really his intention to send a letter to Dulcinea? "Without doubt it is," replied he of the Doleful Visage. "Why dost thou ask?" "Because," said Sancho, "if I am to carry the letter, you had better lend me Rozinante to carry me to Toboso; for if I go on foot, your honour will be mad in good earnest before ever I get back."

"It shall be as thou sayest," answered Don Quixote, "and three days hence thou shalt set out." "And why not at once?" asked Sancho. "How dull thou art," said the knight; "dost thou not see that thou must first be a witness of all that I have to do in my frenzy, as the rending of my garments, the scattering of my arms, and the dashing of my head against these rocks?"

"For heaven's sake, dear master," cried his squire, "mind what you are doing with these dashings, or you will make an end of the play before it is well begun. If you must dash your head against anything, let it be on something soft and yielding, such as water or cotton-wool. I promise you that the story shall lose nothing in the telling, but your lady shall hear that you have hammered your skull on a rock as hard as an anvil."

After some further discussion, Don Quixote consented to let Sancho have his way, and forthwith set to work to compose the letter, which, with the order for the ass-colts, was written on a blank leaf of Cardenio's pocket-book. "This thou must get copied in a fair hand," said Don Quixote, when the letter was finished, "in the first village on thy way to Toboso. It will not matter that the letter is written in a strange hand, for Dulcinea can neither write nor read—in fact, though I have known her and loved her

for twelve years, I believe she hardly knows me by sight; at least she has never returned the modest glances by which, some four or five times, I ventured to declare my passion. Such is the cloistered retirement in which she has lived with her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales."

"What?" cried Sancho, in astonishment, for he had never heard Dulcinea's real name before, "is this the lady whom your honour worships—the farmer's daughter, Aldonza Lorenzo?"

"She, and no other," replied Don Quixote, "and well she deserves such worship, more than any lady in all the world."

"Right well I know her," said Sancho; "not the lustiest lad in Toboso can toss the bar better than she. By all that's good, there's pith in the lass, and any knight-errant of them all who takes her for his sweetheart will find his match in her. Marry, hang the hussy, what a fist she has, and what a voice! I remember one day when she went and stood on the village steeple to call some of her father's men from a field; and though they were more than a mile off, they heard her as plain as if they had been standing at the foot of the tower. And the best thing about her is that she doesn't give herself airs, but laughs and jests with everybody, quite like a maid of honour. Well, Sir Knight of the Doleful Visage, I admire your taste; you have a fair excuse for raving and despairing, ay, for hanging yourself—no one can blame you, though you steer straight to perdition for such a maid as this. Right glad shall I be to see her again, for I have not set eyes on her for many a day; but I expect that by this time she has got blowsed with being out in all weathers. But

I can't help telling you, Sir Don Quixote, that all this is a great surprise to me. I always supposed that your honour was in love with some great lady, whose rank and station made it natural that you should send her these rich spoils and trains of captives, such as the Biscayan and the galley-slaves. But what use are these princely gifts to a farmer's daughter? And what will the conquered knights think when they come to bend their knees to her, and find her cleaning flax or flourishing a flail on the threshing floor? What fools they will look when she laughs at them, and sends them off with a flea in their ear!"

"O Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "what a chatterer thou art! Thou thinkest thyself a very shrewd fellow, but indeed thou art blind as a mole. What is all this stuff which thou hast told me concerning Aldonza Lorenzo? Thou hast seen her with the coarse eyes of the flesh, but thou knowest her not—I say, thou knowest her not! She is my beloved, my chosen, the light of mine eyes, and the loadstar of my life. I love her, and by the power of that love she is fairer than Helen, purer than Lucretia, and of loftier lineage than any princess of the blood. Peace, then, I say, and pollute not this bright image of perfection with thy grosser breath."

Sancho asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, and begged to hear the contents of the letter, which ran as follows:—

"Sovereign and Sublime Lady,

"Wounded by the envenomed spear of absence, with every fibre of my heart torn and bleeding, I, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, wish thee health, though past healing

myself. Disdained by thy beauty, humbled by thy worth, tortured by thy scorn, I foresee that the term of my penance must needs be brief. Yes, my beloved enemy, death, will soon set a period to my sufferings, unless thou stoop to raise me from the abyss into which thy cruelty and my affection have plunged me. That this is true, thou wilt learn from the report of my trusty squire Sancho, who will tell thee in what state he left me.

"Thine till death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL VISAGE."

"Bless my heart!" cried Sancho, when he had heard the letter, "this is the grandest piece of writing that ever I listened to. Why, your honour, there's nothing you can't put into words; and that *Knight of the Doleful Visage* comes pat to the purpose. Such penmanship as yours is hardly canny, and I believe your honour deals in black magic. If you will please to write the order for the ass-colts I can take the road at once."

"Wait until thou hast seen me play the madman for half an hour," said his master; "thou wilt then be better able to describe my condition to Dulcinea." "Trust me for that!" said Sancho, stoutly. "I promise you that I will make such a report that her hair shall stand on end; and if that won't do, I'll tear it out by the roots, rather than let your honour want the answer which you expect and deserve. I'll teach her what is due to a gentleman and a knight-errant,—the impudent baggage, who is she that a man of your valour and renown should go mad for her, and get nothing for his pains?"

"On my word, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I believe

that thou art as mad as I am." "Not so mad," answered Sancho, "but with more gall in my nature. But tell me now, what will your honour have to eat while I am away?"

Don Quixote assured him that the roots and berries which grew in that place would be more than sufficient for the nourishment of a lover doing penance; and Sancho, saddling Rozinante, and taking leave of his master, set out on his journey. Having advanced about a hundred paces, he drew rein, and looked back to see what the knight was doing. Don Quixote was already stripped to his shirt, and playing such wild antics that Sancho was fairly scandalised, and rode off without once looking back again.

Sancho meets the Priest and Barber

I

ON the day after he left Don Quixote Sancho arrived at the inn where he had received the blanket-tossing; and recognising the place he halted outside the gates in a sad quandary, his mouth watering at the smell of baked meats, and his mind haunted by the terrors of that "enchanted castle." While he stood thus, divided between his hunger and his fears, he heard his name called by a familiar voice: "What are you doing here, friend Sancho Panza, and where have you left your master?" The speaker proved to be the barber of his own village, who was travelling on business with his friend the priest.

At first Sancho refused to tell Don Quixote's whereabouts; but being warned that if he persisted in his silence he would be suspected of murdering his master, he blurted out the whole story of the knight's penance and the letter to Dulcinea, not forgetting his own great hopes of promotion when his master had won an empire or kingdom by the valour of his arm. The priest, who had followed the barber out of the inn, asked Sancho to show him the letter; but after searching in all his pockets Sancho found, to his horror and dismay, that he had forgotten to bring it with him, having left it, with the order for the ass-colts, in Don Quixote's hands.

"Well, never mind the letter," said the priest, when he learnt the cause of Sancho's distress; "that can easily be replaced, and your master will give you another order for the ass-colts. What concerns you immediately is to cut short this useless penance, for until that is ended he can never become an emperor or archbishop, and you will be kept waiting for the reward of your services."

At the word "archbishop" Sancho's face fell, and he asked what gifts were usually bestowed by archbishops-errant on their squires. Being informed that in such cases the squire was made happy with a fat church-living, he urgently entreated the priest not to say anything about the archbishopric to Don Quixote. "For if," he explained, "he should choose to be an archbishop, I shall be left out in the cold, as I can neither write nor read, and am therefore not qualified to receive church preferment."

"Fear nothing," said the priest, who, for his own purposes, chose to encourage Sancho in his mad humour, "we will make an emperor of him, nothing less." This weighty matter being settled, the barber and priest put their heads together, and presently hit upon a plan to draw Don Quixote from his solitude, and decoy him back to his native village, where they hoped to find means to cure him of his strange malady. Having borrowed some antiquated finery from the hostess of the inn, the priest attired himself as a damsel-errant, covering his face with a mask; and the barber, who was to play the part of squire, furnished himself with a long beard, made from the hairy tail of an ox. Their plan was to present themselves before Don Quixote, and beg his assistance against a wicked knight, who had wronged the

damsel grievously. Having rehearsed their parts, they packed up their costumes, and started early next morning, taking Sancho as their guide. After a toilsome journey they entered a wild mountain gorge, some distance from the place which Don Quixote had chosen for his penance. Here they halted, and sent Sancho to find his master, instructing him to say that he bore a peremptory message from Dulcinea, commanding her knight, under pain of her displeasure, to leave his retirement, and repair at once to her presence; for by this means they hoped to get Don Quixote back to his home without further trouble. Then choosing a cool and shady spot, they sat down to wait for the squire's return.

They had not waited long when they were surprised to hear the sound of a man's voice, singing with remarkable taste and power; and being curious to learn the meaning of so strange a performance in these savage wilds, they left their places, and went in search of the singer. He proved to be no other than the unfortunate Cardenio, and the priest, who had learnt something of his story from Sancho, drew him on by skilful questions and expressions of sympathy to explain how he came to be living in that abject state. He was a youth of good family and fortune, who had succeeded in winning the love of a certain Lucinda, a lady of great beauty, and his equal in rank. Cardenio's bosom friend was Don Fernando, the younger son of a duke and grandee of Spain; and having entire confidence in his honour, in an evil hour he introduced this false friend to Lucinda. Fernando forthwith conceived a violent passion for the lady, and inventing some pretext to send Cardenio on a distant journey, he took advantage of his absence to

present himself as a suitor for Lucinda's hand. His suit was favoured by her father, and when Cardenio returned from his journey, he was just in time to witness the betrothal of his promised bride with the treacherous Fernando. Believing himself to be doubly betrayed, he fled from the spot, and took refuge in these solitudes, where he had remained ever since, living more like a beast than a man.

Such, in briefest outline, was the tragical history of Cardenio and Lucinda; and it was hardly concluded, when their ears were invaded by loud cries of distress, coming from the direction of a little stream which ran through the bottom of the valley. Following the sound, they soon came in sight of a young lad of very engaging appearance, dressed as a peasant, and sitting under a rock, which had hitherto concealed him from view. He was employed in bathing his feet, which were whiter than alabaster, and paused from time to time to utter piteous sobs and moans. When he had finished his bath he removed his hat, and took from it a handkerchief to dry his feet; and in doing this he set free a wealth of lovely tresses, which rolled to his waist like a cascade of gold, setting off one of the sweetest faces that ever were seen. By these signs they saw that the pretended peasant lad was a woman, and advanced to address her; but at the sound of their footsteps she turned her head, and seeing three men approaching, sprang from her place and fled, barefooted as she was, with her long hair streaming in the wind. The ground was stony and uneven, and she had not run half a dozen steps when she stumbled and fell. They assisted her to rise, and the kind face and gentle words of the priest soon

banished her terrors. Having arranged her dress, and put up her hair, she seated herself on a stone, and motioning to the priest and his companions to take their places near her, began to tell her story.

She was the daughter and only child of a rich farmer in Andalucia, who was a vassal of the duke already mentioned in Cardenio's narrative. Up to the time of her misfortune she had led a life of happy usefulness, unclouded by sorrow and care; for, her parents being old, she had for some years been entrusted with the entire management of her father's large estate, and all the accounts passed through her hands. Then her evil destiny threw her in the way of the villain Fernando, whom we have already seen playing so vile a part in his relations with Cardenio. After long repulsing his advances, she was at last persuaded to enter into a secret marriage with the young profligate; but he, having achieved his purpose, soon grew tired of his plaything, and deserted her, after destroying the proofs of the marriage. The hapless Dorothea (for this was her name), finding herself abandoned to shame and misery, fled from her home, and went in search of her betrayer, resolved to make one despairing appeal to his sense of honour and duty. But on arriving at the town where Fernando was living, she learnt to her horror that he was about to become the husband of another lady, named Lucinda, whose father was one of the chief men in the place. Her hopes were somewhat revived when she found, on further enquiry, that the marriage was broken off, in consequence of a solemn declaration from Lucinda that she was already another man's wife. She was about to act on this information, when she heard the

public cryer calling her name in the streets, with a full description of her dress and person, and stating that she had absconded from her parents in the company of a young peasant lad, one of her father's servants. Seeing herself thus put to public shame, she again took flight, and hid herself in the mountains, and after many perils and adventures wandered to the place where she was found by our three friends.

II

When Dorothea had ended her story, Cardenio made himself known to her as Lucinda's lover, and offered to champion her cause with heart and hand. Both of them had been much comforted by finding sympathetic hearers of their tale of woe, and began to entertain more hopeful views as to their future. Being in this happy mood they lent a ready ear to the counsels of the priest, who urged them to return to their friends; and just as they had reached this point they heard the voice of Sancho Panza, who had returned from his errand, and not finding the priest and barber in the place where he had left them, was wandering about distractedly shouting their names at the top of his voice. They halloed to him to let him know their whereabouts, and presently he came panting up, full of news of his master, whom he had found roaming about in his shirt, yellow, wasted, and half dying of hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea. He had refused, said Sancho, to obey the summons from his lady until he had done some deed which would make him worthy to appear in her presence.

Dorothea now heard the story of Don Quixote's mad-

ness, and the plan which they had formed to decoy him back to his village. She entered with great heartiness into the plot, and suggested as an improvement that she herself should play the part of distressed damsel, a character which she was well able to sustain, being a lively and clever girl, and well-read in the books of chivalry. They thankfully accepted her offer, and she forthwith prepared herself for her part by assuming the dress and ornaments proper to her sex, and which she had brought with her in a bundle when she fled from her home.

When this transformation was effected, and she came forth from the shelter of a thicket, whither she had retired to make her toilette, they were all delighted with her loveliness and grace, especially Sancho Panza, who stood gaping at her with open-mouthed admiration, and asked who that beauteous lady was?

"That beauteous lady, brother Sancho," answered the priest, gravely, "is a princess, no worse issued,[1] and heir-apparent to the great kingdom of Micomicon, who has travelled ten thousand leagues to find your master, and ask his aid against an evil-minded giant, from whom she hath endured grievous wrong."

"He'll kill the rascal giant," said Sancho. "My master will settle his business—unless the rogue is a phantom, for against phantoms we can do nothing. But hark ye, worthy Master Licentiate,[2] would it not be best to wed this fair lady out of hand with the knight, and so put it out of his power to become an archbishop? I am plaguily afraid of that archbishopric, which would never bring me in a doit, after all my trouble; and so I say tie the knot at

[1] Shakespeare, *Tempest*.

[2] A title borne by Churchmen of a certain rank.

once, marry him to this lady, and make an emperor of him willy-nilly."

The priest promised to do all in his power to bring about so happy a consummation, and without further delay Dorothea started for the place where Don Quixote was performing penance. With her went Sancho as guide, and the barber, disguised by his ox-tail beard, in the character of squire. The priest and Cardenio followed at some distance, keeping out of sight, lest their presence should interfere with the plot.

They found the knight sitting pensively, clothed, but without his armour, at the foot of a tall rock; and as soon as Dorothea saw him she dismounted from the priest's mule, on which she was riding, and approaching Don Quixote threw herself at his feet, and said: "You see before you, O star of chivalry, the distressed and unhappy Princess Micomicona, who will never rise from her knees until you have granted the boon which she seeks from your valour and mightiness."

"Rise, lady," said Don Quixote, "for as long as you remain in this posture I cannot hold conference with you."

"I will not rise," answered the lovely Micomicona, "until you have promised to fulfil my request."

"I promise," replied Don Quixote, "provided that there be nothing in it which involves damage or loss to my king, my country, or to Her who holds the key to my heart and liberty."

Micomicona reassured him on this point, and then proceeded to prefer her request, which was that he should engage in no other adventure until he had expelled from her kingdom a foul usurper, who had thrust her with violence and outrage from her throne.

"You may consider it done," said the knight, cheerfully. "I will not rest until I see you enthroned in kingly state." With that he raised the royal damsel from her suppliant posture, embraced her with much grace and courtesy, and commanded Sancho to tighten the girths of Rozinante, and bring his armour, which was hanging on a tree.

All this time the barber, as became his humble rank of squire, had been kneeling at a distance, fully occupied with the double difficulty of restraining his laughter and holding on his false beard. When Don Quixote had donned his armour he rose from his knees, and went to help his lady into the saddle. Then, mounting his own mule, he rode off behind the princess and her champion, and Sancho brought up the rear on foot, pondering what course he should take when he became a grandee of Micomicon. He was somewhat concerned to think that the inhabitants of that country were negroes; but he soon consoled himself by reflecting that he could sell ten or twenty thousand of them as slaves, and grow as rich as a Jew on the proceeds. "Blacks, indeed!" he muttered: "I'll soon turn them into whites and yellows[1]—or you may call me a mammy-sick noodle."

III

Having passed through the broken ground, Don Quixote and his party struck into the high road, and as they were riding along at an easy pace, they saw coming towards them a man lightly attired in doublet and hose,

[1] Silver and gold.

whom the knight recognised to his astonishment as the priest of his village. Behind him came a man of youthful figure, wearing his hat slouched over his face, and closely muffled in a long black cloak. For the priest, seeing the interview between Don Quixote and Dorothea drawing to an end, had hit upon this means of disguising Cardenio, having heard from him of his former meeting with Don Quixote, and fearing the effect of a sudden recognition. As a further precaution, he had divested the youth of a long ragged beard which had been allowed to grow during his wanderings in the mountains, clipping it so close with a pair of scissors that his appearance was quite altered. Then, taking a short cut, they had outstripped the knight and his companions, and lain in wait for them by the roadside.

The two friends greeted each other with much heartiness, and at Don Quixote's suggestion Dorothea directed her squire, the bearded barber, to give up his saddle to the priest, and mount behind him. This led to an accident, which was within a little of betraying the whole plot; for, as the pretended squire was preparing to get up on the crupper, his mule, which was a vicious beast, lashed out with his hind hoofs, and the barber went flying head over heels, losing his beard on the way. With ready presence of mind, he clapped his hands to his face and cried out that all his teeth were smashed; and the priest, coming to the rescue, picked up the beard, and fitted it on again in a trice, muttering certain words which he said were "the sovereign'st thing on earth" to make a beard take root again.

Don Quixote watched these proceedings with no small amazement, and when he saw the barber bearded as

before, he said, with much gravity, "Now this is the greatest miracle that ever I beheld!—a great beard torn bodily from a man's chops without a sign of blood or laceration, and a moment after he is wagging his beard and grinning at us, as if nothing had happened! You must teach me this charm, reverend sir, for methinks that it would be of profit for greater things than beards. But tell me, how comes it that you are travelling in this strange garb, and what business has brought you so far from home?"

The priest explained that he had been on his way to Seville, to take up a large sum of money which had been sent him by a relation from the Indies, when he had been waylaid by a band of escaped convicts, who had stripped him of his money and outer garments, and left him in doublet and hose. "And it is the common report," added he, "that these rascals who robbed us belong to a troop of galley-slaves, who were set free on their way to the sea-port by a man of such desperate valour that he was able to overpower a strong force of police who were conducting them. Heaven pardon him, whoever he was, for this wild and lawless deed!" This he said to try Don Quixote, having heard from Sancho the whole course of the adventure with the galley-slaves; and the knight sat silent and embarrassed, looking rather foolish, and ashamed to confess that it was he who had given liberty to those rogues. But Sancho, who could never keep his tongue quiet, here took the word, and said, "I told you, Master Licentiate, that it was my master who set loose those gallows-birds, though not without my warning him to take heed what he did, for it was a great crime, so it was, to cheat the law of its due."

"I tell thee, booby," cried Don Quixote, in high disdain, "that it is no part of a knight-errant's duty to enquire whether the oppressed and afflicted are suffering for their sins, or persecuted by the malice of fortune. My office is to relieve the weak and miserable, and not to probe the cause of their sorrows. He who says otherwise —saving the dignity of holy Church, and of this her worthy representative—is a recreant and a liar." And saying this he fixed himself more firmly in his saddle, flourished his lance, and glared fiercely round, as if he were defying the world to contradict him.

Dorothea now interposed to soothe the irritation of the enraged knight. "Remember," she said gently, "that your oath forbids you to engage in any quarrel until you have restored me to my rights. I am sure that if the reverend Licentiate had known by whose arm the galley-slaves were liberated, he would have sewn up his mouth rather than utter a word which might redound to your discredit."

"That I would," said the priest; "yes, indeed, I would have bitten off my moustache first." Then, wishing to divert Don Quixote's attention from this dangerous topic, Dorothea told a wonderful story of her own life and adventures. Her father, she said, king of Micomicon, was a great seer, who foretold the day and hour of his own death, and warned her that after his decease she would be exposed to the attacks of a fierce and powerful enemy, the giant Pandafilando, surnamed The Scowler, who was lord of a great island bordering on the kingdom of Micomicon. "Against this terrible foe," continued she, "my father bade me invoke the aid of a renowned warrior,

named, I think, Don Azote,[1] or Don Gigote[2] ——" "Quixote, he must have said," remarked Sancho, correcting her. "Yes, Quixote was the name," said the lady. "And I was to recognise him by a mole which he had on his left shoulder." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, when he heard this, "help me off with my clothes, that I may see whether I have such a mole or not." "No need to do that," answered Sancho; "I have seen the mark myself —only it is in the middle of your honour's backbone." "That is sufficient," said Dorothea, somewhat hastily. "With friends one is not so particular, and I am sure that I have found the right man, for my father gave a full description of the knight's face and figure. And he said further, that if my champion, after cutting Pandafilando's throat, should desire to make me his wife, I was on no account to refuse him, but freely to bestow on him my person and my kingdom."

"Hear'st thou, Sancho?" shouted Don Quixote. "Shall we take this offer of a queen and a kingdom, or dost thou want something better?"

"Take it?" shouted Sancho, kicking up his heels, and smacking the soles of his feet. "Ill betide the loon who refuses it! 'Tis a very pretty proposal—and a very pretty proposer," he added, leering up at Dorothea, who had hard work to contain her laughter.

Don Quixote gazed thoughtfully at the supposed princess, who seemed at once so lovely and so complaisant; then he started, as if suddenly reminded of something, and, bending towards Dorothea, said in a bland, caressing tone: "It grieves me much, fair and gracious lady, that I am not free to accept the priceless gift of your royal

[1] Whip-lash. [2] Sheep-shank.

hand, offered with such winning modesty; but as long as another, and if possible yet lovelier image"—at this point he laid his hand on his heart—"is imprinted here, I can form no second tie."

"What!" exclaimed Sancho, driven beyond all patience by his master's fantastic scruples. "Not wed the princess? Has your honour lost your wits? Do you suppose that you are going to pick up queens and sceptres at every street corner? What the mischief!—still doting on Dulcinea, who is not fit to tie this lady's shoestrings? Take her, I say; take her and wed her this instant, and give me that countship which you promised me."

When Don Quixote heard this impious language applied to his lady of Toboso, he lifted his lance and laid it with such force on Sancho's shoulders that he fell flat on his face. "Take that—vagabond, dog, scullion, blaspheming knave!" he yelled, foaming with rage. "Will nothing check the foul torrent of thy contumelies? Know, scurrilous clown, that but for the inspiration of the sacred name which thou traducest, I should not have strength to slaughter a flea! And is this thy gratitude to her whose worth enables me to win for thee titles, honours, and wealth?"

While the knight was still raving, Sancho, who was more frightened than hurt, sprang to his feet, and took refuge behind Dorothea's mule. By the lady's intercession peace was again restored, Don Quixote apologising for his violence, and Sancho asking pardon for the insult to Dulcinea.

The last few hours had been so crowded with incidents that Don Quixote had had no opportunity of learning the result of his squire's mission to Toboso. He now called

upon Sancho to make his report, and that trusty envoy was just cudgelling his brains for a plausible answer, when they saw coming towards them a man riding on an ass and wearing the costume of a gipsy. Sancho no sooner saw him than he raised a great shout, and ran forward, vociferating—"Get off that ass, thou rascal, Pasamonte! Get off, I say; thou thief and villain!" The fellow waited for no second summons, but slipped from the saddle, and took to his heels. He was indeed no other than Pasamonte himself, the leader of the galley-slaves, who, after his escape, had fled to the Sierra Morena, and stolen the ass while Sancho and his master were sleeping.

Sancho's joy at the recovery of his beloved Dapple knew no bounds. Running up to him, he embraced him tenderly, and said: "How hast thou fared, dear comrade, light of mine eyes, my gentle joy? Buss me, sweetheart!" and he fell to hugging and kissing him again, while the ass stood stolidly blinking and flapping his ears, without answering a word.

Further Adventures at the Inn

I

'NOW, Sancho," said Don Quixote, as they resumed their journey, "continue thy report. What was that queen of beauty doing when thou sawest her? Was she stringing pearls, or broidering a motto for this her captive knight with gold thread?"

"She was sifting two bushels of wheat in the farm-yard," answered Sancho.

"Every grain became a pearl," said the knight, "when touched by my lady's hands. And what did she do, when thou gavest her the letter? Doubtless she kissed it, and pressed it to her heart."

"She was in a great fume and flurry with the job she had in hand; so she told me to lay the letter on a wheat-sack till she had finished her sifting."

"O wise of head and tender of heart!" cried Don Quixote, casting up his eyes. "She wished to have ample leisure before perusing the message of my love."

"There was no perusing in the matter," answered Sancho, "for after she had done her work, and I had told her of the mad pranks which your honour was playing, she took up the letter, and tore it to pieces, saying that as she couldn't read it herself, none else should do so; then she bade me tell you to stop your fooleries and come to Toboso at once, for she had a great desire to see you.

But I thought she would have died of laughing when I told her that you were re-christened, and now called The Knight of the Doleful Visage."

"So far, so good," said Don Quixote. "But now tell me what jewel or other costly gift did she bestow on thee for thy faithful service as messenger between her and her knightly lover?"

"She gave me a bit of bread and cheese," replied Sancho, "and the cheese was of ewe's milk."

"The jewel will follow," said his master: "fear nothing —she is generosity itself." Then for a while he was silent, and seemed sunk in an amorous reverie, sighing softly from time to time. Presently he said: "There is one thing, Sancho, which surprises me. From here to Toboso is more than thirty leagues; how then couldst thou have gone thither and returned in a little more than three days? Yet, when I consider, it may well be so, for doubtless the great enchanter who guides my destiny endowed thee with miraculous swiftness."

"He did indeed," answered the truthful squire. "Rozinante went like a gipsy's donkey with quicksilver in his ear."

At this moment they were interrupted by the barber, who called to them to stop, and join the rest of the party in taking some slight refreshment. The diversion came very opportunely for Sancho, who was quite weary of coining lies to amuse his master's curiosity, for, as we know, he had not been near Toboso, and the letter to Dulcinea had never reached her at all.

While they were eating the provisions which the priest and barber had brought with them, being all seated beside a little spring, a young lad, who happened

to be passing that way, after gazing intently at the party, came running up to Don Quixote, crying in a very plaintive voice: "Do you not know me, master? I am that Andrés whom your honour found tied to a tree, and set at liberty."

It was a proud moment for Don Quixote; here in the presence of many witnesses stood a living document of his valour, to prove how wise had been his choice in adopting the profession of knight-errantry. With a lofty mien, and in well-chosen language, he recounted the incident to those who sat with him, appealing to Andrés to confirm the truth of his story.

"Every word which your honour has spoken is true," answered Andrés, "and now hear what followed. As soon as you, sir, were out of sight and hearing, he tied me up to the tree again, and beat me so unmercifully that I was flayed like Saint Bartholomew; and I have only just come out of the hospital, where I lay for weeks, sick almost unto death. See what comes of meddling with other people's business! If you had not interfered, he would have given me a dozen stripes or so, and then paid me my wages and let me go; but he was provoked by the vile terms which you applied to him, and not being able to take vengeance on you, he flogged me so brutally that I shall never get over it as long as I live." And here the unfortunate victim of knight-errantry burst into a storm of sobs and tears.

Dire was the rage of Don Quixote when he heard how he had been flouted and deceived. "The vile miscreant!" he cried. "Saddle me Rozinante forthwith, Sancho; I will find the knave, and chastise him, though he hide, like Jonah, in the whale's belly. But hold!—I remember now

that I am pledged by my promise to engage in no new adventure until I have set the Princess Micomicona on her throne; therefore, Andrés, thou must have patience, and when I return thou shalt be avenged."

"I want none of your vengeance," whimpered the boy; "I have had enough of that. Give me a morsel to eat, and a trifle of money to carry me to Seville, and so I wish you God speed, and God deal so with all knights-errant as they have dealt with me!"

Sancho gave him some bread and cheese, and when he had eaten it, seeing that there was nothing more to be got, he made his bow and departed; but before he went he delivered this parting shot at Don Quixote: "For the love of Heaven, sir knight-errant, if ever you see me in trouble again, leave me to my fate, for however bad it may be, it will be made ten times worse if you meddle with the matter. A plague on you and all your errant tribe!"

With that he took to his heels, and disappeared round a bend of the road, leaving his benefactor covered with shame and confusion.

II

The next day they arrived at the inn where Don Quixote and Sancho had already passed through such rare adventures—the scene of the midnight brawl, of the making of the balsam, with its wonderful effects, and of Sancho's morning dance in the blanket. Don Quixote requested that a bed might be prepared for him at once, and as soon as it was ready he retired to rest, being completely worn

out by his long fasting and watching. The others sat down to supper, with the innkeeper, his wife and daughter, and Maritornes, a serving-maid of extraordinary ugliness, in attendance. During the meal they talked of Don Quixote's madness, and the priest observed that the poor knight had lost his wits by reading books of chivalry. "I don't see how that can be," remarked the landlord; "to my mind there is no better reading in the world, and I have good reason for saying so, for in the harvest-time, when the reapers are taking their midday rest, we sometimes have a company of thirty or more in this room, and we sit round in a circle, and listen while someone reads out to us from one of these gallant story-books, of which I have several by me. It makes us all feel young again, when we hear of the brave buffets delivered by those brave knights, and I, at least, am always mortal sorry when the reader stops."

"So am I," said his wife, "for the only time when there is any peace in the house is when you are all listening open-mouthed to that precious stuff."

"You say truly, mistress," said Maritornes, "and by my faith I like these books well. How sweet to hear how the knight sat under the orange-trees, with his arm round his lady's waist, while the old duenna kept watch at a distance, squinting with envy, and trembling with fear lest they should be discovered! I love those morsels, they are sweeter than honey."

The landlord's daughter also confessed her partiality for this kind of literature, declaring that she had cried her eyes out at the cruelty of those fair ladies who had suffered their knights to waste away in hopeless passion, when a word from them would have saved their true lovers from a world of misery. "One would hardly

believe," she said, "that any woman could be so hard-hearted."

"Well, mine host," said the priest, "let us see these fine books of yours, which, as it seems, have bewitched your whole household." The landlord went out, and presently came back with an armful of bulky volumes. "Aha!" said the priest, taking up one of them, a ponderous folio, "my old friend, 'Felixmarte of Hyrcania'![1] I wish we had the knight's housekeeper here to rid us of this trash." "As to that," answered the barber, who had now laid aside his disguises, "I can do the trick just as well as she—there is plenty of fire in the stove." "What?" cried the landlord, "burn my Felixmarte? You should burn my own son first, if I had one. If you want to burn any of them, here is the "Life of Don Diego Garcia"—you may burn that, and welcome."

"It is well you have said so," observed the priest; "we need nothing more to show the pernicious influence of these Books of Chivalry. This book, which you hold so cheap, is a modest and sober narrative of the deeds of a Spanish hero, written by the hand which wrought them. Don Diego was a second Samson, of strength so prodigious that he could stop a mill-wheel with one finger, and so valiant that he held a bridge single-handed against a whole army. This volume, I say, is a record of true manhood; and you rate it as nothing, compared with that windy trash, bred in the empty pate of a crazy romancer."

"Tell that to my grandmother!" cried the landlord, with great contempt. "Mill-wheel, indeed! A fine coil

[1] The favourite reading of Dr Johnson: see Boswell, under date 1709-1727.

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about nothing! Why, this is mere child's play to what Felixmarte did, when he sliced in half five giants with one stroke of his sword, or when by the valour of his single arm he routed an army of sixteen hundred thousand men. A fig for your Don Garcias, and swaggering captains!"

III

The priest was still disputing with the landlord, and trying to persuade him that the stories which he admired so much were a mere mass of lies and absurdities, when their debate was cut short by the sudden entrance of Sancho Panza, who burst into the room, bawling at the top of his voice: "A rescue, gentlemen! bring a rescue to my master, who is hard beset by the foes of the Princess Micomicona, a whole mob of giants. I saw him just now shave the head off of one of them, close to his shoulders, as clean as a turnip. The floor is running with his blood, and there lies his head, just like a big wine-skin."

"May I be hanged," shouted the landlord, "if the madman has not been cutting open one of my skins of red wine, which were standing just by his pillow"; and springing from his seat, he rushed to the chamber where they had left the knight sleeping. The whole party followed close at his heels, and entering the bedroom they found Don Quixote, lightly attired in a shirt and a greasy red night-cap, which he had borrowed from the landlord, and dealing furious blows in all directions with his naked sword, while he cried in a terrible tone: "Hold, robber, ruffian, bully! I have thee now, and thy scimitar

shall avail thee nought." At the sound of their entrance he turned his face towards them, and then they noticed that his eyes were shut; for the fact was that he was sound asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in a life and death struggle with the foes of Micomicona.

When the landlord saw several of his skins cut to ribbons, and the room flooded with wine, he fell upon the knight with clenched fists, and began buffeting him with such fury that if the others had not dragged him off, our hero's battles would have been ended for ever. Yet, in spite of all this, Don Quixote did not wake until the barber brought a bucket of cold water from the well, and threw it over him, drenching him from head to foot; then the poor gentleman opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him, as if he had just dropped from the moon.

Meanwhile Sancho was searching in every corner for the head of the slaughtered giant, and not finding it, he said: "Now I know that this house is enchanted, for last time I was here I was cuffed and cudgelled to pieces without knowing where the blows came from, and now some wizard has spirited away this rascal's head, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting like a fountain."

"What is this fool's talk about blood, and heads, and fountains?" cried the landlord angrily. "I tell you they are not heads, but wine-skins; and the blood, as you call it, is my good red wine, and woe worth the knave who spilt it!"

"Well," replied Sancho, "all I know is that for want of this head I shall lose the countship which the princess promised me."

"Hear him!" shouted the landlord. "Was there ever such a pair of madmen? And the man is madder than the master. But they shall not get off as they did last time. I will make them pay for the damage to the last farthing, ay, even to the cost of plugging the torn wine-skins."

While the innkeeper was thus fuming and threatening, the priest held Don Quixote's hands; and the knight, thinking that he was in the presence of Micomicona, sank on his knees before him, and said: "Now may your highness, exalted and beauteous lady, enjoy your kingdom in peace, since you have nothing more to fear from the foul caitiff whom this arm hath overthrown. And so I have redeemed my promise, by favour of heaven and of her who is the breath of my life."

"There, now!" cried Sancho; "what do you say to that? It's as sure as cock-fighting; the giant's in pickle, and I am My Lord Count."

There was much laughter at the fooleries of that choice pair of lunatics; only the landlord failed to see the jest, and wished them both at Jericho. At last, by the united exertions of the priest, the barber, and Cardenio, Don Quixote was put to bed again, and soon fell into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. Then they went down to the inn parlour, where they found the landlady pouring out her woes to Dorothea, who had discreetly withdrawn, after one shy peep into Don Quixote's room. "Would to heaven!" she was saying, in tearful tones, "that I had never set eyes on this knight-errant! He will ruin us before he has done. Last time he was here he went off without paying for bed and supper for himself and his squire, and straw and barley for the horse and ass. Then

comes this gentleman, and, all because of him, borrows my ox-tail, which he has brought back all plucked and stripped, so that it is of no use any more, and it was such a handy thing for my husband to keep his comb in. And now, to crown all, he has torn my skins and spilt my wine. But I'll have the money out of him, every penny, if I have to skin him for it, or I am not my mother's daughter."

So she went on, scolding and weeping, and returning again and again to the subject of the ox-tail, which seemed to vex her more than anything else. The good priest again exerted himself in his office of peace-maker, promising that she should be paid in full for her losses, ox-tail and all; and Sancho, who was disconsolate at not finding the giant's head, took heart again on being assured by Dorothea that she would give him his countship as soon as it could be proved that the giant was killed. "Then we may consider the thing settled," he declared stoutly, "for, as I am a true man, I saw his head roll on the floor, and there was a beard on it at least a yard long."

IV

Just at this moment the landlord, who was standing at the entrance, cried out: "Here is more company arriving! —all quality folks, as it seems; we shall do business to-day." And, saying this, he bustled out to pay his respects to the new customers, who were five in number —four gentlemen and a lady—all on horseback, and wearing masks, and two men-servants on foot. They drew up at the inn door, and one of them, who seemed to

be the leader of the party, assisted the lady to dismount, and led her into the public room, where she sank down on a seat with a despairing sigh, and seemed on the point of fainting.

Dorothea had covered her face with a mask when she heard that strangers were approaching, and now, seeing one of her own sex in deep distress, she went up to her to offer help and sympathy. "Do not trouble yourself, lady," said the masked cavalier, "about this woman, and ask her no questions, for she will not tell you a word of truth." "It is false!" cried she of whom he spoke, half rising from her seat. "How false it is none knows better than you, whose treachery and double dealing have brought me to this pass."

At the sound of her voice Cardenio, who had retired to the other end of the room, started forward with a loud cry of "Lucinda!" and she, when she saw him, sprang to meet him, and would have thrown herself into his arms, but the gentleman who had come with her held her back by force. In the struggle their masks fell off, and Dorothea, when she saw his face, shrieked "Fernando. my husband!" and swooned away; and if the barber, who was standing near, had not caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest removed her mask, to throw water in her face: and thus the four-fold recognition was complete. Cardenio glared at Fernando, and Fernando, still holding Lucinda, frowned defiance at Cardenio. The first to break the silence was Lucinda, who turned her eyes reproachfully on Fernando and said: "See how heaven has intervened to bring those together who have been joined by its holy laws, and parted by your violence. Seek, then,

no more to break this sacred bond, but let me return to him who is the master of my life, for I vow that nothing but death shall part us."

Her entreaties were seconded by Dorothea, who had now recovered from her swoon: tottering to the place where Fernando stood, she sank on her knees before him, and addressed to him this heart-rending appeal: "By these tears, by thine own plighted word, and by every plea of duty and honour, I implore thee, Fernando, to remember what once I was to thee. Crush not the faithful heart which was once thy most cherished treasure, made thine by long importunity and prayer. Until the hour when I first saw thee, my life flowed in a smooth and easy current, undarkened by a shadow of care; then thou camest, seeming all candour and truth, a mirror of courtesy and manly grace, and I gave my fate into thy hands. Wilt thou turn that which should be my choicest blessing into my direst curse, and make wreck and ravage of a trusting maiden's life? Thou canst not win this lady, who is already pledged to another: turn, then, O turn again, my lover, my husband, to her whom thine own choice, and the will of heaven, has made thy wife, and who lives, moves, and breathes, for thee, and for thee alone!"

The beauty of Dorothea, who seemed yet lovelier in her tears, the piercing sweetness of her voice, and her suppliant posture, awakened a thousand tender memories in that proud and wayward heart. When she ceased, he stood gazing at her for a good while in silence, while his face worked with a storm of conflicting passions: then opening his arms, and letting Lucinda go, he said: "Thou hast conquered, fair Dorothea, thou hast conquered

by the might of truth." And raising her from the ground, he embraced her tenderly, vowing that she was dearer to him than ever, after such manifest proofs of her constancy and love.

V

Seldom was seen a gayer group than that which was assembled at the inn that night. Fernando rejoiced that he had been recalled to his duty, and saved from the commission of a great crime; and for the first time in his life he learned that the path of an innocent love is strewn with flowers. Cardenio and Lucinda sat hand-in-hand, reading bright visions of the future in each other's eyes. The priest, who was all benevolence and kindness, lent his aid to fan the gentle flame of social gaiety; and not the least cheerful of the party was the hostess, who had been made happy by a promise from Cardenio to pay for all the damage which had been done by Don Quixote. Sancho alone remained gloomy, despondent, and unhappy, seeing that all his hopes of wealth and promotion had vanished like smoke; and in this mood he went to Don Quixote's bedroom, and finding him just awakened, said to him in a tone of sullen complaint: "You may sleep as long as you choose, Sir Knight of the Doleful Visage! The game is up, there's no giant to be killed, and no princess to restore to her kingdom."

"Of course there's no giant," answered Don Quixote. "He is killed already: I chopped off his head with one slash of my sword, and the blood flowed like water."

"Like red wine, I suppose your honour means," re-

torted Sancho. "The slaughtered giant is a great wine-skin, which you slashed to ribbons, and the blood is the wine—some twenty quarts—contained in it, and the giant's head is my grandmother's night-cap."

"What art thou talking about, fool?" said his master. "Hast thou lost thy wits?"

"Your honour will soon see, when they bring you the bill," replied Sancho doggedly. "I tell you we have been richly fooled, the pair of us, with their talk of giants, and princesses, and kingdoms. This princess, as you call her, turns out to be a private lady, named Dorothea, and her great possessions are all moonshine."

"There is no end, it seems," said Don Quixote, "to the wondrous transformations in this enchanted castle. Reach me my clothes, Sancho, and I will go and enquire further into the matter."

During the interview between the knight and his squire Fernando had been entertained by the priest with a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the contrivance which they had adopted to get him back to his native village. It was agreed that they should keep up the farce, and Fernando insisted that Dorothea should go on acting the part of distressed princess. Presently Don Quixote entered, armed with lance and shield, and wearing the helmet of Mambrino, which was much bruised and battered, on his head. The contrast between the majestic gravity of his demeanour, and his preposterous equipment, struck them all dumb with amazement: but he, with a courtly smile on his yellow and cadaverous visage, fixed his eyes on the fair Dorothea, and bowing low, addressed her thus: "I am informed, exalted lady, by this my squire, that you have put off the lofty rank to

which you were born, and descended to a private station. If you have done this by command of the royal wizard, your father, and through fear that my arm will not be sufficient to restore you to your kingdom, I must tell you that he is ill-instructed in the history of knight-errantry, or he would know that far greater deeds have been wrought by warriors of less fame than mine. Therefore take courage, dear and sovereign lady, for there are no perils on earth through which my sword will not cleave a path, and before many days are passed I will tumble that paltry giant's head in the dust, and set the crown on yours."

Dorothea replied, with much dignity and grace. "Whoever," she said, "has informed you, Sir Knight of the Doleful Visage, that I have become other than I was has not spoken the truth. I am unchanged, both in my person, and in the thoughts which I entertain of your valour and might. If you are still minded to save me, to-morrow we will continue our journey; and by the favour of heaven, and by your good sword, I hope soon to take my seat on my ancestral throne."

"Now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, turning with an angry mien to his luckless squire "what dost thou mean, thou little rascally loon, by coming to me with all that lying nonsense, and putting me into such a quandary? By my father's ghost, I have the best mind in the world"—here he ground his teeth and rolled his eyes ferociously—"to make mincemeat of thee, that thou mayest serve as an example and warning to all squires-errant in the future." Don Fernando interposed between the angry knight and his squire; and Don Quixote, who took him for a high court official in the train of the

Princess Micomicona, listened to him graciously, and consented once more to extend his pardon and indulgence to the erring Sancho.

The evening was now far advanced, and the whole company retired to rest, excepting only the unwearied knight of La Mancha, who sallied forth, armed to the teeth, to stand sentinel before the inn, in case, as he said, some ill-disposed giant, or recreant knight, should make a nocturnal assault on the castle, tempted by the treasure of beauty which it contained.

VI

As the inn was crowded to its full capacity, the landlord's daughter, who was a pretty and lively girl, had arranged to sleep in the same bed with Maritornes, the maid-servant. About an hour after midnight she awoke suddenly, and, finding herself indisposed to sleep, she determined to play a trick on the crazy knight. So she called up Maritornes, and, after some whispered conversation, the two girls stole on tiptoe to a hay-loft, in which was a window overlooking the yard where Don Quixote was keeping watch. Peeping through the window they saw him sitting, like an equestrian statue, on Rozinante, leaning on his lance, and thus murmuring his amorous plaint to the listening air of the southern night:—"Sweet lady of Toboso, paragon of loveliness, crown of all the virtues, and queen of all wit! What art thou doing at this solemn hour? Methinks I see thee, pacing the galleries of thy sumptuous palace, or sitting pensively at the window of thy bower while thou studiest how, with-

out hurt to thy maiden pride, thou mayest vouchsafe some sign of favour to assuage the burning torture of mine afflicted heart. Do thou, cold goddess of the nightly heavens, unless thou art smitten with envy by the virgin splendours of her face, draw near as thou passest, and tell her what pains I endure for her sake; and thou, fiery lord of day, who art now yoking thy steeds in the east, visit not her cheek too roughly with thy burning lips, lest thou cause me a jealous pang."

As Don Quixote paused in his rhapsody, he heard his name called in soft and anxious tones, and turning his head he saw the two damsels looking at him from the hole which served as a window to the hay-loft; and on the instant his insane fancy suggested to him the notion that the daughter of the baron who owned that castle was paying him a visit to request some service of his knightly valour. Ever prompt at the call of beauty in distress, he set his horse in motion, and rode up to the window, which was seven or eight feet from the ground. "I am deeply sensible," he said, "gracious lady, of the honour which you have done me in choosing me for your champion; let me know what service you desire of me, and I vow by the name of that absent sweet enemy of mine to perform it—so that it be not in prejudice of my duty to her—though you ask me for one of the snaky locks of Medusa, or the rays of the sun enclosed in a phial."

"Before I tell you my wish," answered the landlord's daughter, "let me touch one of your knightly hands, as a pledge of honour and good faith."

"Your will is my law," said Don Quixote; and exerting all his agility he planted his feet on the saddle, raised

himself upright, and thrust a long, lean paw through the window. "Take," he said, "this hand, or, to speak more properly, this scourge of all evil-doers—take, I say, this hand, which finger of woman never before hath touched; no, not even hers who holds entire possession of my whole person. Look at it closely, with its broad veins and iron sinews, that you may know how mighty is the arm to which such a hand belongs. But forbear to kiss it, for it is sacred to other lips than yours."

During this parley Maritornes had descended to the stable, and returned with all speed, bringing with her the halter of Sancho's ass. With this she made a running noose, and, slipping it over Don Quixote's wrist, drew it tight, and made fast the other end to the bolt of the door.

"Fair lady," said Don Quixote, as he felt the cord grinding his wrist, "deal not so ungently with the hand which is devoted to thy service." But there was no one to hear his courtly reproaches, for the two damsels, as soon as they had made him fast, retreated from the loft, choking with laughter.

Happily for Don Quixote, Rozinante stood fast, as if he had been carved in wood, and his meek and patient disposition gave reasonable hope that he would remain in that position for a month if necessary. "It is enchantment, all enchantment," muttered the knight, after trying cautiously once or twice to set free his arm, which was stretched tight and rigid by the cord; and he cursed his folly in venturing a second time within those enchanted precincts. Being firmly convinced that he was under the influence of a powerful spell, he resigned himself to his fate, and resolved to wait quietly until the malign aspect

of the stars should pass, or the enchanter who held him there captive should choose to release him.

He had spent about two hours in that painful attitude, and the day was just breaking, when he heard the trampling of horses, and four men, well mounted and equipped, and carrying muskets at their saddle-bows, rode up to the inn door, and knocked loudly, shouting to the people to open. Remembering his duty as sentinel, Don Quixote cried to them in loud and arrogant tones: "Knights or squires, or whatever you may be, it is not seemly to raise such a clamour at the gates of this castle before the night is well over. Wait until the sun is risen, and then the governor of the fortress will decide whether it be proper to admit you or not."

"What stuff is this about castles and fortresses?" said one of the troop. "If you are the innkeeper, tell them to open to us, for we are police officers travelling in haste, and want nothing but to bait our horses and go on."

"Do I look like an innkeeper?" asked Don Quixote indignantly.

"I don't know what you look like," replied the man, "but I know that you are talking nonsense in calling this pothouse a castle."

"A castle it is," answered the knight, "and one of the best in all this province, and there are people now in it who have borne sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads."

"Some company of strolling players, I presume," returned the other, "fit guests for this paltry road-side tavern."

"You know little of the world," said Don Quixote "and are ill versed in the usages of knight-errantry."

"There is nothing to be made of this fool," remarked the trooper to his fellows, and turning again to the inn door, he began battering it with great violence. The troopers had now dismounted, and left their horses loose in the yard. One of the animals, drawn perhaps by sympathy, came up to Rozinante, and began nuzzling at him, after the manner of his kind. That staid and melancholy charger, who after all was of flesh, made a step forward, to return the stranger's greeting; the movement was a slight one, but it was sufficient to disturb the balance of Don Quixote, who lost his footing on the saddle, and was left suspended, with his arm still fast to the window, and the tips of his toes just kissing the ground. The sudden wrench almost tore his arm from the socket, and, struggle and strain as he might, he could not alter his position a hair's-breadth. In this fearful situation he began to roar and bellow like a mad bull; and Maritornes, who was awakened by the uproar, ran at once to the loft, and loosed the cord. Almost at the same moment the landlord flung open the door, and entered the yard, just in time to see Don Quixote drop to the ground.

The undaunted warrior no sooner found himself at liberty than he leapt into the saddle, set his lance in rest, and having ridden to the other end of the field, to get space for his career, came back at a hard gallop, shouting as he drew near: "Whoever asserts that I have been rightly and justly enchanted, is a liar, and, with permission of my lady, the Princess Micomicona, I here defy him and challenge him to single combat."

As no one was found to answer his challenge, Don Quixote dismounted, and called Sancho to take Rozinante to the stable; but the worthy squire was too much

occupied with his own concerns to obey the summons, being engaged in a violent dispute with a new comer, who had just arrived at the inn. This man was the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken the helmet of Mambrino; and as he entered the stable, to put up his ass, he saw Sancho, who was mending some part of his ass's furniture, and recognising him at once as the thief who had robbed him of his new saddle and bridle, he rushed at him, crying: "Ah! rascal, I have caught you at last! Give me back my basin, and all the trappings which you stole from me." So saying, he seized hold of the saddle, which Sancho clung fast to with one hand, while with the other he dealt the barber a cuff which made his teeth rattle. "Help!" cried the barber; "I am being robbed and murdered." "You lie," answered Sancho; "what I have taken is lawful spoil of war, won by my master, Don Quixote."

By this time most of the people of the inn had gathered round the struggling pair, and among them was Don Quixote, who was much gratified to see how valiantly his squire bore himself in the fray, and privately resolved to dub him a knight at the first opportunity, seeing that he was a stout man of his hands, and well qualified to do honour to the order of knights-errant. The barber appealed loudly to the bystanders to take his part, with many feeling allusions to his ass-trappings and his basin, "a brand new brass basin," as he said, "worth a crown of any man's money." At the word *basin* Don Quixote felt himself touched in a tender point, and perceiving that graver issues were involved than the ownership of a set of ass's furniture, he parted the combatants, and said: "This is a matter which concerns me nearly; go, Sancho,

and bring hither the helmet of Mambrino, which this foolish fellow calls a basin." The helmet-basin was brought, and Don Quixote, holding it up for inspection, called upon all present to bear witness that it was a helmet.

Master Nicholas, the barber of Don Quixote's village, who was among those present, resolved to humour the jest, and make merry at his brother barber's expense; so he fixed his eyes gravely on the basin, and said: "This is a strange error of yours, friend and colleague. I would have you know that I am a barber of twenty years' experience, and I have also served as a soldier, and know very well what belongs to all kinds of arms, offensive and defensive. I say, then, and I will maintain it against the world, that this thing which you call a basin is a helmet, and nothing but a helmet." His assertion was backed by Cardenio, Fernando, and the three gentlemen in his train, who all averred solemnly that the basin was a helmet. There remained to be decided the question of the ass-trappings, which Don Quixote declared to be a rich horse-caparison, taken from a recreant knight whom he had overthrown in single combat. Don Fernando undertook to put the matter to the vote, and going from one to the other he asked each separately to give his verdict. All gave their vote against the barber, and in favour of Don Quixote; and the unfortunate owner of the property, finding every voice against him, began to doubt the evidence of his own senses, and went away, almost crying with vexation.

Just as this weighty matter was settled, one of the police officers came out of the inn, where he and his companions had been refreshing themselves, and went to the

stable to look after his horse. Passing Don Quixote on the way he stopped suddenly and began to peruse his features, comparing each detail with a written description contained in a warrant which he had taken out of his pocket. Having finished his scrutiny, he shifted the warrant to his left hand, and seizing Don Quixote by the collar with his right, cried out in a loud voice: "I arrest this man, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood, for breaking the peace on the king's highway, as witness this warrant and the seal which it bears."

The priest, who was standing near, took the warrant, and found that the description given in it corresponded in every particular to the Knight of La Mancha, against whom an order of arrest had been issued for assaulting the police and liberating the galley-slaves. In the meantime Don Quixote, finding himself thus roughly handled, seized the officer with both hands by the throat; and so they stood, locked in a fell embrace, and both on the point of being throttled, until they were dragged apart by Fernando and his friends. The officer, who was now supported by his comrades, loudly demanded the surrender of his prisoner. But Don Quixote laughed scornfully at his pretensions, and said with great composure: "Go to, vile caitiff! What knowest thou of the rights and privileges of knight-errantry? I might tell thee that those who follow the rule of chivalry are above all laws, and subject to no authority but that of heaven and their lady. But I disdain to waste breath on such a low-born churl. How darest thou, base thief-catcher, lay thy dirty fingers on the shoulder of a dubbed knight like me?" Thereupon he flew into a passion, and talked so wildly and behaved with such extravagance, that the

officer, though a thick-headed pragmatical fellow, began to suspect that he was somewhat disordered in his intellects; and, on receiving the assurance of the priest that he would be taken care of, and sent back to his friends, the insulted constable smoothed his ruffled feathers, and consented to forego his warrant.

VII

That evening Don Quixote retired early to rest, and Sancho, who was a great sleeper, soon followed his master's example. Master and man being thus disposed of for the time, the priest and barber set to work to contrive means of carrying the crazy knight, willy-nilly, back to his village. They agreed with a waggoner, who happened to be passing, to pay him a certain sum for the use of his team and waggon. Then, under their directions, a strong timber cage was constructed, like those used for conveying bullocks to market. By midnight all was ready, and Fernando and his friends, who were in the plot, with the innkeeper and two stable-helpers, all wearing masks and disguised in strange costumes, entered the room where Don Quixote was sleeping, bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the cage, which was standing ready on the waggon. They thrust him in, and made fast the door; and there he lay, without uttering a sound, staring wildly at the fantastic figures who hovered round the waggon, and whom he took for evil spirits of the haunted castle. To assist his delusion, a hollow and ghostly voice came booming through the darkness, and uttered these words of prophecy:—

"Be not dismayed, O Knight of the Doleful Visage,

to find thyself thus caught and caged: for thus, and thus only, canst thou reach the goal to which thy soaring spirit aspires. This end shall be accomplished when the fierce Manchegan lion shall wed with the dove of Toboso, and from that union shall spring two valiant whelps, who shall emulate the ramping talons of their mighty sire. And thou, most noble and loyal squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostrils, let it not vex or affright thee to see the flower of knight-errantry in this strange conveyance, for ere long thou shalt rise with him in glory to the seats of pride and power,—and I promise thee, in the name of the sage Mentironiana, that thy wages shall be paid to the uttermost mite."

This sublime nonsense was spoken by the barber, who was concealed behind the inn door, and whose delivery of the oracle was much admired by those who were in the plot.

Sancho, who had received a hasty summons to prepare for the road, was at first inclined to protest on seeing his master bound and caged; but he was reassured by Don Quixote, who had been much comforted by the barber's prophecy, and declared himself resigned to his fate. The priest and barber took leave of Fernando and the rest, the waggoner cracked his whip, and the strange procession started, attended by the police officers, who had been bribed to serve as an escort.

VIII

It was the hour of noon on a Sunday, and the good people of Don Quixote's native village were just

coming out of church, when the Knight of La Mancha made his triumphal entry into the market-place. First came the ox-waggon, with the caged champion stretched on a bundle of hay, and looking more doleful than ever, having received further damage in an encounter by the way. Sancho rode close behind on his ass, and the priest and barber, mounted on their mules, brought up the rear. The police officers had been paid and dismissed at the end of the last stage.

The news spread quickly through the village, and when the waggon drew up before Don Quixote's house they found his niece and the housekeeper standing at the door ready to receive him. Loud was their outcry and many were their maledictions against those wicked books of chivalry, when they saw how battered, how wan and wasted he looked. They got him to bed, and the priest gave them strict charge to watch him carefully, and not let him slip through their fingers again. This they promised to do, but at the same time expressed their fears that as soon as they had nursed him back to health he would return to his mad pranks, in spite of all their vigilance. And so, indeed, it proved.

Having seen his master safely housed, Sancho made his way to his cottage, where he was warmly welcomed by his faithful Joan. The first question which she asked was whether the ass was doing well. "Better than my master," answered Sancho. "Thank heaven for that!" cried she. "But tell me, dear husband, what have you got by your squireship? Have you brought me a new petticoat, or shoes for the children?" "Better than that!" said Sancho, with a sly wink. "A fig for your petticoats and shoes! Wait a little and you will see me made a

count, and hear yourself called My Lady; or it may be that I shall get some matter of an Isle to govern—all in good time."

The good wife asked him what he meant by his talk about isles and countships, but Sancho only wagged his head sagely, and would tell her nothing further. "Don't go so fast," he said, "but wait and see if I have not told you the truth. And mark this—there is no finer trade in the world than to go about squiring a knight-errant, on the hunt for adventures. It is true that when you find your adventure, it is generally the wrong side up—and then the blanketings and buffetings, the kicks and the cuffs!—but for all that it is a grand game to be a gentleman of fortune, roaming over mountain and forest, visiting castles and lodging at inns, where you eat and drink of the best, with never a penny to pay."

Don Quixote visits Toboso

I

FOR a whole month Don Quixote was confined to his chamber, being sorely shattered by the rude assaults and manifold hardships to which he had been exposed in the course of his wanderings. During all that time he was nursed with unflagging care and tenderness by the two women of his household, and the housekeeper afterwards declared that it had cost her a matter of six hundred eggs to set him up again.

The priest and barber had been constant in their enquiries after the knight's health, but had refrained from seeing him, for fear lest their presence should revive the memory of incidents which were better forgotten. Hearing, however, that he was now convalescent, they resolved to pay him a visit, and make trial of his mind, to see if the old unhappy delusion had survived his illness.

They found him sitting up in bed, wearing a sleeved waistcoat of green fustian, and a red flannel night-cap. So wasted he was, so gaunt and shrivelled, that he looked like a breathing mummy. He greeted them with great kindness, and in the course of the conversation which followed, astonished them by the acuteness of his judgment and the brightness of his wit, fully justifying the assertion formerly made by his housekeeper, that he had the finest brain in all La Mancha.

"Can it be true?" murmured the priest to himself; "is the old wound healed at last? But come, we will now put him to the test." And accordingly he led the conversation to military matters, and the danger which threatened Christendom from the ambition of the Turk.

A strange gleam appeared in the sunken eyes of Don Quixote, and he answered only too promptly to the challenge. "There is one way," he said, "equally sure and simple of averting that peril." "Indeed," answered the priest, whose suspicions were now all on the alert, "and what way is that?" The two women, who were present, waited breathless to hear the answer, the barber smiled slightly, as if he knew what was coming, and the good priest muttered a prayer that his fears might not be fulfilled. They were not kept long in suspense. "Hark in your ear," said the invalid, leaning forward with a flushed face. "There is one sole and sovereign remedy for this and all the other ills and perils of the State,—but you must promise me, both of you, that you will not sell my secret to the Court, and rob me of my just reward." The priest and barber gave the promise required, and Don Quixote resumed: "My plan is this: let the king make public proclamation by his heralds, commanding all knights-errant now roaming about Spain to assemble at his Court, and we shall soon see the whole Turkish host scattered, routed, and put to confusion. Were there not champions in the days of old who with their single arm defied and vanquished whole nations? Such was Belianis, and such was Amadis, with all the long line of his descendants; and who knows but that our sovereign's need will raise up another Amadis?"

His excited tones, and flashing eye, even more than

his wild words, convinced his hearers that the fatal spell was still as strong as ever. A lively debate ensued, in which Don Quixote showed himself more than a match for the clumsy ridicule of the barber, and the grave reasonings of the priest; for all his wonderful powers were now enlisted on the side of his darling delusion. When they had left him the dispute was taken up by his niece, a somewhat pert and forward young lady, though sincerely attached to her uncle. A few stern words were sufficient to reduce her to silence; and the housekeeper, who next assailed her master with voluble remonstrance, fared no better. There was evidently no help for it—Don Quixote was about to take the war-path again.

Seeing him thus obstinate in his purpose, the housekeeper called in the aid of a certain Samson Carrasco, a young scholar who had just returned to the village, after finishing his studies at Salamanca. Samson listened to her story with apparent sympathy, promised to come and talk to Don Quixote, and bade her take comfort, for all would be well.

True to his word, next morning the young Bachelor of Salamanca paid an early visit to Don Quixote, and was received with open arms by the housekeeper and niece, who expected him, with his brand-new learning, to work wonders. But what was their dismay when they found this false ally openly taking sides with Don Quixote, and applauding his mad design, as if it were the most just and rational in the world! The reason for this seeming treachery will appear by and by.

II

Three days afterwards Don Quixote, mounted on Rozinante, and attended by Sancho on his faithful Dapple, set out at nightfall, and took the road to Toboso. Don Quixote was clad in his battered armour, and Samson had furnished him with a helmet, old enough, and rusty enough, to have served as a head-piece for a scarecrow. No one attempted to oppose their departure, for the niece and housekeeper could do nothing by themselves, and the priest and barber, in concert with Samson, had agreed to let him have his way for the present.

They had left the village about a mile behind them, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to groan. "It is a sign of most happy augury," quoth the knight. "Great things are in store for us, Sancho." "It may be so," answered Panza, "but methinks, sir, that my fortune will be greater than yours; for Dapple's braying is so loud and lusty, that he drowns the voice of Rozinante."

Don Quixote had resolved, as a fitting prelude to his third sally, to visit the peerless Dulcinea in her home at Toboso, and obtain her favour and blessing before engaging in any adventure. Sancho was much concerned when he heard this, fearing that his master would learn the truth about his supposed embassy to Toboso; and he privately determined to find some means to keep the knight and his lady apart.

On the evening of the following day they reached the outskirts of the enchanted city, and Don Quixote retired with Sancho into the shelter of a wood, to prepare his mind, by an interval of repose and meditation, for the momentous interview. It was midnight, and the stars

were shining softly, when they left their retreat, and rode slowly into the slumbering town. Not a soul was stirring in the streets, but now and then the stillness was broken by the howling of a dog, the grunting of pigs, or the wails of some prowling cat—gross noises, which jarred upon the ears of the amorous knight.

Sancho led his master up and down, through back streets, and into blind alleys, pretending to look for the house of Dulcinea. At length he grew weary, and pulled up suddenly, remarking peevishly: "I cannot find this plaguey castle, as your worship calls it—perhaps the enchanters have carried it away." "It may be so," replied Don Quixote gravely; "but speak with more reverence, Sancho, and check the rude licence of thy tongue." "Well," said Sancho, who was in a very bad humour, "let your worship find it for yourself—I give it up." Don Quixote led the way, and Sancho followed, grumbling to himself. "A pretty thing, indeed," he muttered, "to be kept out of one's bed, and led up and down, hunting for castles and palaces at this time of night." Presently Don Quixote pointed to a tall mass of building, which stood up, dark and sombre, against the sky, about a hundred paces off. "Either I am greatly deceived," said he, "or yonder stately pile is the palace of Dulcinea." The "stately pile" proved on a closer inspection to be the principal church of Toboso. "'Tis the church!" gasped the knight, with a blank look at Sancho. "Ay, and the churchyard," groaned his squire, "and pray heaven we may not find our graves there."

The air was growing chilly towards dawn, and master and man were now at their wits' end, having ransacked every corner of the place, when they saw a labouring

man coming towards them, leading a pair of mules, and dragging a plough behind him. He sang lustily as he passed along, and Don Quixote was delighted to recognise the words of the famous ballad which tells of the defeat of Charlemagne and his peers in the valley of Roncesvalles. "'Tis a good omen for our adventure," he said, and hailing the peasant, asked him if he knew the whereabouts of the palace of the Princess Dulcinea of Toboso? The man stared, but answered civilly that he was a stranger in the place, having been recently hired by a rich farmer to work in his fields. "But over there," he added, pointing to a house opposite to the church, "lives the priest of Toboso, and doubtless he can tell you, for he has a list of all the inhabitants of the town." And with that he started his mules, and went on his way.

Day was now coming on apace, and Sancho was very anxious to get his master out of the town before he could come to speech with any of the natives, and find out the trick which had been played on him. So he turned to Don Quixote, who was somewhat perplexed and dispirited by the ill success of their search, and said: "Sir, it will not be well for you to alarm the modesty of your lady by appearing before her suddenly, and unannounced, in broad daylight. It will be best for you to withdraw to some place of concealment outside the town, and wait there till I have found out the dwelling of the Lady Dulcinea, and arranged a fitting time and place for your meeting."

"Spoken like an oracle, my son," answered Don Quixote: "make haste, and find me a hiding-place, and then thou canst go on thy errand."

Sancho lost no time in obeying, and putting Dapple to his best pace in about half an hour he brought his master to a certain coppice, with dense underwood, some two miles from the town. Then leaving Don Quixote safely ensconced, he went back again to look for the house of Dulcinea.

III

Sancho, as may well be supposed, was little delighted with the fool's errand on which his master had sent him; and having ridden a little way towards the town, he dismounted and sat down under a tree to consider what was best for him to do. And thus communed the great Sancho, like one of Homer's heroes, with his indignant soul: "Say, brother Sancho, whither art thou going? Goest thou to look for a strayed ass of thine? Of a truth, not so. Then what goest thou out for to seek? I go (thou sayest) to look for a princess—a thing of naught, thou wouldst say—a sun of beauty, and a pearl of perfection. And who sent thee to seek her? The famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who makes straight the crooked, gives drink to the hungry, and to the thirsty meat. 'Tis very well—but dost thou know where she lives, Sancho? In some royal palace, says my master, or in some proud castle. And what if those of Toboso, learning that thou art come to fetch away their princesses and flutter the souls of their ladies, should come and beat thy ribs with unmeasured drubbings, and break every bone thou hast? Methinks they would have much

reason for so acting—though I might claim to go scot-free, as it is not my will, but my master's, which laid this charge on me. But there is no trusting to that: these Tobosans are a peppery lot, and understand no jesting. No, I don't like the business at all—let him pull his chestnuts out of the fire for himself—I'll have none of it."

So he continued for some time longer, stringing his whimsical reflections together, with here and there a pithy proverb to season the whole; and the upshot of his meditations was that he determined to point out to Don Quixote the first peasant girl whom he met, and swear that she was the true Dulcinea. So, having allowed an interval to elapse sufficient to have enabled him to go to Toboso and back, he mounted Dapple, and rode towards the place where Don Quixote was waiting.

Hardly had he started when he saw coming towards him three young women of the village, riding on asses. They came pat to the purpose which he had in view, and Sancho, highly pleased with this stroke of good luck, rode back at top speed to find his master. "Good news, good news!" he bawled, as soon as he came in sight of the love-lorn cavalier, who was sitting under a tree, in an attitude of deep dejection. "Up, master!" he shouted again, checking Dapple with a sharp jerk, and alighting nimbly at Don Quixote's feet. "Here they come riding to see your honour: mount Rozinante, and go to meet them."

"How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered the knight, lifting his woe-begone visage; "who comes?" "The Lady Dulcinea, with two maidens of her train," answered

the rogue Sancho, "all ablaze with gold and jewels, and mounted on three pacing palfreys, as dainty as ever you saw."

"Forward, then!" cried Don Quixote, springing to his feet, "and as a reward for this good news thou shalt have the spoils of my next victory, or if this does not satisfy thee, I will give thee three foals from my paddock at home."

"The foals for me," said Sancho, "for, as to the spoils, you can never know how they will turn out."

Thus talking they rode out into the open, and saw the three village girls coming towards them. "How is this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote, after staring hard at the rustic damsels. "Where are those ladies of whom thou hast spoken?" "Where are they?" replied Sancho, "why, *there* they are"—pointing to the donkey-riders. "Does your worship keep your eyes in the back of your head, that you can't see them, blazing like the noon-day sun?"

"I see nothing," said Don Quixote, "but three peasant girls on three asses."

"Beshrew my beard!" cried his squire. "Is your honour bewitched? Asses, indeed!—palfreys, you mean, as white as driven snow. Come, sir, snuff your eyes, and come and pay your respects to the queen of your affections, for she it is, and no other."

Thereupon he rode up to the girls, and, dismounting from Dapple, took one of their asses by the bridle, and then, dropping on his knees, addressed the rider in these terms: "High Queen of Beauty, behold before you your captive knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose squire I am. He has come hither to offer you suit and service,

but now stands, turned to marble at finding himself in your glorious presence."

Don Quixote took the hint, and, alighting, placed himself on his knees by Sancho's side, and sought hard to discover that vision of loveliness which he had heard described. But the more he looked, the more he was confounded, for the girl was coarse-featured, with a full-moon face and flat nose. So there he knelt, staring and gaping, unable to utter a word.

No less astonished were the girls, to see those two strange objects kneeling before them and blocking their way. At last she whose ass Sancho was holding, growing impatient, cried in coarse and angry tones: "Out of the way, and a mischief on ye! We have no time for foolery."

Then said Sancho: "O Princess and Sovereign Lady of Toboso, incline your heart unto the pillar and corner-stone of knight-errantry, now kneeling in your sublimated presence!"

Hereupon one of the supposed Dulcinea's companions, pressing her beast forward, exclaimed: "Whoa, there, till I curry the hide of thee, ass of my father-in-law! D'ye think to make fools of us country girls, pretty gentlemen? Keep your nasty jokes to yourselves, and go your ways, or it will be the worse for you."

Don Quixote had by this time found his voice, and made a heartrending appeal to the stony bosom of his mistress: "O thou paragon of all human perfection, sole remedy for this afflicted heart which adores thee, though changed by foul enchanters into the coarse image of a farm-servant—unless the same malignant power hath made me appear a monster in thy sight—vouchsafe me one look of tenderness, one little sign of thy favour!"

"Out on thee, dotard!" answered the lass. "To come courting at your time of life! Clear the road, I say!"

Sancho let go the bridle and stood out of the way, being more than satisfied with the success of his stratagem; and, finding herself free, she who had passed for Dulcinea pricked her donkey with her riding-rod, which was armed with an iron point, and rode off at full gallop. But her career was brought to an abrupt close: for the ass, being severely galled by the goad, gave a sudden buck, which landed the lady Dulcinea on the road. Don Quixote hurried to her assistance, while Sancho ran to arrange the saddle, which had slipped round, and was dangling under the ass's belly. No sooner was the saddle buckled on again than the girl, avoiding Don Quixote's grasp, took a short run, and, resting her hands on the ass's crupper, vaulted into the saddle, as light as a sparrow-hawk, and sat astride as if she had been a man.

"Well done!" cried Sancho. "On my life, but the lady Dulcinea sits her horse like a Cordovan jockey, and rides like a Mexican! See how she scours the plain! And there go her damsels after her, riding helter-skelter!"

And such, indeed, was the fact: for seeing their companion fairly started, the other two laid on the whip, and the whole party made off at full speed, never turning their heads or drawing rein for the space of half a league.

Don Quixote gazed wistfully after them, and when they were out of sight he turned to Sancho, and said: "Thou seest, friend, how constantly I am made the victim of envious enchanters—the mark at which they aim all the arrows of their malice. Was it not enough to deceive and mock me with phantoms, that they must transform

that queen of beauty into the vile image of a farm-servant, and the ambrosial perfumes which breathe from her presence into a rank savour of garlic? I say again, and I will say it a thousand times, that I am the most unhappy of men."

Sancho had much ado to contain his laughter, when he found how readily Don Quixote had fallen into the trap prepared for him. Then they moved slowly away, the knight silent and pensive, and the squire hugging himself inwardly at the happy issue of that rare adventure.

The Knight of the Mirrors

I

ON the following night our two adventurers pitched their camp under the shade of some tall trees, and after supper Sancho composed himself to rest at the foot of a cork-tree, where he soon fell into a heavy sleep. Don Quixote, who was weary, sat leaning against an oak, and was beginning to nod, when he heard a noise behind him, and looking round perceived that two horsemen had just entered the wood. One of them flung himself from the saddle, saying to his companion: "This place will do; there is grass for the horses, and silence and solitude for my amorous thoughts." Therewith he stretched himself on the ground, and as he did so there was a clash of arms—a sure sign to Don Quixote that the new-comer was a knight-errant. So he went softly up to Sancho, and having, with no small difficulty, awakened him, said to him in a low tone: "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure." "Heaven grant it may be a good one," answered Sancho. "And where is her Ladyship, Mistress Adventure?" "Look yonder," said Don Quixote, "and under that tree you will see reclining a knight-errant, who seemed to me to be somewhat disturbed in his mind. But hark! I hear him tuning the strings of a lute, or viol. Now he is clearing his throat, as if he were about to sing. Listen, and we may yet get a clue to his story."

The stranger knight had now tuned his instrument, and after striking a few notes he began to sing a plaintive ditty, full of vows and woes, and hearts, and darts, and the common stuff out of which such lays are made. When he had finished he uttered a sigh, which seemed to rend his breast, and said in a lamentable voice: "Ah! fair ingrate, beautiful Casildea, how long must I be exiled from thy presence, wandering ever, and ever toiling for thy sake? Is it not enough that I have proclaimed thee to be without a peer among all the beauties of Navarre, Leon, Castille, and La Mancha?"

"He is out of his wits," remarked Don Quixote. "Has he never heard of Dulcinea del Toboso?" His voice reached the ears of the love-sick cavalier, who sprang to his feet, and cried in sonorous, but courteous tones: "Who goes there? Say, who are ye, and come ye in sorrow or in joy?"

"In sorrow," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, then," said the other, "and since I have found a comrade in affliction, let us sit down together, and mingle our tears." Don Quixote was not slow to accept the invitation, and in another moment they were seated side by side, gazing curiously into each other's face. There we will leave them for the present and accompany Sancho, who was carried off by the stranger's squire to another part of the wood.

"What is your master's name?" asked Sancho, when they had found a snug corner, not far from the place where the horses were tethered. "He is called the Knight of the Mirrors," was the answer; "and he is one of those who burn their fingers in stirring other people's porridge. He is looking for another knight who has lost

his wits; and he is like to lose his own in the quest, and get a smack in the face into the bargain."

"If he has a taste for keeping company with madmen," said Sancho, "he has come to the right quarter. My master is the one to cram him with that commodity. They will make a pretty pair, if, as you say, your knight has got a crack in his own pate."

"Crazy he is," replied he of the mirrors, "but valiant—though, to tell the truth, he has more of roguery than either of folly or of valour."

"I can't say that for mine," said Sancho. "There is not a grain of roguery in him; his soul is as white as new china, and he wishes ill to none, but good to all. A child could make him believe that it is night at noonday; and for this simplicity of his I love him in my very heart's core, and cannot bring myself to leave him, for all his follies."

Sancho seemed to be troubled with a sort of dry cough, for he kept hawking and clearing his throat, and his voice was thick and husky. "Your tongue is rusty with much talking," remarked his new friend. "Wait a moment, and I'll soon cure that—I've got a rare lubricator hanging at my saddle-bow, which will put you right in a trice." So saying he left his seat, and presently came back with a big leather bottle, and a pasty half a yard long, filled with the meat of a large tame rabbit. "Does your squireship carry such wares along with you?" asked Sancho, fingering the pasty tenderly. "What do you suppose?" answered the other. "Do you take me for one of your starveling lackeys, who drink nothing but water? I am better furnished than the camp-kitchen of a general."

Sancho had already thrust his fingers into the bowels of the pasty, and his host lost no time in keeping him company. "O brave squire!" cried Sancho, as they chawed away merrily. "O noble and generous squire! I warrant you never want grist to your mill, seeing what a feast you have spread, as it were by enchantment—while I, poor wretch, have nothing in my saddle-bags but a lump of cheese, hard enough to crack the crown of a giant, and a handful of nuts and locust-beans—thanks to the niggardliness of my master, whose creed it is that knights-errant have to nourish themselves on dried fruits and the herbs of the field."

"Let the knights feed as they choose," replied the squire, "on fruits, and roots, and berries, and brambles. Such diet may suit their lordly stomachs, but mine requires more generous fare." Then, seizing the portly bottle, he cried, "Come hither, sweetheart, true friend and lover, that has never said me nay! I love thee so, that I am fain to kiss thee a hundred times a day." And, taking a long pull, he handed the bottle to Sancho, who raised it solemnly, and throwing back his head, remained with his eyes fixed on the stars, and his mouth glued to the leather, for about a quarter of an hour. "Ay! 'tis a true catholic creature!" he exclaimed, lowering the bottle at last, and sinking his head on one side, with a deep sigh of content. "I should judge by the flavour that it was grown in Ciudad Real."[1]

"Right!" replied the giver of the feast, "grown there it was—and not yesterday either."

"I thought as much," remarked Sancho; "you can't deceive me in the matter of wines. I have but to put

[1] "The official capital of La Mancha."—WATTS.

my nose to them, and I will tell you their name, race, flavour, and age. All the Panzas have this talent, and our family boasts of having produced the two greatest wine-tasters in all La Mancha. To give but one instance of their skill: a vintner, who had just broached a hog's-head of wine, called them in to give their opinion of its quality. One of them tried it with the tip of his tongue; the other merely lifted the sample to his nose; the first said that it tasted of iron, and the second that it had a flavour of leather. The vintner vowed that they were mistaken, but some time after, when the wine was all drunk, those who were cleaning the cask found in it a small key attached to a piece of leather. Judge, then, if a Panza knows what wine is, or not."

So these two notable gossips and topers talked and drank, and drank and talked, until their eyes grew heavy, and their utterance thick. Then they sank down, side by side, and, still clinging to the bottle, now nearly empty, they fell sound asleep.

II

While the squires were thus enjoying themselves after their kind, the Knight of the Mirrors recounted to Don Quixote the perilous feats which he had accomplished at the command of his lady, Casildea of Vandalia; and, concluding his story, he said: "Finally, she ordered me to range the whole realm of Spain, and compel every knight-errant I met to confess that she was the fairest of all living women, and I the most valiant knight and the most faithful lover to be found on earth. Unnumbered are the champions from whom I have wrung this confession at

the point of my sword, but among them all I need name but one, for in conquering him I have conquered the whole order of knighthood. He was called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all the lustre of his deeds is now transferred to me."

Great was Don Quixote's astonishment when he heard this report of his own defeat, and his first impulse was to cram the lie down its author's throat, but he checked himself, and said, calmly, "It must have been some other knight, with a likeness to Don Quixote, whom your worship vanquished—though, indeed, there are few like him; that it was not Don Quixote himself is certain."

"As there is a heaven above us," replied he of the mirrors, "it was he, and no other. He is a man tall of stature, dry of visage, long and withered of limb, with grizzled hair and hooked nose, a little awry, and wearing a heavy moustache, black and drooping. He fights under the name of The Knight of the Doleful Visage, rides a famous steed named Rozinante, is attended by a squire called Sancho Panza, and serves a lady known as Dulcinea del Toboso, though her real name is Aldonza Lorenzo."

"You have painted him to the life," said Don Quixote. "Nevertheless I tell you that you are under a delusion, and have been tricked by the powerful magician who pursues me with his malice. He has taken upon him the likeness of Don Quixote, and suffered himself to be defeated, that he might rob that knight of his just honour and renown. And if you would know who is the true Don Quixote, here he stands, ready to make good his words, on horse or on foot, at such time and place as you may choose to appoint." Saying this, he stood up, and waited, with hand on hilt, for the answer to his challenge.

"It wants but an hour till dawn," answered the other, "and by daybreak we will decide the issue. The condition of our duel shall be, that he who is conquered shall be at the disposal of the victor, and obey him in everything, provided that he can do so with honour."

Don Quixote agreed, and they went together to call up their squires, whom they found snoring in the same attitude in which they had fallen asleep. Sancho was considerably alarmed for the safety of his master when he heard that he was about to engage in mortal combat with the Knight of the Mirrors, of whose valour he had heard wonders from the squire. However, he ventured no protest, but went with his fellow-servant to make ready the horses for the coming encounter. On the way his companion proposed that while their masters were fighting, he and Sancho should have a friendly duel on their own account. "That will never do," replied Sancho, whose peaceful and charitable temper was outraged by the suggestion. "It is against all the laws of chivalry for squires to hack each other to pieces—besides, I have no sword." "Never mind that," said his friend; "I have a couple of linen-bags with me, and we will fill them with pebbles and pommel each other with them—it will be rare sport."

"Rare indeed!" rejoined Sancho. "A most elegant pastime, to hammer each other to a jelly, like an apothecary compounding his drugs." "Nevertheless, fight we must," said he of the mirrors, "if only for half an hour." "Fight I will not," answered Sancho. "Why the mischief should I fall to blows with him whose bread I have eaten? It would be foul ingratitude." "To relieve your scruples," said the other, "I will wipe out the debt with a kick or two, and then you can fight with a clear conscience."

" The growing light disclosed to him an object of terror " 150

"Kick me, will you?" exclaimed Sancho, who was not so pigeon-livered as to receive such a proposal meekly. "You'll find yourself kicking your heels in the other world if you try such pranks on me. Keep the peace, I say, or I'll write *pax* on your crown with the thick end of a cudgel."

Their brawl was interrupted by a sudden burst of song from a multitude of birds, who seemed with their sweet and various notes to be saluting the fair goddess of dawn, now showing her lovely face in the portals of the east, and shaking from her tresses a copious shower of liquid pearls to refresh the awakening flowers; the willows dropped sweet manna, the springs laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the fields were touched with splendour by her advent.

But the growing light, which was filling all the world with gladness, brought far different feelings to the valiant breast of Sancho, disclosing to him an object of terror, in the shape of a monstrous nose, which projected like a formidable beak from the face of the rival squire. The nose was of a mulberry tint, covered with warts, and hanging down half-a-foot below the owner's mouth. Sancho's heart died within him when he caught sight of that fearful proboscis, which he took for some new and perilous kind of weapon, and he looked round for his master, who was exchanging courtesies with him of the mirrors before taking ground for his career. The stranger knight had closed his vizor, so that his face could not be seen; but Don Quixote noted that he was clean-limbed and somewhat low in stature. Over his armour he wore a sort of tabard, seemingly of cloth of gold, and covered with a number of little mirrors, which made a gallant show as they flashed in the rays of the rising sun. His helmet

was crowned with a great tuft of green, yellow, and white feathers, and his lance, which he had leaned against a tree, was of great size and weight.

In the midst of these observations, Don Quixote was interrupted by Sancho, who came running up, with signs of great alarm, and taking hold of one of his stirrups, cried: "Look, master, the nose! the nose!" Don Quixote looked in the direction indicated, and seeing the squire with that extravagant feature concluded him to be some goblin or monster from another world.

"Help me to climb this cork-tree, dear master," said Sancho, in trembling tones: "I—I should like to have a good view of your brave duel with this knight." Don Quixote smiled at his squire's explanation, but he gave him the assistance required, and leaving him safely perched in the fork of the tree, set spurs to Rozinante and charged at full speed, with lance in rest, against him of the mirrors, who had pulled up in the middle of the field on seeing him engaged with Sancho, and was now spurring with might and main to urge his horse to the encounter. But the beast either could not, or would not, move, and before the knight had time to lower his lance Don Quixote was upon him, striking him with such force that he was dashed to the ground, where he lay without stirring hand or foot.

Hardly had Sancho seen him fall, when he slipped down from his perch, and came running up to his master, whom he found kneeling over his vanquished foe, and unlacing his helmet, to see if he was still alive. But what was Don Quixote's amazement when, on opening the vizor, he saw the flat nose, wide mouth, and round, fair face of the Bachelor, Samson Carrasco! "Look, Sancho," he cried,

"here is more glamour and enchantment; O that rogue of a magician, will he never cease persecuting me?"

Sancho gazed fearfully at the prostrate Bachelor, and, crossing himself devoutly, said: "Would it not be well, sir, to thrust your sword down the throat of this fellow, who looks like Carrasco, and so make an end of the enchanter who has taken his likeness?"

"'Tis well said," answered Don Quixote. "We shall have one enemy the less;" and he drew his sword, to carry out Sancho's advice. But at this moment the Squire of the Mirrors, who had now removed his monstrous nose, came running up, and cried in a loud voice: "Beware what you do, Sir Knight, for he who lies at your feet is your friend Samson Carrasco, and I am his squire."

"But where is your nose?" asked Sancho, glancing round at him. "Here," answered he, pulling that alarming feature, which was made of pasteboard, out of his pocket. Sancho looked at him more attentively, and presently cried out, in a loud voice of wonder: "Is not this my gossip and neighbour, Tomé Cecial?" "Ay, Sancho," answered the disnosed squire; "and I beseech thee, for old acquaintance sake, to intercede with thy master on behalf of this misguided and over-bold knight and bachelor."

Just then the unlucky Samson (for he it was) opened his eyes, and saw his conqueror standing over him, and brandishing a naked sword in his face. "Confess," said Don Quixote in stern tones, "that Dulcinea del Toboso outshines your lady Casildea in beauty, and promise to go and carry the news of your defeat to Dulcinea, and to bring back to me a faithful report of your interview: promise to do all this, or you shall die the death."

"I promise everything," answered the Bachelor, sullenly. "I prithee let me get up—that is, if I can, for I am fearfully bruised." Don Quixote and Tomé aided him to rise, and soon after the defeated knight and his squire went off together in a very bad humour, leaving Don Quixote with the firm conviction that the sudden transformation which he had just witnessed was wrought by enchanters, on purpose to diminish the lustre of his victory.

III

A few words are required to explain what motive induced the young graduate of Salamanca to disguise himself as a knight-errant, and provoke an encounter with Don Quixote. It will be remembered that when Don Quixote declared his resolve of setting out again in search of chivalrous adventures, he was openly countenanced and encouraged in his purpose by the Bachelor, who had been called in by the housekeeper with exactly the contrary intention. In this apparent double-dealing he was acting on the advice of the priest and barber, who, seeing that it was useless openly to oppose Don Quixote's infatuation, had determined to let him have his way, hoping, by means of a stratagem, to bring him back, and compel him to live quietly at home. After some debate, they hit upon a plan which seemed to promise success. It was agreed that Samson should equip himself as a knight, throw himself in Don Quixote's way, and defy him to single combat, making it a condition of the duel that he who was worsted should be at the disposal of his conqueror. Samson counted on an easy victory, which would empower him to exact a promise from Don Quixote

that he would return to his village and resume his peaceful occupations for a space of two years; and this, they hoped, would give time for his madness to burn itself out.

Such was this well-meant scheme, which was utterly frustrated, and turned to the opposite effect, by the unlooked-for overthrow of the Bachelor, who, as Sancho would have said, had come for wool, and went back shorn. Don Quixote was greatly uplifted by his triumph over the Knight of the Mirrors, and more confirmed in his knight-errantries than ever; while Samson retired, bruised and battered, but unsubdued in spirit, and resolved to try the issue again.

Don Quixote's Adventure with the Lions

"MASTER," said Sancho, "it is a strange thing, but I am still haunted by the prodigious nose of my old crony, Tomé Cecial."

"And dost thou still believe," answered Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the Mirrors was really Samson Carrasco, and his squire thy neighbour Tomé?"

"What am I to think," replied Sancho, "the face, the figure, and the voice were those of Tomé, and he spoke of my wife and children as one who had known them long."

"All fraud and imposture," said Don Quixote: "hast thou forgotten how, only two days back, the grace and loveliness of Dulcinea were changed by magic into the coarse semblance of a common farm-servant? All this is but child's play to the masters of the black art; but the day shall come when all their devices shall be brought to nought."

While thus conversing they had left the scene of their late adventure far behind them, and were beginning to look out for some place where they might find shelter from the noonday heat, when they heard the sound of a trotting horse coming up behind them, and were soon overtaken by a man of middle age, well-mounted on a dapple-grey mare. His dress and appearance showed him to be a country gentleman of the better class: he wore a hooded overcoat of fine green cloth, slashed with

tawny velvet, and a velvet cap of the same colour; his horse's trappings were of murrey and green, and he wore a hanger suspended from a broad shoulder-belt of green and gold, and Moorish riding-boots of the same fashion as the belt; and his spurs, instead of being gilded, were overlaid with green lacquer to match the rest of his equipment. He passed our two travellers with a civil greeting, and, spurring his mare, was pushing on before them; but Don Quixote said to him: "Fair sir, if you are not in haste, we should be pleased to have your company on the road." "Indeed," answered the gentleman, "I would gladly ride with you, but my mare is somewhat restive, and I feared there might be trouble." "As to that," said Sancho, "your worship need be under no concern, for my master's horse is a very lamb for meekness, and will neither give nor take offence."

With this assurance the Green Knight, as he had at once been dubbed by Don Quixote, drew rein, and accommodated his pace to the sober gait of Rozinante and Dapple. Having now leisure to observe the appearance of Don Quixote, he looked at him attentively, and could hardly disguise his astonishment at what he saw, having never in his life beheld so whimsical a figure. His curiosity was presently relieved, for Don Quixote, rightly interpreting his looks, gave a short account of himself, telling how he had devoted his life to reviving the extinct order of knights-errant, and redressing the evils of a naughty world. "And heaven has so prospered my efforts," he said in conclusion, "that there is not a house in Spain that has not heard of the famous deeds of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

The Green Knight now began to perceive that his new

acquaintance was some lunatic at large; but being requested by Don Quixote to make some return for his confidence, he readily complied, and gave an interesting description of his own life and occupations. "My name," he said, "is Don Diego de Miranda, and I live in a village not far from here. I pass my days with my wife, my children, and my friends. My pastimes are fishing and hunting, but I keep neither hawk nor greyhound, only a well-trained spaniel, and two or three lively ferrets. My serious hours are spent in study, for which purpose I have a small but choice library of books, sacred and profane. Sometimes I entertain my friends at my table, and at others they spread the board for me. My repasts are neat and plentiful, without extravagance. I am no lover of gossip, nor do I suffer others to offend my ears with idle tales of my neighbours. I go to Mass every day, and give freely to the poor, seeking not my own glory, but remembering to whom I owe my good things. I endeavour to reconcile those who are at enmity, I revere our Lady, and trust always in the infinite mercy of the Lord our God."

When the good gentleman had finished this pleasant description of a blameless life, Sancho, who had listened with devout attention, dropped from his saddle, and going up to him took hold of his right stirrup, and kissed his foot with an air of profound reverence. "By my faith," said the simple fellow, almost in tears, "this is the first saint on horseback that ever I set eyes on."

Don Quixote's melancholy features relaxed into a smile at Sancho's simplicity, and Don Diego knew not which to admire most, the mad fancies of the knight, or the oddity of the squire.

II

In answer to a question of Don Quixote's concerning his family, Don Diego mentioned that he had a son who had caused him no little anxiety by refusing to apply himself to any serious study, and devoting all his time to the idle and unprofitable pursuit of verse-making. This gave our knight an opportunity of displaying the other side of his character: for in commenting on the text supplied by his new friend's remark, he launched out into an eloquent discourse on the grandeur and national importance of the poet's vocation, and passing then to the subject of education protested against the unwisdom of ignoring the natural bias of a young mind, and forcing it into a channel for which it felt itself unfit. On these topics he spoke at some length, displaying such ripeness of judgment, and such propriety and elegance of language, that his hearer was more bewildered than ever to find so much wit and so much folly lodged together in the same head.

While the sage of La Mancha was giving his lecture, Sancho, who found the subject little to his taste, had stepped aside to buy a junket of some shepherds, who were milking their ewes in a field near the road. He was just paying for his purchase when he heard his master calling to him in a loud voice to bring his helmet, which Don Quixote had taken off, for coolness, and given to him to carry. The call was repeated in loud and peremptory tones; and Sancho, in his hurry and agitation, being loth to lose the curds, and not knowing where else to put them, poured the whole mess into the helmet, and ran off to attend his master.

He found Don Quixote engaged in a hot dispute with his companion, and pointing with eager gestures towards a closed waggon, drawn by mules, which was coming along the road, and from which fluttered a number of little banners, showing that the equipage was in the service of the king.

"Quick, man," cried the knight, as Sancho came up, "give me my helmet, for here is an adventure, if ever I saw one."

Sancho, having no time to empty the helmet, handed it to his master, curds and all; Don Quixote took it, and without looking inside, clapped it on his head, and the curds being packed tight in this novel cheese press, began to discharge the whey, which streamed freely over his face and beard.

"What means this, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote in startled tones: "is my skull turned to pulp, or are my brains melting, or is it sweat which is bathing me from head to foot? Surely I must be on the brink of some tremendous adventure. Give me something to wipe my face with, for this sweat, if sweat it is (though certainly not of fear), is blinding mine eyes."

Sancho brought him a cloth, and gave it to him without a word. Don Quixote, after wiping his face, took off his helmet, and peered inside. When he saw that white, pappy mess, he put the helmet to his nose, and having smelt it, cried out: "By the soul of Dulcinea, thou hast been putting curds into my headpiece, thou frontless villain!"

"Curds?" answered Sancho, with well-feigned indignation, "I put curds into your worship's helmet? Where should I get them from? And if I had any, where should

I put them, but into my own stomach? No, dear sir, this is no work of mine, but of some enchanter, who has a grudge against me, because I serve your honour."

"May be thou art right," said Don Quixote; and having now cleaned himself, and emptied the helmet, he set it firmly on his head, adjusted his sword hilt, and grasping his lance, cried with undaunted mien: "Now come what will, I am ready to meet it, though it were the Prince of Darkness himself."

The waggon was now close at hand, with two men in charge, one of whom, the driver, was riding on one of the mules, and the other sat in the front of the waggon. "Halt!" said Don Quixote, barring the way, "and say, what are you carrying in that cart?" "Sir," answered the driver, "in this cart, which belongs to me, are two fierce lions, which I am carrying as a present to his Majesty from the General at Oran." "Are they big, these lions?" asked Don Quixote. "So big," answered the man who was riding on the front seat, "that I never saw any of such a size, among all those which have been brought from Africa. They are male and female, in separate cages, and I am their keeper. Pray, sir, let us pass, for the beasts are hungry, having eaten nothing to-day, and I wish to reach a place where I can get meat for them."

Don Quixote paused awhile, as if lost in thought, and then said softly, with a gentle smile: "Lions? Little lions? —Do they come to me with their lions at such a time as this? Well, they will soon see how much I care for their lions." Then turning to the keeper, he said: "Get down, good fellow, and uncage these lions of yours, and I will teach them who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters who sent them hither."

"Aha!" said Don Diego to himself, "our knight gives token of his quality; methinks the curds have got inside his skull, and damaged his brain." "For the love of heaven!" cried Sancho, coming up to him, "do prevent my master from fighting these lions, or we are all dead men." "Can he be so mad as to think of it?" asked the gentleman. "He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but over-bold." "I will cool his valour," said Don Diego; and going up to Don Quixote, who was urging his request on the keeper, he said to him: "It is not courage, sir, but foolhardiness, to provoke such fearful perils for no good object. These lions have done you no harm, and mean you none; let them go, then, to the King, their rightful owner."

"Go home, sir," replied Don Quixote, "and attend to your spaniels and ferrets; this matter is beyond your reach." Then addressing the keeper, he said: "Open the cage at once, thou varlet, or I will nail thee to the waggon with this lance."

The carter, seeing that armed apparition so fixed in his resolve, said to him: "For pity's sake, good master, give me time to unyoke my mules and take them out of the way, for they and the waggon are my whole living, and if the lions kill my mules I shall be undone."

"O man of little faith!" replied Don Quixote, "dismount, and unyoke, if thou choosest. Thou wilt soon see that thy fears are idle."

"I call you all to witness," cried the keeper, while the driver made haste to uncouple his mules, "that I am acting under compulsion, and in fear of my life. Take care of yourselves, gentlemen, and get to a place of safety before I loose the lions: as to me, I have nothing to fear from them."

Sancho now came up to his master, and begged with tears in his eyes that he would abandon his insane purpose. "I have just been peeping," he said, "through a chink in the cage, and caught sight of a claw, and I am sure that the beast who owns it must be as big as a mountain."

"Measured by thy fears, Sancho," remarked Don Quixote, "he is doubtless as big as the globe. Now get thee gone, good friend, and if I fall, thou knowest what thou hast to do: carry the news to Dulcinea, and say—I need not tell thee what."

By this time the carter had unyoked his team, and riding one of the mules, and leading the other, he trotted off briskly with a rattle of jingling harness. Sancho followed close behind, fairly blubbering with grief for his master, whom he counted already dead, and terror for himself. He cursed his destiny, and deplored the evil hour in which he had consented once more to share the fortunes of Don Quixote; but in the midst of his lamentations he never ceased from laying the stick on Dapple, to get as far as he could from the cart. Don Diego considered a moment whether he should resort to force; but seeing himself overmatched in arms, and not deeming it prudent to engage in single combat with a madman, he decided on retreating, and setting spurs to his mare, soon overtook the others.

The lion-keeper waited until they were well out of reach, and then, after one more vain attempt to dissuade Don Quixote from his purpose, prepared to open the cage. Don Quixote, after some deliberation, had determined to meet the enemy on foot, fearing that Rozinante might take fright at the sight of the lions; so he sprang from his horse, laid aside his lance, drew his sword, and holding his

shield before him, advanced with measured step and dauntless mien to the door of the cage, commending himself with all his heart to heaven and his lady.

Seeing that there was no help for it, the keeper opened wide the door of the first cage, disclosing to view the male lion, who was of great size and appalling aspect. The lion, who had been lying down, rose and stretched himself, thrusting out his claws. Then, after a comfortable yawn, he put out his long tongue, and began to lick the dust from his eyes, and wash his face. Having finished his toilette he put his head out of the cage, and looked round on all sides with red and glaring eyes—a sight to strike terror into the most intrepid heart. But Don Quixote met his gaze without flinching, desiring nothing but that the lion would spring from his cage and come to close quarters, that he might hew him in pieces.

So far did his unexampled frenzy go: but the noble lion, with true kingly dignity, paid no attention to this boyish bluster, and after looking about him in every direction, turned slowly round, displaying his back parts to Don Quixote, and with great coolness and indifference flung himself down again in the cage. Upon this Don Quixote bade the keeper to take a stick, and provoke him by blows to come out. "I shall do no such thing," replied the man, "for if I irritate him, the first whom he will rend in pieces will be myself. Your grace has done all that honour requires: you have defied your adversary, face to face, and he has declined the encounter; the victory is therefore yours, and you may rest on your laurels without tempting Fortune further."

"'Tis well said," answered Don Quixote: "close the cage, my friend, and bear me witness that I have done my

devoir. Shut him up, I say, and I will signal to the runaways, that they may come back and learn from thy lips how I have borne myself in this great adventure."

The keeper did as he was ordered, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the towel with which he had wiped his face after the shower of curds, waved it aloft, and shouted to the party, who were still in full retreat, Sancho and the mule-driver leading, and the Green Knight bringing up the rear. Sancho, who turned his head at every step, saw the signal, and cried out: "My life for it, if my master has not killed those fierce beasts, for he is calling us."

They drew rein, and seeing that Don Quixote was still waving the cloth, ventured slowly back to the cart. When they came up, Don Quixote said to the driver: "Yoke your mules again, good fellow, and drive on; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, for the time which they have lost on my account."

The keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands, in gratitude for his bounty, and being called upon to bear witness to our hero's valour, gave a flowery description of his splendid behaviour in the face of that great peril, promising to tell the whole story to the King, when he saw him at Madrid. "And should his Majesty enquire," said Don Quixote, "who wrought this deed, you shall answer that it was *The Knight of the Lions*—for by this title I would have men call me in the future, as is the custom and wont of knights-errant, who change their names as they list according to their fortunes and achievements."

So ended this memorable exploit, which raised Don Quixote to the summit of knightly renown.

The Wedding of Camacho

I

DON QUIXOTE remained four days at Don Diego's house, having been pressed by that hospitable gentleman to spend some time with him as his guest. He had much pleasant discourse with his kind host, and Lorenzo, his son, who were alternately delighted by his wit and wisdom, and astounded by the persistency with which he clung to the old fatal delusion. "This is the strangest man I ever met," remarked Don Diego one evening to his wife: "Except on one subject, his words are those of a sage; and all his acts are those of a madman."

On the fifth day Don Quixote took leave of his entertainers, with many expressions of regard on both sides, and set out again in quest of adventures, attended by Sancho, who obeyed the summons with great reluctance, being loth to leave that house of plenty for the scanty fare and manifold hardships of knight-errantry.

Soon after they had left the village where Don Diego lived, they were overtaken by four men, riding on asses. Don Quixote saluted them courteously, and desired them to moderate their pace, that he might ride in their company, and his request being granted, he went on to inform them of his titles and profession. His strange language, and wild appearance, made them all stare; but they treated him with respect, and one of them, who was a student, advised

him to go with them to a neighbouring village, where a wedding was about to be celebrated, the fame of which had spread to all the country round. "The bridegroom," continued the student, "is one Camacho, a young farmer, surnamed the rich, on account of his great possessions; and the bride is Quiteria, called the fair. In age they are well matched, he being twenty-two, and she eighteen. Some say that she is of a higher family, but wealth levels all distinctions. The wedding-feast is to be held on the village-green, which Camacho has turned into a shady bower, by causing it to be covered with a roof of freshly cut boughs of trees. He is very free-handed, and there will be such feasting and merry-making as never was seen. But the cream of the matter remains to be told: there is a certain Basilio, a fine young lad, who was born and bred in the house next to Quiteria's, and was her playmate from childhood upwards. When they grew up, the whole village counted on their making a match of it—she, the prettiest lass in the place, and he, the best runner, wrestler, and sword-player, with a voice like a lark, and a hand on the guitar which makes it speak. But Quiteria's father, who saw how matters were going, and did not choose to give his daughter to a poor man, made up this marriage with Camacho, and shut his door in Basilio's face. And now all the village is agog to know what will happen at the wedding; for ever since Basilio heard of his sweetheart's betrothal, he has gone about like one distracted, and it is generally believed that he will do something desperate when the hour arrives which is to make her the wife of Camacho."

All this was fine news for Don Quixote, being the very stuff and fibre out of which adventures were woven, and he

at once determined to be present at the wedding, which was to take place next day, and watch for an opportunity of exhibiting his prowess. Night had fallen when they reached the village, where their ears were greeted by the sweet notes of flute and harp, mingled with a clamour of tabors, tambourines, and cymbals. As they approached, they saw a spacious pavilion, whose floor was of soft turf, and its roof and walls of green boughs, through which shone a multitude of lamps, burning with a steady flame ; for the breeze was so faint that it had hardly power to ruffle the leaves of the trees. Merry groups were passing to and fro in all directions, some dancing, some singing, others playing on all sorts of instruments. In short, it seemed that the very spirit of gaiety and revel had taken possession of that pleasant spot.

After viewing the scene of the festivities for a short time, Don Quixote bade good-night to the student and his companions, intending to take up his lodging in the nearest wood, as was the fashion among knights-errant ; and with him went Sancho, sorely against his will, and thinking regretfully of his comfortable quarters in the home of Don Diego.

II

Don Quixote's slumber was short and light, and the sun was hardly risen when he left his hard couch, and went to call Sancho. That simple, faithful soul was still sleeping heavily ; and before rousing him Don Quixote bent over him with a look of affection, and murmured softly : " Happy art thou, beyond the common lot of men, who liest thus, unenvied and unenvying, breathing in quiet slumber, whose

gentle spell banishes all thy little cares. Neither passion, nor ambition, nor the vain pomps of the world, have any power over thee; thou takest no thought for the morrow, knowing that thy master has charge to provide thee with daily bread. So it ever is: Nature deals gently with the lowliest of her children, and smooths their path. The servant sleeps, the master keeps vigil; the master's heart quakes at the tempest, and pines in the season of drought; but the servant goes whistling to his labour, in fair and in foul, assured that he whom he has served in the days of plenty will not let him starve in times of famine."

Finding that Sancho's slumbers were likely to be prolonged, Don Quixote at length touched him with the butt-end of his lance, and when he had come to himself, he sat up and said, sniffing the air: "Either I am greatly deceived, or there is a savour and perfume coming from that pavilion over there which speaks much more of broiled bacon than of wild thyme and galingale. A wedding which begins with such a comfortable smell is likely, methinks, to be bountiful and generous."

"Enough, thou glutton," said Don Quixote; "make haste, and let us see what the scorned Basilio will do."

"A fig for Basilio!" rejoined Sancho; "the lady would be a fool indeed if she preferred him, with all his airs and graces, to the rich Camacho, who can load her with jewels, and give her all that her heart can desire. Will this fine gallant ever earn the price of a cup of wine with his tennis-play and tricks of fence? No, no; Camacho's the man for me; the other may be a very pretty fellow, but marrying without money is like building without a foundation."

"A truce to thy prating!" said Don Quixote testily.

"Come, the music is beginning, and we have no time to lose, for doubtless the marriage will be celebrated in the coolness of the morning."

A few minutes later they rode into the village, and there they saw a sight which gladdened the eyes of Sancho. In the centre of the green an enormous fire was blazing, and before it was roasting the whole carcase of a bullock, spitted on a stout stake of elmwood. Round the fire were ranged six great pots of earthenware, each as big as a wine-cask, and containing a full-grown sheep, which was swallowed up and lost in the depths of that huge cauldron. Hares ready skinned, and fowls plucked and trussed, were hanging from the trees by hundreds, waiting for interment in the pots; and as to the smaller birds and other kinds of game, which were hung up in the shade to cool, there was no counting them. Sancho counted more than sixty wine-skins, holding at least a firkin apiece, and all full, as afterwards appeared, of generous wines. Loaves of the finest flour were piled up in heaps, and cheeses, arranged like bricks set up to dry, made a wall. Two portly jars, like vats in a dye-house, supplied the oil for frying dough-nuts, which were first browned well in boiling oil, and then withdrawn in two broad shovels, and steeped in a third jar, which stood ready, filled with honey. The cooks, men and women, numbered more than fifty, all clean, all busy, and all cheerful. Inside the bullock, sewn up in his capacious belly, were twelve delicious little sucking-pigs, which, roasting with the carcase, made it succulent and tender. In a great chest were displayed all kinds of spices, which seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the peck. In short, the materials for this rustic feast were provided on so grand

a scale that they would have sufficed for the appetite of a whole army.

All this Sancho beheld, and all this he fell in love with. He knew not which way to turn, so much was he enamoured with everything that he saw. He gazed affectionately at the boiling cauldrons, and would fain have helped himself to a moderate stewpanful; then his heart yearned towards the wine-skins,—and then again those crisp dough-nuts, with their golden brown, made his mouth water. At last he could bear it no longer, but, drawn by a force which he could not resist, went up to one of the bustling cooks, and with hungry mien and courteous words begged to be allowed to dip a morsel of bread in one of those pots. "Brother," answered the cook, "to-day at least hunger is not allowed to reign, thanks to the wealthy Camacho. Look about for a ladle, and skim off a fowl or so, and I hope it will do you good."

"I don't see any ladle," answered Sancho. "Bless the man!" cried the cook, "how shamefaced and helpless he is!" And taking up a cooking-pot, he dipped it into one of the cauldrons, and brought out three fowls and two geese, which he held out to Sancho, saying: "There, friend, this little snack will serve to stay your stomach until dinner." "But I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then take pot and all," replied the man. "Camacho's not the one to grudge it."

Carrying his "little snack" with him, Sancho went to look for his master, and found him watching the wedding sports, which were now in full swing. Just at this moment a troop of a dozen young farmers, all handsomely mounted and dressed in holiday attire, came cantering on to the green, with joyful shouts and a merry

jingling of bells, which hung from their horses' breast harness. Keeping good order, they careered up and down the field, crying out: "Long live Camacho and Quiteria; he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!" Then followed a sword-dance, performed with wonderful dexterity by four and twenty lusty youths, all dressed in spotless white linen, and wearing on their heads fine silken turbans of various colours. Even Don Quixote, who was a connoisseur, declared that he had never seen anything to equal it.

A rumbling of wheels was now heard, and a wooden castle came slowly forward, drawn by four men disguised as savages in jerkins of green sackcloth and long festoons of ivy, and looking so fierce that Sancho was somewhat alarmed. On the top of the castle sat a maiden, and behind it walked eight village girls, divided into two rows, and dressed in symbolical costumes. Each of the two parties was led by a youthful figure in male attire. "'Tis a pretty piece of mummery," remarked Sancho, "but what does it mean?" "It is a masque," explained Don Quixote, "or allegorical play, representing the two ruling passions of human nature. He who leads the first party is Cupid, the god of love, with his four supporters, Poetry, Discretion, Good Lineage, and Valour; and the leader of the other is Interest, whose followers are Liberality, Bounty, Treasure, and Peaceful Possession. See, Cupid is aiming his arrow at the maiden in the castle! Now Interest has his turn, and bombards the castle with gilded balls. Which of them, I wonder, will win the day?"

Even as he spoke, the question seemed to be answered in favour of Interest, who took a heavy purse and flung it at the castle with such force that the walls fell down with a

crash, leaving the maiden without defence. Interest rushed up with his party, and throwing a chain of gold round her neck, was leading her away captive, when Cupid brought his followers to the rescue, and a mock struggle ensued. At last the two rival factions were reconciled by the intervention of the four men in green, the ruined castle was built up again with great expedition, and the pageant ended amid the loud applause of the spectators.

Don Quixote was informed by one of the bystanders that the masque had been arranged by the parish priest, who had a fine gift of dramatic invention. "I should judge," observed our knight, "that this priest favours Camacho rather than Basilio." "And right too!" cried Sancho, showing his cooking-pot full of geese and fowls; "it will be a long time before I get such a ladleful as this from Basilio's kitchen"; and picking out a fowl, he began to eat with infinite relish. "What care I," continued he, talking with his mouth full, "for this young spark with all his fine doings? The scrapings of Camacho's dish are better than the whole larder of Basilio. Talk to me of valour! Give me sterling value, I say, in good current coin." And so he went on, moralising and stuffing; and the smell of the stew was so tempting that Don Quixote would have kept him company, had not his attention been diverted by a loud shout from the green, announcing the arrival of the bridal party.

III

Leaning on her father's arm, and followed by a throng of friends and relations, the bride walked demurely through the shouting multitude, with the priest and bridegroom in

close attendance. She was dressed, as Sancho remarked, more like a grand Court lady than a simple village maiden; her robe was of rich green velvet, trimmed with white satin; round her neck she wore a coral necklace, and her fingers were loaded with rings, heavily jewelled. "Marry hang the hussy!" cried Sancho, unable to contain his wonder. "Did you ever see such hair?—so long and so red—I never saw the like in all my days;—but perhaps it's false. A strapping lass she is, to be sure, like a date-palm with its load of fruit; I warrant her to win her way against any odds."

The procession passed on until it came to a sort of theatre, decorated with green boughs and carpets, where the marriage ceremony was to take place. At this moment a commotion arose among the crowd, and a voice was heard, crying: "Wait awhile, ye people, so heedless and so hasty!" All turned their heads to see who was the speaker; and in another moment he appeared, pushing his way through the press, and advancing towards the spot where the bride and bridegroom were standing. He wore a black tunic, slashed so as to show a flame-coloured lining. On his head was a garland of cypress, and he carried in his hand a stout staff. As he drew near he was recognised by all as the gallant Basilio, and there was a sort of sob of suspended emotion as the people waited to see what the rejected lover would do. Slowly he came up to the bridal pair, and stopping in front of them, planted his staff in the ground, and with his eyes fixed on Quiteria, said in a hollow and broken voice: "Thou knowest, Quiteria, that so long as I live thou canst not wed with another. Thou art bound to me by a sacred tie, which cannot be broken save by mutual consent. But

since thy fickle heart has been turned from me by the glitter of a rich man's gold, I will not stand in thy way. Let the wealthy Camacho live, and crown his fortune, already heaped with blessing, with the one treasure which should have been mine; and let the poor Basilio die, and carry with him to the grave the curse which poverty has brought upon him."

Having thus spoken, he plucked from the staff which he had planted before him a long glittering poniard, and fixing the weapon by the hilt in the turf, flung himself with desperate resolution on the point; and there he lay, bathed in blood, with half the blade protruding between his shoulders.

Don Quixote, who was close at hand, seated on Rozinante, dismounted instantly, and kneeling by Basilio's side, took him in his arms and found that he was still breathing. The wounded man's friends came flocking round, and proposed to draw out the dagger; but the priest insisted on hearing his confession first, as he was sure to die as soon as the weapon was removed. Meanwhile, however, Basilio recovered from his swoon, and, speaking with pain and effort, said: "Cruel Quiteria, if thou wouldst give me thy hand in marriage, now when I am in the very pangs of death, methinks I might win pardon for this rash deed, having gained by it the joy of calling thee mine."

"This is no time," said the priest severely, "to fix thy mind on the vain things of the flesh. Turn thy thoughts heavenwards, my son, and pray that thou mayest be pardoned for thy great sin." Basilio vowed that he would never confess, but would die in his guilt, unless Quiteria consented to his last request. "He is very right," cried Don Quixote in a loud voice, "and Camacho may

feel himself honoured in espousing a brave man's widow, the more so that the marriage is a mere name, and there is but one step from the altar to the grave."

Basilio's friends now pressed round Camacho, urging him to allow the ceremony to take place; and he, thinking that he was deferring the fulfilment of his wishes only for a moment, at last gave his consent. They next applied to Quiteria, who for some time seemed bent on refusing, and met all their tearful entreaties with a stony silence. "Come, despatch," said the priest, approaching. "Let it be Yes or No; there is no time for dallying, for Basilio's spirit is fluttering between his teeth, and if you hesitate it will be too late."

Then Quiteria, with slow and faltering step, went to the place where her lover was lying, and sinking on her knees, made signs that he was to give her his hand. Basilio gazed earnestly upon her, and said: "Thou hast deceived me in life, Quiteria, but do not deceive me in death: confess and declare that what thou doest is done of thy own free will, and that in giving me thy hand, thou givest me thy heart also." Thereupon he fell back fainting, so that all who saw him thought that he was breathing his last. But once more he came to himself, and Quiteria, taking his hand, said, with her face covered with blushes: "Of my own free choice I take thee for my lawful husband, if, with mind unclouded by thy present strait, thou canst say that such is thy true intent." "With true intent," answered Basilio, "and in full possession of all my faculties, I take thee to wife." "So be it, then," replied Quiteria, "and so it shall be, whether thou livest many years, or whether they carry thee from my arms to the tomb."

"To hear this lad talk," remarked Sancho at this point, "you would hardly suppose that he was mortally wounded. If his spirit is in his teeth, it makes his tongue very lively. Let him confess and be shriven, or he will be found courting and wooing with his last breath."

The lovers remained with hands joined, while the priest, who was much affected, pronounced a blessing; and no sooner had he ended than the newly-made husband, leaping to his feet, with incredible coolness drew forth the poniard which seemed to be sheathed in his body. All those who stood near were amazed, and some, who were more credulous than critical, cried, "A miracle! a miracle!" "No miracle, but contrivance," said Basilio; and throwing back his coat he showed an iron tube, which had been arranged to receive the weapon, and had been filled with blood specially prepared to prevent it from congealing.

Learning from the priest that the marriage, having been brought about by a trick, was null and void, Quiteria declared roundly that she would abide by her word, thus making it plain that the whole was a plot, concerted between her and Basilio. Camacho and his friends were so enraged to find themselves thus fooled, that they drew their swords, and prepared to take speedy vengeance, while the supporters of Basilio, who were almost as numerous, were not less prompt in his defence. Don Quixote, on horseback, and armed with shield and spear led the defending party, while Sancho, with a fine instinct, took sanctuary near the cauldrons which had furnished his stew, thinking that he would be safe from violence in that sacred spot.

Our knight's aspect was so formidable that Camacho's adherents fell back a little, and perceiving his advantage, he raised his voice, and said: "Consider, sirs, before you proceed to bloodshed, whether you have justice on your side. You know the old saying, that all is fair in love and war, and you know also that in employing this stratagem Basilio was seeking to gain possession of what was his own already, in the sight of Heaven. Let not Camacho, who is otherwise so favoured of Fortune, envy his rival this one ewe lamb, which is all his wealth. If this is not enough, here I stand, ready to maintain the right against all comers"; and thereupon he brandished his lance with such vigour and dexterity that all who did not know him thought him a very paladin.

Don Quixote's arguments were backed by the priest, who put the case so strongly that Camacho, who was a sensible fellow, began to think himself lucky to have escaped from wedding a lady whose heart belonged to another. And in order to prove how little he felt his disappointment, he gave orders that the feasting and merry-making should go on, as if the marriage had really come to pass.

Gladly would Sancho have remained among the flesh-pots, and played his part as a valiant trencherman; but he was called to attend his master, who had been invited by the newly-wedded pair to accompany them to their village. And so, with many a "longing, lingering look behind," and carrying with him his stew-pan, which was now nearly empty, he rode slowly and sadly from the place of his delight.

The Adventure of the Enchanted Bark

ABOUT a week after the incidents last related, our two wanderers arrived at the river Ebro, a fair and copious stream, whose clear waters, flowing with placid current through a smiling landscape, awakened in Don Quixote's susceptible bosom a thousand romantic thoughts. As he passed along the river-side, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," he came upon a little boat, without oars or tackle, which was fastened to a tree overhanging the water. He looked round for the owner of the boat, but seeing no one he forthwith dismounted, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and secure Rozinante and Dapple by tying them fast to a willow which grew near. Sancho asked him what he proposed to do, and Don Quixote answered: "This bark, Sancho, is calling to me and inviting me in open and manifest terms to take my place in it, and go to the aid of some knight or other person of rank, who is doubtless in some perilous strait. It may be that he who has need of me is two or three thousand leagues distant from this spot, and therefore the magician who has care of him places this enchanted bark in my way, to waft me with the speed of thought to the land where the valour of my arm is needed."

"It is for you to command, and for me to obey," said Sancho, with a sigh. "If your worship has got scent of

another adventure, there is no help for it; nevertheless I would take leave to observe that this enchanted bark is neither more nor less than a fishing-boat, of which there are plenty about here, the river being famous for its shad." So saying, he went with gloomy resignation to tie up the animals, and then, returning to his master, asked what was to be done next? "Done?" answered Don Quixote, "commend ourselves to Heaven, and up anchor,—I should say, cut the cord by which this bark is tied." With that he leapt into the boat, and Sancho followed. The rope was cut, the boat drifted out into the current, and Sancho, who was no sailor, seeing himself at least two yards from the bank, fell into a great trembling, and gave himself up for lost. To add to his distress, at this moment Dapple began to bray, and Rozinante tugged at his halter, seeing which Sancho remarked to his master: "How pitifully Dapple calls to us to come back, and there is Rozinante trying to break away and plunge in after us! Peace be with you, beloved friends! And may we learn our folly in time, and seek your sweet society again!" Thereupon he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote lost temper, and rebuked him severely. "What fearest thou, miserable coward? Why weepest thou, heart of bread-and-butter? Who persecutes or distresses thee, soul of a domestic mouse? What lackest thou yet, cradled in the bosom of abundance? One would think that thou wert wandering barefoot in the stony wilds of Caucasus, instead of sitting, as thou art, like an archduke, and floating on this placid stream down towards the boundless sea. We have travelled already, as I should judge, seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had the proper instruments I could tell thee exactly where we are,

—though I conjecture that we are nearing the Equator, if we have not passed it already."

"No doubt your worship knows best," replied Sancho. "But, if I were asked, I should put the distance at something less—say, five or six yards. I want no other instruments than my own eyes to show me Dapple and Rozinante, standing yonder in the place where we left them; and, as to this magic bark, it seems to me to be moving no faster than a snail."

"Thou art a dunce, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and judgest grossly, according to thy dull earthly sense. If thy vision were purged and exalted by science, thou couldst read better the signs of the heavens, and then thou wouldst know how vast a space we have traversed."

The boat now began to move faster, and rounding a bend of the river they came in sight of a large water-mill, built across the current. "Look!" cried Don Quixote, in excited tones; "we are now approaching the city, castle, or stronghold, in which is imprisoned the knight, princess, or other distressed person, for whose relief I have been brought hither."

"Bless my stars!" answered Sancho, "cannot your worship see that this is neither city, nor castle, nor fortress, but a mill for grinding corn?"

"Thou art deceived again," said Don Quixote. "Wilt thou never learn to distrust appearances, and not to credit the lying images conjured up by enchantment? It looks like a mill, but it is nothing of the sort."

The banks of the river narrowed, and the force of the current increased, sweeping the boat rapidly towards the place where the great mill-wheels were thundering and churning up the water. Happily for our rash voyagers,

at this moment a number of men employed in the mill came running out, armed with long poles, and stood ready to stop the boat. Being covered from head to foot with mill-dust, they looked weird and fantastic enough as they stood brandishing their poles, and shouting some words, which were drowned by the roar of the wheels. And Don Quixote said to Sancho, "Didn't I tell thee that I should shortly have occasion to prove the valour of my arm? Look at that ruffian crew, sallying forth to bar the approach to the castle. Aha! villains, I will soon show you!"—and, standing up in the boat, he began fencing in the air with his sword, crying to the millers: "Hearken, desperate and misguided horde! Set free the captive whom ye keep immured in this castle or fortress, whatever be his rank or station, for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, sometimes called the Knight of the Lions, and ordained by divine mandate to bring this adventure to a happy issue."

The millers paid no attention to this rhapsody, but caught the boat, just as it was entering the mill-race, and drew it towards the bank. Whether by accident or design, the boat was capsized within a yard of the shore, and Sancho, who was on his knees, praying fervently, was flung with his master into the water. They were drawn, dripping and gasping, to land, and Sancho no sooner felt firm ground under his feet than he dropped on his knees again, and put up a long and devout prayer to Heaven that he might never more take part in the hare-brained enterprises of his master.

Sancho had just finished his devotions, and was sitting, wet and disconsolate, on the bank, when he was suddenly accosted by two or three fishermen, who seized him

roughly, and demanded payment for the loss of their boat, which had been broken up by the mill-wheels. Don Quixote came to his assistance, and said that he would willingly pay for the damage, on condition that the person or persons immured in that castle should be instantly set at liberty. "What is this talk about castles and prisoners, witless man?" asked one of the millers. "Do you want to take with you the people who bring their corn to be ground at our mill?"

"I see how it is," said Don Quixote to himself; "there are two powerful enchanters concerned in this affair, and between them they have brought matters to a standstill. One of them put the bark in my way, and the other tipped me into the water. Alas for the cross-currents and counter-workings of the powers that govern this world! Let Heaven amend it, for I can do no more." Then, speaking aloud, and looking towards the mill, he said: "Friends, whoever ye be, imprisoned in this castle, my ill fortune and yours prevents me from succouring you in your affliction: forgive me, therefore, seeing that this adventure is reserved for some other knight."

Having said this, he told Sancho to satisfy the fishermen's claim, which amounted to fifty reals, and Sancho, after much grumbling, paid the money, observing that two such boating-trips would send their last farthing to the bottom. After this they were suffered to depart, and made their way back to the place where they had left Dapple and Rozinante.

Don Quixote becomes the Guest of a Duke

I

PENSIVE and silent the knight and squire mounted their beasts and rode away from the river, Don Quixote sunk in amorous meditation, and Sancho planning how he might best break off his present partnership, which seemed to promise so little profit to himself. But Fortune had better things in store for him than he supposed. For on the evening of the next day, as they were entering a clearing in the forest, they were met by a gay company on horseback; and a little in advance of the others was a lady, riding on a milk-white palfrey, with green trappings, and silver-mounted saddle, and dressed in a rich green habit of most rare device. On her left wrist she carried a hawk, and Don Quixote perceived at once that she was some great lady, and that the rest of the party were her attendants. So he bade Sancho carry his respectful greetings to her Highness, and say that he, the Knight of the Lions, begged leave to come and kiss her hands, and place himself at her disposal, in whatever she might command. "And choose thy words heedfully, son Sancho, taking care not to offend her ears with thy rude and rustic proverbs." "Trust me for that," answered Sancho: "I know how to deal with these dainty dames: a full pocket has no fear of quarter-day,—where

there are flitches, you will never want rashers, and a man with wits is never at a loss."

The Duchess (for her rank was no less) already knew Don Quixote by report, for his mad whims and extravagant freaks had by this time made his name quite notorious; so she received his ambassador with much kindness, gave a gracious assent to his offer of service, and after some pleasant conversation, Sancho was sent back to his master, to whom he gave a glowing account of the noble lady's beauty and condescension. A messenger was at once despatched to summon the duke, who arrived on the scene just as Don Quixote, collecting all his dignity, rode forward to the place where the ducal party stood. When he was close at hand, he drew up, and waited for Sancho to come and hold his stirrup; but unluckily Sancho, in dismounting from Dapple, caught his foot in a rope belonging to the pack-saddle, and rolling over, remained dangling with his head downwards and his feet in the air. Don Quixote, whose mind was preoccupied by the approaching interview, thinking that Sancho had his stirrup fast, flung his weight into it with such suddenness that the saddle slipped, and he fell with no little violence to the ground. The Duke ordered his servants to extricate the knight and squire from their uncomfortable position, and Don Quixote, being set on his feet, came up, limping painfully, to the Duke and Duchess, and made as if he would kneel to them; but he was prevented by the Duke, who sprang from his horse, and, embracing him, said: "It grieves me, Sir Knight of the Doleful Visage, that your first appearance on my land has been so like your name; but worse things have happened through the carelessness of squires."

"Though I had fallen," answered Don Quixote loftily, "into the bottomless pit, the glory of having seen you, valiant Prince, would have given me wings to ascend again. But whether I be fallen or uplifted, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your service, and at the service of that star of beauty, that mirror of courtesy, your gracious consort the Duchess."

"Not so fast, Sir Knight," said the Duke, smiling. "Your words imply some disparagement of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho, who was standing near, thrust in his word, and said: "When none is looking for her, up pops the hare; Dame Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one pretty pitcher, can make a hundred; so there is no lack of pretty faces, and though my lady Dulcinea is comely, the Duchess is no less so."

"This squire of mine," observed Don Quixote to the Duchess, "is the maddest wag, and the greatest babbler, that ever served knight-errant, as your Grace will learn, if I have the honour of serving you for a few days."

"I promise myself much entertainment from his wit," replied the Duchess; "and if you will accompany us to our castle, we hope to convince you that we know how to receive so distinguished a guest as yourself." The invitation was warmly seconded by the Duke; and when Sancho had adjusted Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote mounted, and was conducted by his noble hosts to their hunting seat.

II

Some time before they arrived at the castle, the Duke excused himself, and rode forward to give instructions to

his household as to the proper manner of receiving these strange guests. Both he and the Duchess were deeply read in the books of chivalry, and delighted to form the acquaintance of a man who had modelled his life on those preposterous romances, expecting to make matter for infinite laughter by complying with his mad humour. Accordingly, when Don Quixote appeared with the Duchess and her train, he was received with profound respect; two lacqueys, in gorgeous liveries, lifted him from the saddle, two beautiful maidens threw a rich scarlet robe over his shoulders, and then he was ushered into a spacious corridor, filled with a throng of bowing domestics, who cried with one voice: "Welcome to the flower and cream of knights-errant!" while some of them sprinkled him with phials of perfumed water. It was indeed a proud moment for the Knight of La Mancha, who saw himself treated, for the first time in his life, with the reverence due to his great profession.

Sancho, who had attached himself closely to the Duchess, followed her into the castle, leaving Dapple outside. But feeling some compunction at this desertion of his long-eared friend, he addressed himself to a venerable duenna who had come out with the others to receive her lady, and said to her in a low voice: "Worthy Madam, I have left a dappled ass, belonging to me, at the castle gate: the poor little beast is somewhat fearful, and doesn't like being alone at all: would you be kind enough to take him to the stable, or see that someone does it?"

"Hoity-toity!" cried the dame, incensed at this affront to her dignity. "If the master has as much wit as the man, we are in luck. Off with you, saucy companion, and plague take you, and him who brought you hither! See

to the ass yourself, for the ladies of this house are not accustomed to such employment."

"I have heard from my master," rejoined Sancho, "that when Lancelot came to Britain, duennas took care of his steed—and I am sure my ass is as good as his horse."

The dispute grew hotter, and at last Sancho crowned his offence by a rude allusion to the lady's age, whereupon she flew into a passion, and screamed so loud that the Duchess heard her, and asked what was the matter. "The matter is," replied the infuriated dame, "that this fellow asks me to put his ass in the stable, quoting some crazy ballad to support his impudence; and because I refused, he calls me old."

"That is certainly a grave offence," remarked the Duchess.

"Madam," replied Sancho, "I did not mean it so: only I love my ass so much, that I asked this good lady to take care of him, because she has such a kind face."

Leaving the duenna somewhat mollified by this apology, Sancho went to attend his master at his toilette, as the dinner-hour was approaching. When they were alone together, Don Quixote rebuked him for the freedom of his behaviour in that high presence, and warned him to keep a guard on his tongue in future. Sancho promised amendment, and soon after they were summoned to the dining-hall, where they found their hosts waiting for them, with a grave ecclesiastic, who was the Duke's confessor and spiritual adviser. This dignitary looked sourly at Don Quixote, and hardly deigned to acknowledge his respectful greeting.

The Duke invited Don Quixote to take the head of the table. Don Quixote declined politely, saying that it

was too high an honour. The Duke insisted, and after a vast amount of complimenting and protesting, our knight was compelled to yield the point, and take the chief seat. Opposite to him was the sullen cleric, and the Duke and Duchess placed themselves to the right and left. Sancho, who had posted himself behind his master's chair, listened with great attention to the contest of courtesy between Don Quixote and his hosts, and when it was settled he said: "If I have permission I could tell a good story about this matter of seats." At the sound of his voice Don Quixote winced visibly, fearing that Sancho would make him ridiculous. "Fear not, dear sir," said Sancho, observing the gesture, "it's a very good story, and very much to the point." "Well, go on," replied his master, "but make it as short as thou canst." "'Tis as true as gospel, this story," continued Sancho, "and my master knows it." "True or false," cried the knight impatiently, "it's all one to me. Proceed, I say, but consider well thy words." "They are very well considered," said Sancho, with a wink; "never fear, none can get at me here." Don Quixote here turned to the Duke and Duchess, and said: "Your Graces had better order this booby out, or there will be no end to his gabble." "No, no," answered the Duchess, "I'll not be parted from my Sancho; I love him much, for he is a very pleasant[1] fellow." "Pleasant be the days of your holiness," cried Sancho, "for thinking so well of me. But to our tale: There was in my village a wealthy and high-born gentleman, who invited—but first you must know that this gentleman came of the first grandees in Spain, and his wife was a daughter of that Don Alonso who was drowned in the great shipwreck off

[1] *I.e.* witty, as often in the older writers.

Malaga, the same Don Alonso about whom there was a brawl some years ago in our village, when that naughty little rogue, Thomas, the blacksmith's son, was wounded. My master will bear me out in this, for he took part in the affair."

"So far," said Don Quixote, "thou hast not departed from the truth; but the story, man, the story!"

"Don't hurry him," interposed the Duchess. "I could listen to him for a week."

"I say, then," continued Sancho, "that this gentleman —dear man, I knew him so well—his house was not a bow-shot from mine."

"O, go on!" groaned the priest. "Art thou going to keep us waiting till the day of judgment?"

"I shall have finished in half that time, with heaven's blessing," rejoined Sancho. "Invited, as I was saying, a certain farmer, poor but honest, to dinner. The farmer came, and the gentleman who had invited him—heaven rest his soul, for he made a blessed end, as I afterwards heard, though I was not there, having taken a job at harvesting away from home."

"Get in your own harvest," cried the cleric, "and don't stop to bury the gentleman, or there will be more work for the undertaker."

"You must know, then, that just as they were going to sit down at table—I mean these two, the gentleman and the farmer—which I think I see them now, as large as life——" Here he paused again, as if lost in that agreeable retrospect; while Don Quixote fidgeted, the priest fumed, and the Duke and Duchess laughed inwardly, being highly diverted by Sancho's garrulity and its effect on the others.

"Well," resumed Sancho, "as I was telling you, they were just going to sit down, and the gentleman would have it that the farmer should take the head of the table, but the farmer wouldn't hear of it, protesting that he knew his place better. At last the gentleman, being provoked by his obstinacy, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him by force into the chair, crying, *Sit down, you bumpkin, for wherever I sit will be head of the table to you.* This is the story, and I think it is not much beside the mark."

At this unexpected conclusion Don Quixote's swarthy visage was mottled with yellow, and the Duchess, fearing a violent explosion, swallowed her laughter, and turned the conversation by asking what was the last news of Dulcinea. Don Quixote rose to the bait, and for the rest of the meal all their talk was of giants and captive princesses, "of forests and enchantments drear." The priest listened with growing irritation to all these extravagances, and at last, losing all patience, he rebuked his patrons severely for encouraging a madman in his vagaries. "And as for you, Don Quixote, or Don Crackpate, or whatever your name is, you had better go home and take care of your family, and give up these fooleries, never seen or heard before out of a madhouse."

Don Quixote replied with great keenness and spirit, and proved himself more than a match for the enraged ecclesiastic, who, finding that his monitions were received with ridicule, bounced out of the room, vowing that he would never appear again as long as that madman was in the house.

When dinner was over, the Duchess withdrew to her private apartments taking with her Sancho, whose oddities and droll sayings diverted her beyond measure.

III

The steward of the Duke's household was a clever and humorous fellow, and having obtained permission of his master, two or three days after Don Quixote's arrival he arranged a pageant which was well calculated to act on the knight's disordered fancy.

On the day appointed, the Duke and Duchess, with Sancho and his master, were sitting in the garden after dinner, when suddenly they heard the dismal squeaking of a fife, and the hoarse sounds of a "boisterous, untuned drum." All waited in suspense to learn the meaning of that martial music. Don Quixote pricked up his ears, and Sancho, in great alarm, took refuge behind the chair of the Duchess. Presently three men entered the garden, clothed from head to foot in sable weeds of woe. One of them played the fife, and the other two banged a pair of drums; and their instruments, like themselves, were draped with black. Behind them walked, with steps timed to the music, a man of gigantic figure, robed in a loose black gown, with a long train sweeping the ground at his heels. An enormous scimitar, with sheath and hilt of blackened metal, hung by a broad baldrick, of the same mournful hue, from his shoulder. On his face he wore a veil of crape, below which descended a long snow-white beard. Slowly and majestically he came on, and on arriving at the place where the Duke was standing, he dropped on his knees, and began to speak; but the Duke refusing to hear him in that position, he rose to his feet, and, fixing his eyes on the Duke, said in deep tones fetched up from the depths of his cavernous breast:—

"High and mighty Prince, my name is Trifaldin of the

White Beard, and I am squire to the Countess Trifaldin, whose new title is the Doleful Duenna; as her envoy have I come, craving licence for her to appear in your presence and tell her tale of woe, the woefullest and dolefullest that ever fell on mortal ear. She has come on foot, and fasting, all the way from the kingdom of Candaya, in search of the undaunted and indomitable knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and hearing that he is staying as a guest in your castle, she awaits only your permission to enter and make her petition to him face to face."

"Bid your mistress approach," answered the Duke. "Here stands Don Quixote, ready to aid her with heart and hand; and for myself, I promise to do all that in me lies to relieve her in her distressful state."

Trifaldin made his obeisance, the drums beat, the fife struck up a marching tune, and with the same slow and stately gait with which he had entered, the envoy withdrew.

After a short interval the music was heard again, and twelve duennas, walking two and two, filed into the garden, all dressed like nuns, in flowing robes of serge, and over these veils of white cambric, reaching to their skirts. After these came the white-bearded squire, leading by the hand the Countess Trifaldi, whose gown was of black bombazine, with a triple train, borne by three pages, all dressed in mourning. From the last-mentioned circumstance the Countess derived her name, which signifies *The Countess with the Triple Train.* All the ladies wore heavy black veils, entirely concealing their faces.

On reaching the place where the Duke and his party stood waiting, the twelve duennas halted, and drew up in

two lines, facing each other, through which the Countess passed, still keeping hold of Trifaldin's hand. The Duke advanced to meet her, and conducted her to a seat by the side of the Duchess. After some exchange of courtesies, the Countess asked leave to tell her story; and permission being granted, she proceeded as follows:—

"Maguncia, Queen of Candaya, a famous land lying to the south of Trapobana,[1] had an only daughter named Antonomasia, and I, as chief of the Queen's duennas, was chosen to have sole charge of her rearing and education. She grew up a paragon of beauty and good sense, and at the age of fourteen was wooed and won by Don Clavijo, a gallant young cavalier of the Court, with whom, by my connivance, she entered into a secret marriage; for, she being a princess, and he but a poor gentleman, we knew that the Queen would never have consented to the union. After some months, during which Clavijo visited his wife in secret, the Queen got wind of the matter, and applied to the Church to separate the young pair; but to her intense chagrin the marriage was declared valid, and within three days of the decision the Queen died of pure spite and vexation.

"On the day of her burial, just as the last farewell had been spoken, there appeared on the top of her tomb the giant Malambruno, who was the Queen's first cousin, and an evil wizard. By his magic art he turned the young Antonomasia into a brazen monkey, and her husband into a crocodile, of some unknown metal, and declared that they should never return to their proper shape until Don Quixote de la Mancha should come and engage him in single combat, to which end he promised to send a

[1] Ceylon. "The famous realm of Candaya" is, of course, mythical.

wondrous wooden horse, who would waft the valiant Manchegan in the twinkling of an eye to the distant realm of Candaya.

"Nor did his vengeance stop here; for having summoned all the duennas of the palace, with me at their head, into his presence, he laid a peculiar curse upon us, only to be removed by Don Quixote's appearance in Candaya; and on the instant we felt a tingling and pricking in our faces, and feeling with our hands, found ourselves deformed and disgraced as you see us now." And with that the Doleful Duenna lifted her veil, as did also all the other twelve, and displayed to view a goodly show of beards, red, black, white, and grey, to the no small astonishment of Don Quixote, Sancho, and the rest. The Duke and Duchess, who were in the secret, affected to be equally amazed.

"Such," concluded the bearded lady, "is our piteous case; and if I weep not, it is because the fountains of my sorrow are dried up, after shedding a whole ocean of tears." And, overcome by her emotions, she fell back half-fainting in her seat.

"By the faith of a knight-errant," cried Don Quixote, "I would tear out my own beard—yea, though I were an infidel Moor—rather than fail these distressed ladies in their sad extremity."

"Heaven bless you for that word, brave knight!" exclaimed the Countess, recovering from her faintness, "and let the deed follow without delay."

"Only let me know what I must do," replied the knight, "and you will not find me wanting."

"We must wait," said the lady, "for the wooden horse, who will arrive here to-night. His name is Clavileño,

signifying Peg-Horse, for he is guided by turning a wooden peg which he carries on his forehead. So smooth is his action that when he is going at full speed his rider can hold a cup full of water without spilling a drop."

"I'll back my ass against him for smooth going," quoth Sancho: "There's no such pacer as Dapple to be found anywhere. How many does your Peg-Horse carry?"

"Two," replied the Duenna; "the knight and his squire; and you, Sancho, will mount behind your master, and ride to Candaya behind him."

"Body o' me, but I won't, then!" rejoined Sancho: "Do you think that I, who can hardly ride in comfort on a well-stuffed pad, am going prancing for two thousand leagues on a bare log of wood? Let them keep their beards, for me! I'll not be pounded to a jelly for all the beards in the world."

"Thou wilt do as I bid thee, Sancho," said his master; "and let the horse come, for the sun has set, and night is at hand."

IV

Darkness had closed in, and Don Quixote was growing impatient, when he saw coming up the garden four men, draped like savages in green ivy, who bore on their shoulders a big wooden horse. They planted the charger on the ground, and one of them cried: "Mount, mount, brave knight, and ride away! And thou, worthy squire, shalt ride behind him on the crupper." "Shall I, indeed?" muttered Sancho: "Ay, ay, we will see about that!" Then the man explained how the horse was to be guided by the peg, and having added that the riders must be

blindfolded, to save them from giddiness in their airy flight, he and his companions withdrew.

Don Quixote at once prepared to mount, and ordered Sancho to take the back seat; but Sancho stubbornly refused, vowing that he would not leave his present quarters, where he found himself so comfortable, to go galloping through the air, like a witch on a broomstick, no, not if the duennas were to go bearded to their graves for want of him. Seeing that the jest would be spoiled if he persisted in his refusal, the Duke gave him a hint, which he knew would be sure to take effect. "You remember, Sancho," he said, "what I promised you yesterday?" Sancho nodded, understanding what he meant. "Very well, then," continued the Duke, "either you go with Don Quixote, or I revoke that promise." "Enough said," replied Sancho: "Let them bandage my eyes, and so up and away, and the saints preserve us!"

Don Quixote was blindfolded first, but before mounting he turned to the Countess Trifaldi, and said: "Perhaps this Clavileño is like the famous Trojan Horse, who carried a cargo of spearmen inside him; methinks, then, that it would be wise, before we start, to make an inspection, and see what he has in his belly."

"Have no fear," answered the Countess, "Malambruno is honest, and plays no such tricks."

Then without further scruple Don Quixote climbed on to Clavileño's back, and having no stirrups, he sat with his legs dangling, like some figure in a Roman triumph, depicted in a piece of Flemish tapestry.

With slow and reluctant steps Sancho went up to the steed of wood, and, when they had blindfolded him, he mounted painfully and seated himself astride behind Don

Quixote. "Ugh!" he grunted, "this horse is surely made of granite, and not of timber. I beseech your Graces, let them bring me a pillow or cushion to sit on, or I shall be galled horribly."

"It cannot be," said the Duenna, "Clavileño endures no trappings, or upholstery of any sort; but you may sit side-ways, which will take off the hardness a little." Sancho did so, and being now on the brink of this tremendous adventure, he began to weep pitifully, and implored all those present to give him the benefit of their prayers. "Wretch," said Don Quixote angrily, "Art thou at the gallows' foot, or in the very pangs of death, that thou desirest such intercession? Be still, I say, and offend not mine ears by thy cowardly whimpering." "It is hard," replied Sancho, complainingly, "that I can't ask for a Pater Noster or so, when I am stuck up here, like a thief in the pillory; but go on, master—I am mute."

The fatal moment being now arrived, Don Quixote felt for the peg, and turned it; and hardly had he done so, when all who were looking on cried in a loud voice: "They are off!—See, there goes Clavileño, cleaving the air like an arrow!—Heaven guide thee, gallant knight!—Hold fast, Sancho, for if thou fallest, it will be worse for thee than for that rash youth[1] who aspired to drive the Sun-god's chariot."

When Sancho heard this, he flung his arms round Don Quixote, and clung to him for dear life. Yet he wondered to hear the voices so plainly, and asked the knight how this was possible, now that they were high up in the air? "That is easily explained," said Don Quixote, "we have now soared beyond the material barriers of Nature, and

[1] Phaëthon.

"Sancho flung his arms round Don Quixote"

our senses are so exalted that we can see and hear things a thousand leagues away—But don't hug me so hard, or thou wilt throw me off. I know not what thou hast to dread, for never in all my life have I had so easy a mount: we might be standing stock-still. Courage, comrade, for we have a fair voyage, and the wind a-poop." "In truth," observed Sancho, "there is a strong breeze, as if a dozen pair of bellows were playing on us."

And such, indeed, was the fact; for the Duke's servants had brought several large pairs of bellows, which they were plying lustily. The breeze continuing, Don Quixote said: "Doubtless, Sancho, we have now reached the second belt of the earth's atmosphere, the native region of hail and snow; and at the pace we are going, we shall soon pass into the zone of fire, which may prove too hot for us."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Sancho, in a voice of alarm, "we are there already, and my beard is getting singed."

The warmth which Sancho felt came from some lighted pieces of tow, fastened to the end of a cane, and waved before their faces by one of the Duke's men.

"Methinks we must be nearing our goal," said Don Quixote presently, after the singeing had ceased: "Clavileño seems to pause, like a goshawk collecting himself to swoop on his prey: in a minute we shall drop down on the realm of Candaya."

"That's as it may be," answered Sancho; "but one thing is certain—if Malambruno's lady rides on this crupper, she must be more than commonly tough."

All this dialogue gave vast entertainment to the Duke and Duchess and their followers, who were gathered round the wooden horse, watching the valiant pair; and thinking that it was now time to bring the comedy to a con-

clusion, they set fire to Clavileño's tail, and, as the monster was filled with crackers, a loud explosion followed; the horse gave a furious plunge, and Don Quixote and Sancho were flung, half scorched, to the ground.

When they came to themselves, they found to their amazement that they were still in the Duke's garden, from which they had started. The whole squadron of bearded duennas had disappeared, and the rest of the party lay stretched, apparently senseless, on the ground. To increase the marvel, they saw a tall lance fixed in the turf on one side of the garden, and hanging from it by two cords of green silk a smooth white parchment, with the following inscription, written in large letters:—

"The renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha has achieved the adventure of the Dolorous Duenna and her company, by merely attempting it. The duennas have lost their beards—every hair of them; and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored to their former shapes. By order of the sage Merlin, Protomagician of Magicians."

"Let us be thankful, Sancho," said Don Quixote, after reading the placard, "that with so little danger we have performed this grand feat." Then he went up to the Duke, who was still lying, as if in a fit, and pressing his hand, said: "up, sir, and be not dismayed: the deed is done, and all is well."

The Duke recovered slowly from his pretended swoon, and one by one the others stirred and roused themselves, playing their part so well that it really seemed as if they had fainted. Then the placard was read out, amid cries of wonder and admiration; and all agreed that Don Quixote was the greatest hero that the world had ever seen.

The Duchess asked Sancho to give an account of what happened to him in that wondrous flight. "Well," answered that truthful squire, "you must know that I am a little inquisitive, so, when we got to the region of fire, I pulled up a corner of the bandage, and looking down below me I saw the earth, like a grain of mustard-seed, and people walking about, of the size of hazel-nuts."

"If the earth was so much smaller than its inhabitants, how did they find room on it?" inquired the Duchess.

"Enchantment, your Highness, all enchantment," replied Sancho. "After that, we came so near to the sky that I could touch it with my hand; and we were just passing the place where the seven little she-goats[1] live. Now I used to be a goatherd, when I was a little boy, and I was mighty eager, even to bursting, to go and have a frolic with the pretty things. So without a word to my master, I got down, and went and played with the kids—little pets they are, like so many clove gilly-flowers—and all the time, which was full three-quarters of an hour, Clavileño never offered to budge."

"What are these kids like?" asked the Duchess.

"Two are green," answered Sancho, "two crimson, two blue, and one piebald."

"A strange breed," observed the Duke; "I never saw any of that kind down here."

"Of course not," said Sancho, "these goats are heavenly and must differ from those of earth."

"O Sancho, Sancho!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "have done with these lies."

"Lies, sir?" retorted Sancho; "I warrant there are worse lies in your books of chivalry."

[1] A popular Spanish name for the Pleiades.

Sancho and His Isle

I

IT will be remembered that when Sancho refused to mount the wooden charger the Duke reminded him of a certain promise, threatening to cancel it if he continued obstinate. This promise had reference to the mysterious Isle so often mentioned, which was the glittering bait held out by Don Quixote when he first enlisted Sancho as his squire. In his conversations with the Duchess, Sancho had frequently made mention of his darling ambition, and declared himself fit to take charge of a whole archipelago of Isles; and the Duke, who had heard of the matter from his wife, thought that it would be a rare jest to place his fat little friend in the coveted position, where he could not fail to exhibit his waggish humour to great advantage. The place chosen for the scene of Sancho's governorship was a large village, with about a thousand inhabitants, lying within the jurisdiction of the Duke. It was, indeed, an island only in name, being situated in the heart of the peninsula; but that made no difference to Sancho, whose notions of geography were of the cloudiest.

The day after his ride on Clavileño, Sancho, having listened to a long lecture from his master on the duties and obligations of a ruler, set out, under charge of the Duke's steward, to enter on his new office. On the way he learnt that the place was called Barataria, or Swindletown; and when he arrived at the gates of the

town he was received by a deputation of the chief inhabitants, who, having received notice of the Duke's intention, were prepared to play their part in the farce with all due gravity. So, amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the townsfolk, Sancho was conducted to the principal church, and after hearing mass he was presented with the keys of the town, and solemnly installed as chief magistrate of the Isle of Barataria.

Great was the wonder of those who were not in the secret, and even of those who were—and these were not a few—at the dress, the beard, and the little round person of the new Governor. Nevertheless Sancho bore himself with unshaken dignity, and being now duly installed, he was taken to the hall of judgment, where he was to hold his court as chief magistrate. A secretary, specially appointed by the Duke, sat ready at a table below him, to write down a full report of all his sayings and doings.

"What is that writing on the wall opposite to me?" asked Sancho, pointing to some large letters newly painted above the entrance of the chamber. "It announces the appointment of Don Sancho Panza as Governor," answered the steward, who was in attendance. "Don Sancho Panza? and who is he?" inquired Sancho. "Who but your lordship's self?" replied the steward. "And since when was I called Don? My name is plain Sancho Panza, and there has never been a don or a doña in my family that I ever heard of. Doubtless your dons are as plentiful as gooseberries in this Isle; but I'll weed them out before I have been here a week."

The court was now declared open, and the suitors began to come in, bringing various complaints and petitions to be decided by the Governor. In the first case the plaintiff

was a tailor, who had come in haste, scissors in hand, to claim payment from a labouring man, who appeared with him, for work executed according to order. "What was the work?" asked Sancho. "He brought me a piece of cloth," answered the tailor, "and asked me if it was enough to make a cap. I looked at it, and answered yes; then he asked if there was enough for two, and I, seeing what he would be at, answered yes again; and so he went on, increasing the number, until he got to five caps, which I made—and here they are." And so saying he drew forth his hand, which he had been hiding under his coat, and displayed five little caps, each perched on the top of one of his fingers. "You see," he explained, "the man thought that all tailors were cheats, and hoped to get the better of me; but he has found his match."

Sancho considered a moment and then gave his decision, which was that the customer should lose his cloth and the tailor his labour, and that the caps should be sold for the benefit of the prisoners in the gaol.

The next to enter were two old men, one of whom carried a cane on which he leaned as he walked. "My lord," said the other, who was without a staff, "a long time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns, which he promised to pay back when I should ask for them. The debt remained standing for many days, as I did not wish to put him to inconvenience; but at last, thinking that he intended to evade payment altogether, I went to him and demanded my money back. At first he denied all knowledge of the debt, and when I insisted he declared that he had paid me already. The money was lent without witnesses, so that there is no evidence but his word against mine. Now if he will swear an oath in the presence of the Court that he

has put the money in my hands I will forgive him the debt, and say no more about it."

The old man with the walking-cane said that he was ready to take the oath required, and handing his stick to the other to hold, touched Sancho's rod of office, and swore that he had handed over the money. The creditor declared himself satisfied, and the case was dismissed; but soon after the old man had left the court, Sancho, who had been sitting with bowed head and the forefinger of his right hand laid along his nose, as if thinking deeply, looked up sharply and said, "Call these men back!" It was done, and Sancho, looking at the old man who had taken the oath, and who was now carrying his stick again, said, "Give me that stick." "With pleasure," said the old man, handing him the stick, which Sancho at once placed in the hands of the other old man, saying, "Go, in Heaven's name, for now you are paid." "What?" said the other; "is this cane worth ten gold crowns?" "Yes," said the Governor; "if not, call me a numskull. Take that stick and break it in half," he added, giving the cane to an attendant; "I will show you whether I have wit enough to govern a whole kingdom."

The man did as he was ordered, and in the hollow of the stick they found the ten crowns of gold. Sancho then explained that he had observed how the old man, before taking the oath, had been careful to hand the stick to the plaintiff, so that in swearing that he had placed the money in his creditor's hands, he was only stating what was literally true. So the old man got his money, the lying debtor was put to shame, and Sancho covered himself with glory, seeming a very Solomon for shrewdness and penetration.

II

After these grave judicial labours Sancho adjourned to dinner, which was laid ready in the banquet-hall of a sumptuous palace. His entrance was greeted by a peal of music, and four pages approached, bringing water for his hands. Sancho sat down at the head of the table, and a grave personage, who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, came and stood by his side, holding a short rod of whalebone in his hand. After grace had been pronounced, a fringed bib was arranged by a page under Sancho's chin, and a plate of fresh fruit was set before him. But hardly had he eaten a mouthful when the physician touched the plate with his rod, and it was whisked away with lightning rapidity. They brought him another dish, but before he had time to try it, the signal was repeated, and it disappeared as quickly as the fruit.

"What does this mean?" asked Sancho, staring about him in bewilderment. "Am I to have my dinner, or are we playing bob-cherry?"

"The Governor of an Isle," anwered he with the rod, "must eat according to fixed rule and precedent. I, my lord, am paid to act as the Governor's physician, and it is my business to see that he eats nothing which might be of prejudice to his health. I ordered the fruit to be removed, as being too watery, and the other dish because it was over-spiced, and provocative of thirst."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "what do you say to those roast partridges? I'm sure they can't hurt me."

"You must not touch them," answered the physician. "Hippocrates, the pole-star and chief luminary of the

healing art, has these words: *All surfeit is bad, but a surfeit on partridges is worst of all.*"

"For Heaven's sake, then," cried Sancho, "show me something which I may eat, if you would not have me die of hunger."

The man of learning made the round of the table, critically inspecting the dishes. "Rabbit — no, you mustn't eat rabbit; it is dry and indigestible. Now this veal is wholesome meat, but it is served in a rich sauce— no, you musn't touch that." Then, seeing that Sancho was casting longing eyes at a mixed stew, called *olla podrida*, the national dish of Spain, he shook his head emphatically, and said, "I forbid it! The *olla* may do for some pursy canon, or some gross-feeding farmer; but it is the worst possible diet for a Governor's stomach. What I recommend is a few slices of quince, cut very thin, and eaten with a little light biscuit."

Thus touched in his tenderest place, and condemned to starve in the midst of abundance, Sancho fell into a violent passion, and leaping from his seat, he shook his fist at the physician, and shouted, "Out of my sight, rascal, or I'll take this chair and make it fly into splinters on thy head! And if I am called to account for it by the Duke, I'll say that I have done a service to the State, by ridding it of a rogue and a quacksalver. If I'm not to eat, I'll be Governor no more, and there's an end of it."

Sancho would probably have put his threat into execution, but just at this moment his attention was called away by the arrival of a courier with despatches from the Duke. The secretary, who was ordered to open the packet, declared that the contents were of a private nature, hearing which the Governor ordered all the attend-

ants, with the doctor, to leave the room, and as soon as he was alone with his confidential advisers, made a sign to the secretary that he was to read out the letter, which ran as follows :—

"I have received information, Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine have planned a furious assault on your Island, within a few nights from now. It behoves you to keep watch, and to be on the alert, that they may not take you unawares. Furthermore, I have been warned by my spies, whose report I can trust, that four men have entered the town in disguise, to take your life. Keep your eyes open, and beware of all who seek an audience with you, and *eat nothing which they set before you.* Act according to your own excellent judgment, and rely on my support. THE DUKE."

"So they would murder me, would they?" cried Sancho, when he had heard the letter. "Go to, I defy them—spies and assassins and all. But I'll not be poisoned either. Let them take away these victuals, and bring me three or four pounds of grapes, which cannot serve to convey poison."

But Sancho's tormentors had not done with him yet. They had played on his fears, they had punished his gluttony, and now they attacked him on the side of his avarice. He was just going to satisfy his hunger, as well as he could, by filling himself up with grapes, when a page announced that there was a man waiting outside desiring to speak with the Governor on urgent business.

"Is this the time for business?" asked Sancho testily. "Do they think that I am made of stone and iron that

they won't give me a moment's peace? Well, let the fellow come in, but see that he is not one of those murderers."

"No, my lord," answered the page, "he is a simple, honest fellow, who wouldn't hurt a fly." With that he ushered in the man, who seemed by his appearance to be a well-to-do farmer. "Which is the Governor?" he asked, staring round vacantly; and, being informed, he dropped on his knees before Sancho, and sought to kiss his hand. Sancho bade him rise and state his business.

"My lord," said the peasant, standing up, "I am a widower with two sons, one of whom, who is a student, has a sweetheart named Clara, the daughter of a neighbour of mine. A rare beauty she is, and does credit to the lad's taste: she has eyes like jewels—I should say an eye, for she has but one, having lost the other by the smallpox, which left her face full of pits, like so many graves of her lovers' hearts. Her nose is like Cubit's[1] bow, for it is so cocked up that it looks as if it were running away from her mouth, which, saving that it wants a dozen teeth, is the largest and finest mouth you ever saw. Then, as to tallness and straightness, no poplar tree could match her were it not that she has a hunch on her back as big as a house."

"A rare picture, indeed," remarked Sancho, "but what is all this to me?"

"I beg your lordship," answered the man, "to give me a letter of recommendation to the girl's father, asking his consent to the marriage, for the parties are well matched in person and in fortune. My son is a sweet lad, with

[1] *I.e.* Cupid: see Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

the temper of an angel, only he is subject to fits, and when the evil spirit masters him tears and batters himself like a fiend; and once he fell into the fire, which has somewhat marred his comeliness. In all else he is a very saint. Oh, they are a pretty pair!"

"Is this what you came to tell me?" asked Sancho.

"Well, not altogether," answered the peasant, shuffling with his feet; "there's just a trifle besides—only I hardly dare to mention it—but there, I'll out with it, or it will stick in my throat and choke me. Could your honour give me three hundred ducats—or say six hundred—to help the young people to set up housekeeping?"

"Are you sure that is all?" said Sancho, with a peculiar grin.

"Yes, sir, that is all," answered the other.

"Then hear me, Don Clodhopper!" roared Sancho, springing to his feet, and clutching the chair on which he had been sitting. "If you don't take yourself off this instant, with this chair I'll let daylight into that skull of yours. Six hundred ducats! Where should I get them from when I have been but a day and a half in this government? And why should I give them to you if I had them? Out of my sight, I say!"

At a sign from the steward the man slunk off, pretending to be horribly frightened by Sancho's menaces. In reality he was only playing a part in which he had been carefully schooled by the Duke's agents, with the object of working on Sancho's temper, already sorely chafed by the loss of his dinner. And so this trying day came to an end; and to make him some amends for his long fast, at supper-time they brought him a dish of cold beef, onions, and boiled calves' feet, well salted and pickled in

oil and vinegar. As the meat was a little rank with overkeeping, Sancho found it very much to his taste, and declared that he had never eaten anything with greater relish in his life.

III

Alas for Sancho! and alas for the vanity of human hopes! His period of office lasted but for one short week, and long before that time was completed he had learnt the great truth that the seat of the ruler is stuffed with thorns. Every day he was made the victim of some new prank. He rose early, and went to bed late, and toiled incessantly at the mock duties of his governorship, making laws, reforming abuses, settling disputes, and hearing petitions. And, most cruel of all, he was never allowed to eat his fill, but lived chiefly on the smell of the savoury viands, which were, for the most part, snatched away before he had had time to taste them.

The seventh day had passed like the others, with heavy labour and light diet, and Sancho, worn out with fatigue, had just fallen into an uneasy slumber, when he heard an uproar of bells ringing and voices shouting, so loud that it seemed as if the whole island were about to founder. He sat up in bed and listened—the noise grew louder, and was now increased by a fearful din of trumpets and drums. In wild alarm he tumbled out of bed, thrust his feet into his slippers, and, without waiting to put on any other garment, shuffled out into the passage, clad in nothing but his shirt. In an instant he was surrounded by more than twenty men, carrying lighted torches and drawn swords, and all bawling together at the top of their

voices: "To arms, my Lord Governor, to arms! A countless host of enemies has invaded the island, and nothing but your courage and resource can save us from ruin."

Sancho stood gaping, stunned by the commotion and blinded by the glare, and before he knew what had happened, they brought a pair of antique shields, with which they covered him up from head to foot, before and behind, bracing them firmly together with cords. The shields were cut away at the sides, so as to leave his arms free; but the rest of his person was trussed up as stiff and straight as a ramrod, so that he could not bend his knees or move a single step. Then one of them put a spear in his hands, and they all cried: "On, my Lord Governor, on! Lead us to victory, thou pole-star and beacon and lantern to our footsteps!"

"How the mischief am I to lead you?" asked the unhappy Sancho, leaning on his spear to keep himself from falling. "These boards are so glued to me that they leave no play to my knee-caps."

"Forward, sir," said one of the party. "Don't play the coward! The enemy are increasing, and the danger is imminent."

Overborne by their clamour, the poor Governor tried to take a step forwards, and instantly fell flat on his face, jarring every bone in his body. There he lay like a tortoise imprisoned in his shell, or like a flitch of bacon between two butcher's trays, or like a boat turned bottom up on the beach. His persecutors now extinguished their torches, and shouting, "The enemy are upon us!" began leaping to and fro over the prostrate governor, and slashing at the shield with their swords, so that Sancho was

compelled to curl himself up, like a snail, inside his defences, where he lay, sweating with terror, and calling on all the saints to deliver him from that dreadful strait. One of the crew posted himself on the top of him, and shouted, as if he were directing the defence from a watch-tower: "This way to the rescue! Here the attack is hottest! Defend that postern! Make fast that gate! Block the staircase! Bring hand-grenades, pitch, resin, and burning oil! Barricade the streets with mattresses!"

At last, when Sancho was praying for death to make an end of his torments, he heard loud cries of "Victory, victory! They run: they run. Arise, Lord Governor, and share the triumph, and divide the spoils won by your invincible arm!"

"Help me to get up," said Sancho, in quavering tones. They set him on his feet, and, when they had uncased him, he tottered into his bedroom, and sat down on the bed, where he fainted away from sheer terror and exhaustion. When he came to himself, he looked at his tormentors, who were somewhat ashamed at the effects of their frolic, and asked what time it was. They told him that day was breaking, and, without answering a word, he began, with pain and difficulty, to dress himself. As soon as he was ready, he walked slowly out of the room, and they, wondering at his silence, followed to see what he would do. He made his way to the stable, and, going up to his Dapple, he threw his arms round his neck, kissed him on the forehead, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Come to me, friend and companion, that hast ever shared with me my burdens of labour or of woe! As long as I lived in fellowship with thee, thinking only how to find food for thy little body, and keep thy trappings in order,

happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But since I left thee, to ascend the towers of pride and ambition, a thousand miseries, a thousand vexations, and four thousand disquietudes, have invaded my soul!"

Talking thus, he saddled and bridled the ass, and having mounted with painful effort (for he was aching in every joint), he turned to the steward, secretary, and the rest of the group, and said to them: "Let me pass, sirs, if you please. I am going back to my old free life, for that which I have led here is a living death. I have learnt my lesson. Not for governorships was I born, nor for beating off assaults from islands and cities. I shall sleep better, wrapped in my winter sheepskin, or under a shady tree in summer, than ever I did between sheets of fine linen, with care for my bedfellow. Better a dinner of herbs which I may eat unrebuked, than a table loaded with rich meats, which I am forbidden to touch. I go first to tell the Duke that he may take back the office which he bestowed on me. With clean hands I received it, and with clean hands I lay it down, not richer by one farthing than when I came. I would that all Governors could say as much."

Then, turning a deaf ear to all their arguments and entreaties, he touched Dapple with his heel, and rode out of the yard, leaving the Duke's creatures dumbfoundered by the artless eloquence of his language, and by the firmness, self-restraint, and quiet dignity of his behaviour.

Don Quixote's Last Battle

I

WHEN Sancho returned to the castle, he was warmly welcomed by the Duke, who had received a full report of all that had happened in Barataria, and was highly delighted with the success of his joke. On the next day Don Quixote asked leave to take his departure, as he had resolved to be present at a great tournament which was shortly to be held at Barcelona. He was dismissed with many regrets by his noble hosts, and early on the following morning he started, accompanied by Sancho, on the last stage of his wanderings.

During all the time of this stay at the castle, Don Quixote had been somewhat depressed, feeling out of his element, and chafing at the position of dependence in which he was placed. His spirits rose in proportion when he found himself once more a free man; and Sancho was in no less cheerful mood, having been made happy by the Duke with a well-filled purse of gold.

As they jogged along contentedly together, Don Quixote, who was ever ready to draw a moral from his experience, said to Sancho: "Liberty, Sancho, is one of the choicest boons which Heaven has given to men, a fairer jewel than any which earth conceals, or ocean covers. Without liberty, life itself is a burden and a curse. In yonder castle I was surrounded by everything which can flatter

and delight the senses; yet in the midst of those delicate banquets and wines cooled with snow I felt an inward hunger, for I could not forget that I owed all this luxury to the bounty of another. I would rather have a morsel of bread, eaten in liberty, than the most savoury dishes. flavoured with the bitter sauce of obligation."

"That is very fine," replied Sancho. "But nevertheless we ought to be grateful for two hundred gold crowns, presented to me by the Duke's steward—a most comfortable breast-protector, which I carry in a little purse nearest my heart to meet our occasions. We can't always be lodged in castles; sometimes we shall come across an inn, where we are regaled with bludgeons."

II

On the sixth day after leaving the castle, our travellers found themselves overtaken by darkness, and were obliged to take up their quarters for the night in a grove of cork-trees, not far from the road. As Sancho was groping about in the thicket, seeking a smooth place to lie down in, his head struck against something, and feeling with his hands, he found that it was a pair of booted legs, hanging from a tree. Trembling with terror, he went a little further, and came upon another pair of dangling legs. "Help, master!" he cried in a panic of alarm. "These trees are all full of human feet and legs!" Don Quixote came up to him, and feeling about him, perceived at once what had happened. "There is nothing to be frightened at," he said. "These legs belong, no doubt, to some robbers and outlaws, who have been caught red-handed, and hanged up here by the officers of justice."

As may be supposed, they slept little that night; and at daybreak they saw that half the trees were laden with that hideous crop. As they were preparing to continue their journey, they were suddenly surrounded by a troop of more than forty live robbers, who called to them in the Catalan dialect to remain where they were and wait for the captain, who had not yet arrived. Being taken by surprise, on foot, and without his lance, Don Quixote was compelled to submit, and stood leaning, with crossed arms, against a tree, while the brigands, after rummaging in Dapple's saddle-bags, fell to work on Sancho, whom they would have stripped to his skin, if they had not been interrupted by the arrival of their captain. He was a man in the prime of life, above the middle stature, dark-complexioned, and grave of feature. He was mounted on a powerful horse, and wore a shirt of chain-armour, with four pistols, called petronels,[1] hanging at his belt.

At a sign from their captain, the brigands left off rifling Sancho, whose two hundred crowns thus escaped detection. Then the robber-chieftain went up to Don Quixote, whose appearance filled him with wonder, and said to him courteously: "Take heart, good friend, for you have not fallen into the hands of a monster, but into the hands of Roque Guinart, more famed for mercy than for cruelty."

"Brave Roque," answered Don Quixote, "I am saddened to think of my own want of vigilance, which has caused me to be taken unawares. If I had been found by your men on horseback, with shield on arm, and lance in rest, no force could have overpowered me, as you will easily believe, when I tell you that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whose fame the whole world is full."

[1] With flint-locks.

It was a strange pair which had been thus brought by chance together—the mad knight-errant, and the high-minded brigand. For this Roque was no common robber, but a man of birth and education, who had been driven by oppression into irregular courses, and whose lawless life was in some measure redeemed by many acts of generosity and kindness. This gallant outlaw was highly pleased to make Don Quixote's acquaintance, having already heard something of his singular infatuation; and he determined to keep the knight with him for a few days, and divert himself by studying the whims of so extraordinary a character. He intimated his wish to Don Quixote, and promised at the same time to send a message to a friend in Barcelona, which would secure to the knight and his squire a warm reception, on their arrival in that city. Don Quixote accepted the invitation, which indeed he was hardly in a position to refuse; and for the next three days he and Sancho followed the movements of the robber band, advancing slowly, by cross-roads and byways, to the outskirts of Barcelona. Here they bade farewell to the gallant outlaw, and passing through the gates, entered the main thoroughfare of the busy seaport town.

III

The gentleman to whose care Don Quixote had been recommended by Roque was a certain Don Antonio Moreno, a man of rank and fortune, whose house was a favourite resort for the best society of Barcelona. He readily fell in with the humours of his eccentric guest, and for some days Don Quixote became the centre of a gay and witty circle, who treated him with mock reverence,

and fooled him to the top of his bent. He, poor man, exulted in their pretended homage, receiving it as a proper tribute to his high merit. Sancho was not less popular than his master, especially among the servants, who were kept in perpetual laughter by his drolleries. Thus both knight and squire were, for a short time, in their element.

This was the highest point in Don Quixote's fortunes. It mattered nothing to him that the honours paid him were but a grotesque caricature of that high renown which had been the dream of his life. To him the hollow pageant was a sober reality; he took the fool's-cap which was held out to him, and set it on his brows, as if it had been a crown of glory. But the moment was at hand which was destined to shatter the flimsy fabric of his greatness, and leave him sitting in despair among the ruins.

One morning, as he was riding, fully armed, in the suburbs of Barcelona, he saw coming towards him a knight in complete armour, who bore on his shield the device of a full moon. As soon as he was within hearing, he drew up, and cried in a loud voice to Don Quixote: "Illustrious knight, whose renown transcends the power of language, Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, known to thee, perhaps, already by his unutterable deeds. I come to prove the might of thine arm in mortal combat, with purpose to make thee acknowledge and confess that my lady—whoever she may be—is beyond compare more lovely than Dulcinea del Toboso. If thou wilt admit this truth without reserve, thy life shall be spared, and I shall be saved the pain of taking it; but if thou art resolved to fight, then I require of thee a promise that in the event of thy defeat thou wilt return to thy village and live there for the space of one year in peace and quietness,

without attempting any knightly adventure until that term is passed. If I fail, thou art free to dispose of me as seems to thee best, and the fame of my deeds will henceforth be thine. Reflect before thou answerest, but decide promptly, for time presses, and to-morrow I have other work to do."

Don Quixote was astonished at the presumption of the White Knight, and not less so at the motive of his defiance; but he answered with sternness and composure: "Knight of the White Moon, of whose deeds I have heard nothing until to-day, I will make you swear that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea, for if you had seen her you could never have been so deluded as to dispute the pre-eminence of her beauty. I accept your challenge, omitting only the condition that the fame of your deeds is to be mine, for I know not of what quality they are, and I am satisfied with my own. Take your ground where it suits you best, and I will do the same; and let Heaven decide the issue, and St Peter bless it!"

It happened at this moment that the chief magistrate of Barcelona came riding that way with a large company of gentlemen and attendants, among whom were Don Antonio, Don Quixote's host, and Sancho, who had come out to look for his master. Seeing two cavaliers about to engage in mortal combat, he enquired what was the cause of their quarrel, and the Knight of the Moon explained that it was a dispute concerning the rival beauties. The magistrate was well acquainted with Don Quixote's madness, which was now the common talk of Barcelona; and supposing that this was some new jest contrived at the poor knight's expense, he allowed the combat to proceed, and stood by to see the issue.

The two combatants then rode apart, to take ground for

their career, and drawing rein at the same instant, they wheeled their horses and charged at full speed against each other. But before Don Quixote had covered a third of the distance, the White Knight, who was mounted on a powerful and active horse, was upon him, and without touching him with his lance, by the mere shock of the collision, bore Rozinante and his rider to the ground. Then, pointing his lance at the fallen knight's vizor, he said: "You have lost the battle, knight, and will lose your life also unless you confess, as was settled in the terms of the challenge."

In faint and hollow tones, like a voice from the tomb, came Don Quixote's answer: "Strike and slay me, for I will never confess that Dulcinea is not the loveliest woman on earth."

"That is not necessary," answered the victor; "all I desire is that the great Don Quixote shall go home to his village, and remain there for a year, or until such time as I shall appoint."

"So that you demand nothing," replied Don Quixote, "to the prejudice of Dulcinea, in all else I will obey you."

Having exacted the promise, the Knight of the Moon reined back his steed, and after bowing low to the magistrate, cantered off towards the city. Don Quixote, who was much shattered by his fall, was conveyed to his host's residence in a litter; and Sancho followed like one in a dream, wondering whether these things were what they seemed, or mere glamour and illusion.

Don Antonio was most curious to know the name and condition of the cavalier who had overthrown Don Quixote; accordingly, after attending to the injured man's comfort, he went out to make inquiries, and with-

out much difficulty found the inn where the Knight of the Moon, as he called himself, was staying. Don Antonio introduced himself, explained that he was interested in Don Quixote, and begged the champion who had gained so easy a victory to say who he was, and what had induced him to take up that quarrel. Then the truth came out: the Knight of the White Moon was no other than our old friend, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, who has already appeared as a knight-errant, under the title of the Knight of the Mirrors. After recovering from the injuries received in his first encounter with Don Quixote, he resolved once more to try the chances of a contest, with the same charitable purpose as before; and being this time much better mounted and equipped, he was completely successful, as we have seen. "For I have no fear," he concluded, "that Don Quixote will fail to keep his promise. He is the very soul of honour, and his word is his bond. I must beg you, however, not to breathe a word of this to our friend, for if he learns who I am, it might interfere with the recovery of his reason, which was my sole object in taking the field against him."

"Alas, sir!" answered Don Antonio; "what have you done? Do you not see that one mad Don Quixote is worth more than twenty Don Quixotes sane? If you succeed, you will have eclipsed the gaiety[1] of a whole nation, and sealed up the fairest fountain of mirth that ever flowed in Spain. And in losing Don Quixote, we shall lose Sancho also, for one is nothing without the other." Nevertheless, he pledged himself not to betray the Bachelor's confidence, and after some further conversation they parted.

[1] This famous expression was first used by Johnson on the death of Garrick.

At Rest

I

AS soon as Don Quixote was in a condition to travel, he left Barcelona, and advancing by very easy stages arrived in a few days at his native village. Tidings of his approach had gone before him and on entering his own house he found all his friends assembled there to receive him. There also was Sancho's wife, with her daughter Sanchica. "Thou lookest not like a governor, Sancho," said the good woman, eyeing him from head to foot. "Never mind looks," answered Sancho with a knowing wink; "I've got something here"—slapping his pocket—"which is better than looks —money, lass, money." "And what hast thou brought for me, father?" asked Sanchica. "Wait till we get home, and thou shalt see," replied her father. "Come along, then," said the girl, and taking the little man between them, they dragged him off in high good humour to his own cottage.

Not long after leaving the Duke's castle Don Quixote had fallen in with a gay company of youths and maidens, who were diverting themselves by masquerading as shepherds and shepherdesses; and after his defeat by the Knight of the Moon, he thought that it would be a fine thing to turn shepherd himself, and spend the time of his enforced seclusion in tending his sheep, tuning the rural

pipe in praise of Dulcinea, and cutting her name on the bark of the trees. He now gravely communicated his design to the Priest, the Barber, and Samson Carrasco, and invited them to go with him to the flowery land of Arcady. And they, thinking that an out-door life would be good for his health, highly applauded his proposal, though they could hardly contain their laughter, when they thought of the gaunt and grizzled knight in the character of an amorous Corydon.

Very different were the feelings of his niece and housekeeper, who had overheard this conversation, and as soon as the visitors were gone, they began to stun him with their clamour. "What is this, uncle?" cried the niece; "here were we hoping that you had come home to lead a quiet and respectable life, and hardly have you crossed your threshold when you talk of going off to new crooked courses, with your *Gentle shepherd, tell me where?*—and such like stuff. Shepherd, indeed, at your time of life! What boy would take a cracked and withered reed to make a pipe of?"

The housekeeper, who knew nothing of a poetical Arcadia, tried to scare him with a rude picture of the shepherd's real life, as she knew it, a life full of hardship, privation, and peril. "This is work," she said, "for hardy peasants, bred from their infancy to endure exposure and scanty fare. Be guided by me, sir, who have not lived fifty years for nothing: stay at home, attend to your estate, go often to confession, relieve the poor, and if ill comes of it, may it fall on my own head!"

"Enough, my daughters!" said Don Quixote, when he had heard them out; "I know my duty, without your telling me. Let me go to bed, for I do not feel very

well ; and doubt not that whether I be knight-errant or roving shepherd I shall remember to provide for you."

II

When the housekeeper went to see her master next morning she was much concerned to find that he was sick of a fever ; and he remained in the same state for several days, during which he was constantly visited by his friends, while the faithful Sancho never left his bed-side. What alarmed them most was his deep despondency ; for he seemed to have lost all hold on life. Thinking that he was brooding over his defeat they did all they could to raise his spirits, and divert his mind to more cheerful topics. The bachelor reminded him of his intention to adopt the pastoral life, and said that he himself had already purchased two famous sheep-dogs out of his own pocket ; and the priest and barber both exerted themselves to rouse the sick man from his torpor, but all to no purpose. They called in a doctor, who felt his pulse, looked grave, and said that the patient had better look to the health of his soul, for, as to his body, there was not much hope for that. Don Quixote received his verdict with great composure ; but Sancho, the niece, and the housekeeper began to weep bitterly, as if he were already lying dead before them. The doctor gave it as his opinion that he was dying of sorrow and vexation. Don Quixote begged them to leave him alone, as he felt disposed to sleep. They did so, and he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for more than six hours. His niece and housekeeper were growing anxious, fearing that he would die in his sleep, when suddenly they

heard him cry in a loud voice: "I give thanks to Almighty God, who hath bestowed on me so great a blessing! His mercy is without end, nor can the sins of men set bounds to it."

The women hastened to his bed-side, and his niece asked him what special instance of divine mercy had drawn from him that strange cry?

"The mercy of God," answered Don Quixote, "hath descended upon me in this very hour, bringing back to me my reason, and scattering the midnight blackness of ignorance which closed me round, by reason of my unhappy passion for those vile books of chivalry. Yes, I see now that these books are compounded of folly and delusion, and I only regret that my eyes have been opened too late, leaving me no time to atone for my fault by reading others which might be the light of my soul. Child, I feel myself at the point of death; and I would not have it said of me that I died in my madness. Go, summon my good friends, the priest, the Bachelor, Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, the Barber; for I wish to confess, and make my will."

The young lady went out to do her uncle's bidding, but returned immediately, ushering in the three friends, who had just arrived. Don Quixote's face lighted up when he saw them, and he said: "Dear friends, I have good news for you: no longer am I Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quijano,[1] whose life and conduct earned him the name of the Good. Now I am the enemy of Amadis of Gaul and of all his endless line; now I detest all the profane histories of knight-errantry; now I recognise my folly, and the peril in which I have been placed by

[1] This is the first time that Don Quixote is mentioned by his real name.

reading them. By the mercy of God I have learnt this lesson, though at a heavy price."

Hearing him speak thus, his friends at first thought that his malady had entered on a new phase. "This will never do," whispered the priest to Carrasco, "we shall have him turning religious maniac, the most dangerous of all madmen." Wishing, if possible, to avert such a calamity, they rallied him playfully about his seriousness, and strove to lead his thoughts back to the old channel. Don Quixote reproved them gently for this levity: "No more," he said, "of these past follies; it is ill jesting with a dying man. Let my good friend the priest hear my confession, and meanwhile let someone go for a notary to draw up my will."

His tone was so calm, and his look so mild, that all who heard him were at length convinced of his sanity; and believing that only the approach of death could have wrought this miracle, they hastened to carry out his directions. The priest remained alone with Don Quixote, and confessed him, while the Bachelor went to summon the notary. Sancho, whom he met on the way, came back with him, and when he saw the two women in tears his face puckered, and he began to cry very heartily.

Having heard Don Quixote's confession, the priest entered the room where the others were waiting. "He is dying," said the good man, "there is no doubt of it—he is dying, and he is sane. When the notary comes, we will go in and witness his will."

This announcement was followed by a fresh burst of weeping from the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho, who, hearing that there was no hope, gave vent to their sorrow with sobs and heart-broken cries. For never was there a

kinder master or a better friend than this Alonso Quijano, or Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by his gentle manners and placid temper he had made himself beloved among all who knew him.

The notary having arrived, they all went with him into Don Quixote's room, and after the preamble to the will had been drawn up in the usual form, he proceeded to the disposal of his property. The principal bequests were as follows:—

"To Sancho, whom in my madness I made my squire, I bequeath whatever is left of the moneys belonging to me which he has in his charge, without any deduction or abatement whatsoever. And as, when I was mad, I helped to make him Governor of the Isle, so, now, being sane, I would give him the government of a kingdom, if it were in my power, for the simplicity of his heart, and the loyalty of his conduct, deserve no less."

When he reached this point, Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said: "Forgive me, good friend, for leading thee astray, and making thee believe that there are, or were, knights-errant in the world."

"Woe's me!" cried Sancho, weeping pitifully, "don't die, dear master, but take my advice and live many years, for what greater madness can a man commit, than to let himself die of melancholy, without anyone else having a hand in it? Come, sir, don't you be lazy, but get up and come and play at shepherds with me, as we agreed. Who knows but we may find the lady Dulcinea behind some hedge, disenchanted, and as grand as you please? If it is the thought of your defeat which is dragging you down to your grave, lay the blame on me—say that I left Rozinante's girths loose, and that's why you were un-

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seated. Besides, you know that the best knights sometimes get a fall, and the vanquished to-day may be the victor to-morrow."

"That is true," remarked Carrasco, "and our good Sancho takes a very just view of the case."

"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "let us not go too fast, or expect to find last year's birds in this year's nests. Remember that you are talking, not to Don Quixote the madman, but to Alonso Quijano the Good, now happily restored to his senses, and reinstated, I hope, in your respect." Then he made a sign to the notary, and went on dictating his will:

"To my niece, Antonia Quijano, I give and bequeath the whole of my estate, after payment of the sum which is due to my housekeeper as salary for the years in which she has served me, with twenty ducats besides for a dress. As my executors I appoint the priest of my parish, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, charging them that if my niece, the said Antonia Quijano, should ever desire to marry, she must choose as her husband one who does not know what books of chivalry are: in the contrary case, the whole amount of my bequest shall be taken from her, and employed in works of charity."

These were the chief clauses in Don Quixote's will; and when it was duly signed and witnessed, Don Quixote fell back exhausted in his bed, and lay for some time in a swoon. He lived for three days longer, during which he passed rapidly from one fainting fit into another. In his brief intervals of consciousness he conversed cheerfully with his friends, and repeatedly denounced with great eloquence the vile books which had been his undoing. On the third day, after receiving the sacrament, he passed

quietly away, at peace with Heaven and with all mankind.

Such was the life, and such the end, of Don Quixote de la Mancha, a man adorned with every virtue, and rich in the highest gifts of heart and brain. Led astray by one fatal error, he wasted all his noble powers, and made utter shipwreck of his life. Yet, even in the wildest flights of his frenzy, he kept his honour unstained; and those who laughed at him most could not choose but love him. At the eleventh hour his eyes were opened, and he saw life in its true colours. But that fine spirit, which had conversed so long with shadows, was broken by the sudden contact with hard reality. He heard the voice of truth calling from beyond the grave, and turned his back on the world, awakened at last from his fevered dream by the great healer, Death.

Pronouncing List

Key to Special Sounds: a = *a* in "rat"; ā = *a* in "father"; i = *i* in "nick"; ō = *or* in "port" or *au* in "taut"; oo = *oo* in "mood"; ou = *ou* in "loud"; the letter *h* is absolutely silent in Spanish; th = *th* in "thin".

Aldonza Lorenzo	aldon'tha loren'tho.
Alfeñique	alfenyee'kay.
Alifanfaron	alifanfaron'.
Alquife	alkee'fay.
Amadis	amā'dis.
Andrés	andrays'.
Antonomasía	antonomasee'a.
Arcalaus	arkalā'us.
Argamasilla	argamasil'ya.
Azote	athō'tay.
Barataria	baratā'reea.
Barcelona	barthaylō'na.
Basilio	basil'yo.
Bavieca	baviay'ka.
Belianis	beliā'nis.
Brandabarbaran	brandabarbaran'.
Cecial	thaythial'.
Ciudad Real	thioodad' rayal'.
Clavija	klavee'ha.
Clavileño	klavilay'nyo.
Corchuelo	kortshooay'lo.
Dorothéa	dorotay'a.
Dulcinea	dulthinay'a.
Esplandian	esplandian'.
Esquife	eskee'fay.
Fierabras	feeayrabras'.
Galatea	galatay'a.
Ginés de Pasamonte	heenay's day pasamon'tay.

Guadarrama	gooādarā'ma.
Haldudo	aldoo'do.
La Mancha	la man'tsha.
Laurcalco	lourkal'ko.
Lucinda	loothin'da.
Maguncia	magun'theea.
Malambruno	malambroo'no.
Mambrino	mambree'no.
Maritornes	maritor'nes.
Miaulina	meeoulee'na.
Micocolembo	mikokolem'bo.
Micomicona	mikomikō'na.
Montiel	monteeayl'.
Nogales	nōgāles'.
Olla podrida	ol'ya podree'da.
Oriana	ōreeā'na.
Pandafibando	pandafeeban'do
Panza	pan'tha.
Pentapolin	pentapolin'.
Puerto Lapice	pooayr'to lapi'thay.
Quijada	keehā'da.
Quijano	keehā'no.
Quiteria	keetay'reea.
Quixote	keehō'tay [generally pronounced kwik'sot in English].
Roncesvalles	ronthesval'yes [or as French ronsval'].
Roque Guinart	ro'kay gee'nart.
Rozinante	rotheen'antay.
Sanchica	santshee'ka.
Sancho	san'tsho.
Taprobana	taprobā'na.
Thermodon	termodon' [but being Greek it is pronounced thermodon in English].
Toboso	tobō'so.
Trifaldi	treefal'dee.
Trifaldin	treefaldin'.
Vargas	vargās'.